ELIZABETH MARSHALL THOMAS ON THE SOCIABILITY OF CATS

The Atlantic Monthly

JULY 1994

When Parents Are Not in the Best Interests of the Child

by Mary-Lou Weisman

"Family preservation" has become child-welfare dogma—but some children need institutional care

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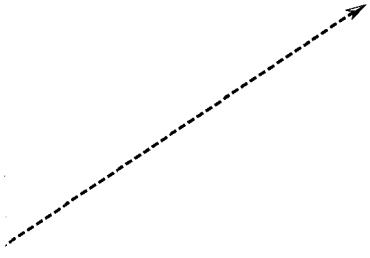

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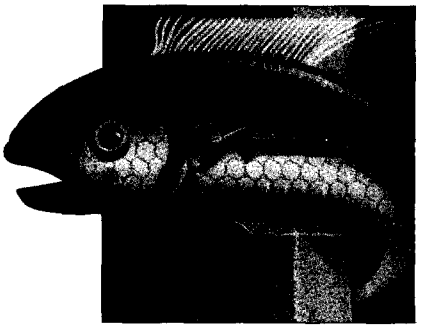

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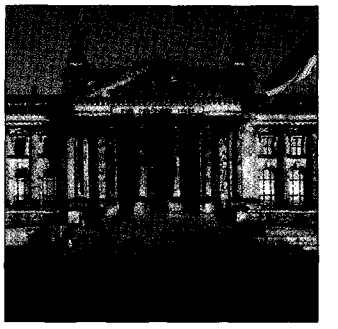

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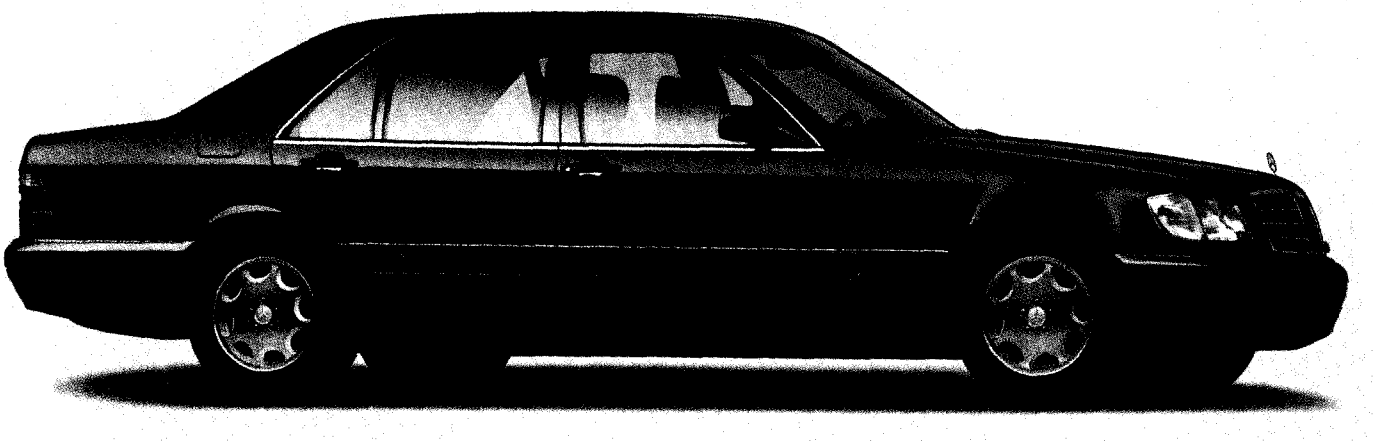

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ELLERY Sedgwick, the grandson and namesake of the man who edited *The Atlantic Monthly* from 1909 to 1938, has recently published a book we warmly recommend: *A History of The Atlantic Monthly, 1857–1909* (University of Massachusetts Press). Sedgwick's steady focus is on *The Atlantic*'s first seven editors: James Russell Lowell, James T. Fields, William Dean Howells, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Horace Elisha Scudder, Walter Hines Page, and Bliss Perry. Using the voluminous editorial correspondence that survives from these years, Sedgwick manages a literary miracle—he makes each of these men come alive as an *editor*. He shows how the magazine flowed from their principles and prejudices. He also shows the editors commenting on one another. Thus Aldrich, a dandy who owned a vessel that was "probably the only steam yacht of its size ever owned by a poet of his rank," mocked his successor, the highly serious Scudder, with this riddle: "Why is Horace Scudder greater than Moses? Because Moses dried up the Red Sea once only; Scudder dries up the *Atlantic* monthly."

Ellery Sedgwick, past and present

Sedgwick has a fresh thesis to argue: that, contrary to the sometime caricature, editorship of *The Atlantic* was not confined to stewards of George Santayana's "genteel tradition"—a phrase evoking the literary culture of an eastern elite. Only one of the seven (Lowell) was a Boston Brahmin; some (Howells, Page) were from places (Ohio, North Carolina) identified, in a nice piece of self-mockery, as "foreign" in *The Atlantic*'s mail room; only one (Lowell again) went to Harvard; and three were self-educated. Nor were the editors narrow or uniform in their interests and tastes. Sometimes prudish, yes; Howells rejected a poem for its "pectoral imagery." But otherwise the editors did not fit the genteel stereotype. Nor did the magazine. If *The Atlantic* stood for high culture, it also stood for racial, sexual, regional, religious, and ethnic inclusion in American society, and it stood passionately against slavery and for civil rights. This emphasis on inclusion was reflected in the contributors: a third were women, and there were also African-Americans, Irish-Americans, and Jewish Americans. *The Atlantic*: a bulletin board of the genteel tradition? "I would deny that," Sedgwick says. His book gives the proof. —THE EDITORS

CONTRIBUTORS

Steven Cramer ("The Night We Knew For Sure") is *The Atlantic*'s assistant poetry editor and the author of *The Eye That Desires to Look Upward* (1987) and *The World Book* (1992). He is at work on a third collection, *Dialogue for the Left and Right Hand.*

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Ellen Posner ("Hell's Capital"), a former architecture critic for *The Wall Street Journal*, writes regularly about urban design. Her articles have appeared in *Art News* and *The (*London) *Independent on Sunday.*

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LETTERS

Hmong in Wausau

I knew that the remarkable story of the Hmong odyssey to the United States was in for a beating when Roy Beck talked to me while researching his article ("The Ordeal of Immigration in Wausau," April *Atlantic*). He was interested only in negative material. Even so, I was not prepared for the misleading, anti-immigrant polemic that resulted. Through selective manipulation of facts, unfounded insinuations, and downright inaccuracies, it seems designed to lay the blame for most of the real and imagined ills of today's society at the feet of the Hmong and, by extension, immigrants in general.

The article omits the fact that the resettlement of the Hmong was literally a rescue mission in behalf of courageous allies. The Hmong, an agrarian people from the mountain areas of Laos, were recruited by the United States during the Vietnam War to form a secret army. They carried out missions in Laos, where the United States was not officially engaged. Among those missions was the rescue of downed U.S. airmen. When the war ended and the Americans left, the Hmong were targeted by the ruling Pathet Lao for complete annihilation. Some 70,000 to 100,000 Hmong were killed. The survivors fled into neighboring Thailand, where they were granted asylum but were not allowed to settle permanently. The Hmong were then given refugee status by the United States and brought to this country.

The response of communities like Wausau was a critical part of that effort. The article implies that the decision to place refugees in Wausau was made at some anonymous national level with no local involvement. This is not true. The decision was made because local congregations and citizens wanted to help and asked to become involved. This involvement was hardly shallow or short-lived. People responded with extraordinary generosity and developed relationships that last to this day.

Beck implies that Lutherans and others helped refugees in order to receive compensation from the government. This cheap shot insults the thousands of people who have contributed and continue to contribute their time and money to help others in need. Lutheran churches and volunteers spend an additional one or two dollars for every government dollar that the Lutheran Immigration and Refugee Service spends to help refugees resettle.

As for increasing numbers of Hmong coming into Wausau, the movement of the great majority took place more than a decade ago and is essentially over. It is not true that "there's no peak in sight," and it is ridiculous to imply that as many as 19,000 Hmong remaining in Thailand may come to Wausau. It is highly unlikely that 19,000 will come to the United States. Furthermore, any that do come will be joining friends and relatives throughout the country. The Hmong in Wausau make up only about three percent of the Hmong population in the United States.

These and many other inaccuracies are less troubling to me, however, than the underlying message that seems to be the real point of this article: that immigrants, particularly if they are racially or culturally different, corrode our way of life and therefore should be kept out. Beck repeatedly panders to ugly fears and myths. He implies, for example, that the Hmong brought gangs to Wausau, although gangs were unknown in the small mountain villages of Laos. And although he states that soon "Southeast Asians may become the majority population in Wausau," they actually account for just 11 percent of the population.

In avoiding any positive images of the Hmong, Beck misses the real story of how these valiant people, plucked from a place and life very different from ours by forces outside their control, are slowly but surely making a go of it. I also regret

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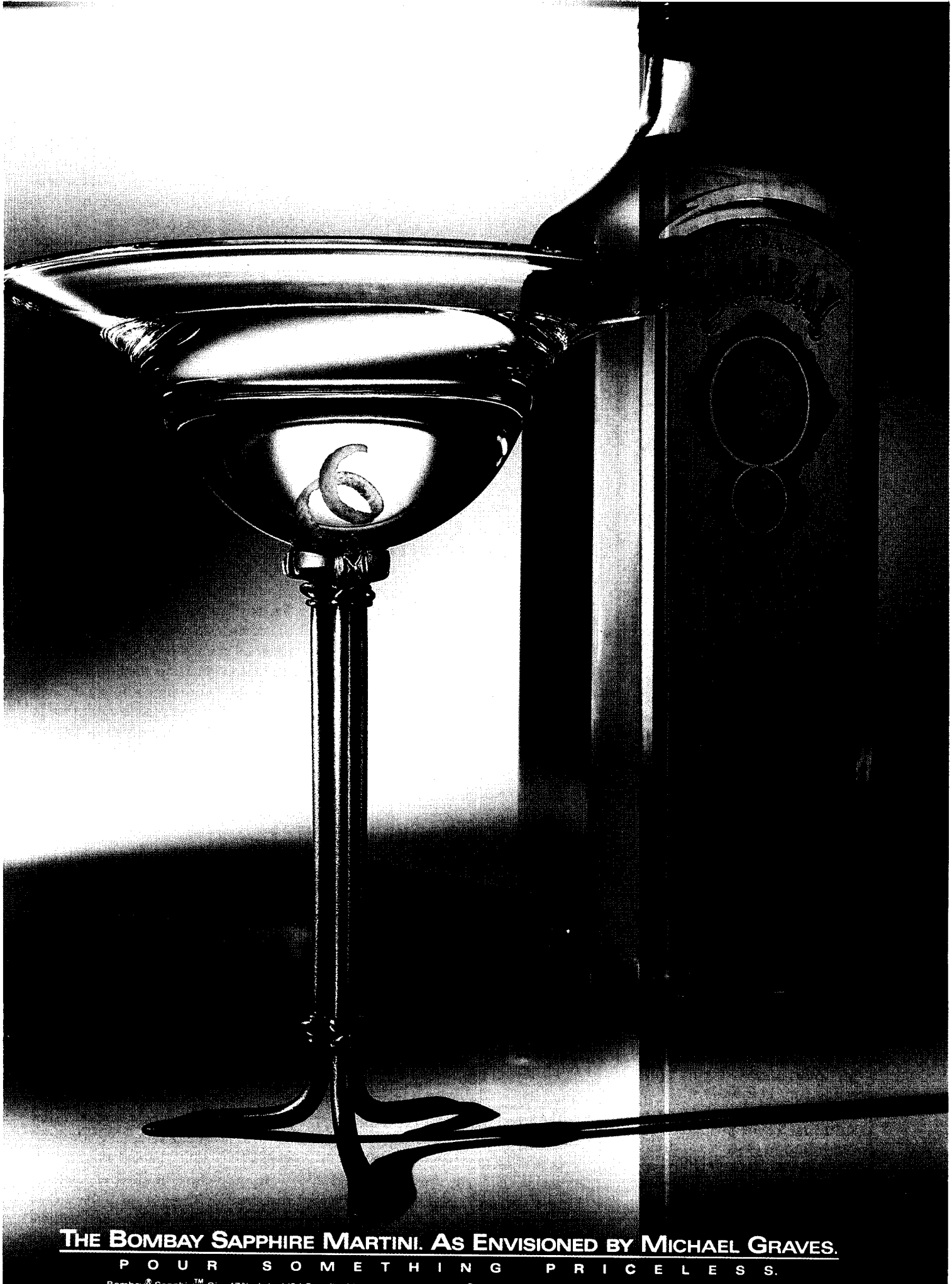

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that in pursuing his nativist agenda, Beck has let slip an opportunity to address in a constructive way problems that do confront the Hmong and Wausau.

Jack Griswold
Lutheran Immigration and Refugee Service
New York, N.Y.

Roy Beck quotes a local businessman as saying, "We don't want to become another California." His concern is justified.

I am a government budget analyst and must deal with the budgetary consequences of immigration in California. The major immigration-related expenses are the costs of children. Currently education takes up 33 percent of the state budget; the Rand Corporation estimates that the figure will reach 42 percent in the next five to six years. Where are all these children coming from? Immigration.

From 1985 to 1990 the number of dependents on tax returns for those making less than $16,000 increased by more than one million while the number of tax returns at that level increased by only 275,000. This is an increase in dependents of 44 percent in five years for those making less than $16,000 a year. Was this increase in poverty and in dependents caused by the recession? No: the recession did not begin until October of 1990. During this period unemployment was low. Was this increase caused by births in California? No: the births cannot account for this dramatic increase. Who are all these poor people, and where did they come from?

Los Angeles and San Diego counties accounted for 35 percent of the additional one million dependents. Again, births cannot account for the increase. So what caused it? Primarily immigrants moving their families to California after the 1986 passage of the Immigration Reform and Control Act.

How do we know they are immigrants? First, there was a significant increase in child-only AFDC cases from 1985 to 1990. Ninety percent of child-only AFDC cases are children born in the United States to undocumented parents. From July of 1985 to October of 1992 the increase in child-only cases accounted for 49 percent of the increase in all AFDC cases in California. From 1985 to 1990 child-only AFDC cases increased by 73 percent statewide, and Los Angeles and San Diego counties accounted for 32 percent of the increase. Recall that dependents of poor people increased by 36 percent for those two counties. It is not a coincidence.

Nationally the picture is the same. From 1980 to 1990 the increase in the AFDC case load for the border states of Florida, Texas, and California accounted for 98 percent of the increase in AFDC cases. California made up 51 percent of the AFDC increase for the entire nation.

Those who qualify for AFDC benefits also qualify for Medicaid. In 1992 Medicaid bills in the United States increased by 25 percent but in California they increased by 36 percent. California alone made up 14 percent of the increase in recipients nationwide. California drove up Medicaid outlays by $1.7 billion in *one year*.

In 1992 California had 113,073 Medicaid-funded births to undocumented (85 percent) and IRCA-amnesty (15 percent) immigrants. That was 16 percent of all births in California and three percent of all births in the United States. That means that three babies in every 100 born in the United States are born to immigrants on Medicaid in California. And just one year of births to immigrant mothers means an additional burden on California of $565 million a year in education costs. One in four new students does not speak English well. The non-English-speaking problem is especially acute in the southern California counties, including Los Angeles and San Diego counties.

President Clinton recently signed the Goals 2000 Education America Act. This sends $647 million to states for education reform. Clinton said, "Today we can say America is serious about education." From 1988 to 1992 there were 320,000 Medicaid-funded births to undocumented mothers in California. At $2,000 per child for the hospital alone, we have already spent $640,000 on Medicaid. One year of education for these citizen children of undocumented immigrants costs California $1.6 billion! Mind you, this does not include the costs of undocumented children. How can we be "serious about education"? How can we succeed in reforming education without controlling immigration?

George Vernez, of the Rand Corporation, recently spoke at the University of California at Los Angeles and said that he does not see California recovering in the next ten years because of the burden

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of increased education, health, and welfare costs. I think he is correct.

Linda H. Thom
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Roy Beck replies:

Jack Griswold says that immigrants—and the Hmong in particular—are good and worthy people. Neither I nor my article would contradict that in general, but no matter how positive and even heroic the individual immigrants or how good the intentions of everybody connected to them, the community-wide effects can be negative. That was the focus of the Wausau story, the details of which Mr. Griswold has mischaracterized throughout his letter. He does make one legitimate complaint of fact in terms of my reference to the 19,000 Hmong refugees currently in Thai camps. The language in the article was misleading and should have said that even Wausau's small share of the 19,000 would greatly increase the impact of immigration on that city.

The California costs detailed by Linda Thom provide a solid indication of why it is essential public policy for governments to look beyond the worth of individual immigrants to questions about their total volume and collective impact. Under current immigration volume and fertility, another 134 million people will be added to U.S. communities by 2050. Thom and the story of Wausau illustrate the significant local costs of such population growth. It is neither anti-immigrant nor nativist for the host population to consider whether it desires the environmental, social, and economic changes necessary to accommodate an additional 134 million inhabitants—or whether immigrants are likely to become truly part of the American social fabric under such conditions.

Gun Control

In "The False Promise of Gun Control" (March *Atlantic*), Daniel D. Polsby launches into a lengthy critique of work my colleagues and I recently published in the *New England Journal of Medicine*. After five years of painstaking research we found strong evidence that homes with guns are substantially more likely to be the scene of a homicide than comparable homes without guns. Polsby considers these findings inconclusive. He suggests that guns were more commonly kept in the homes of homicide victims because many of these people felt threatened before their death and armed themselves for protection. If this is true, the strategy does not appear to have done them any good. Nonetheless, Polsby suggests that we, too, should run out and get a gun. His advice ignores some stunning realities:

Predatory crimes—the kind that dominate Polsby's article—account for a relatively small percentage of firearm injuries and deaths. The great majority of gun tragedies involve suicides, unintentional injuries, or disputes between family members, friends, and neighbors.

More than three fourths of the home homicides identified during our study involved a family member, a spouse, or someone else who knew the victim well. Less than 15 percent involved an intruder forcing his way into the victim's home. Strangers were involved in only 3.6 percent of cases.

Virtually all of the increased risk of homicide in homes with guns was due to substantially higher odds of *firearm* homicide. In most of these cases the victim was killed by a spouse, a family member, or an intimate acquaintance using a gun that was kept in the home. It is relatively easy to establish cause and effect when the victim is dead on the floor with a bullet in his head.

Homicide is only one of many risks associated with keeping a gun in the home. Homes where guns are kept are also more likely to be the scene of a suicide than comparable homes without guns. Approximately half of all fatal unintentional shootings of young children occur when kids play with a loaded gun they have found in the home. The number of serious nonfatal injuries that can be attributed to guns in the home is unknown but probably substantial.

Arthur L. Kellermann
Director, Center for Injury Control
Emory University School
of Public Health
Atlanta, Ga.

Daniel D. Polsby replies:

Arthur Kellermann is mistaken that predatory crimes make up a relatively small percentage of firearms misuse. *Criminals prey on acquaintances.* Thus it is not useful to insist on the spurious distinction between "predatory" crimes and

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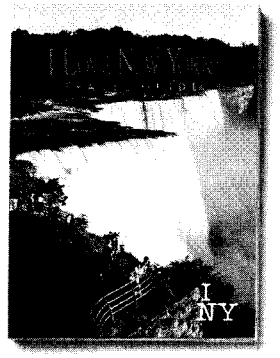

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"acquaintance" crimes. Many "acquaintance homicides" involve quarrels between drug dealers or street gangs. By far the majority of felonious attacks on women are committed by people known to the victims. A woman attacked by her ex-boyfriend *is* preyed upon, just as meaningfully as she would be if attacked by a stranger. If she were to shoot her attacker, it would be simply argumentative to call that a tragic acquaintance homicide "caused" by a gun rather than a legally justifiable defense against a felon-predator *made possible* by a gun.

Dr. Kellermann has long struggled to establish guns in the home as a risk factor for suicide, but he has never successfully shown that guns lead to more suicides rather than that the suicidal prefer means (like guns) that lead to quick and certain death. Neither has he ever demonstrated a causal sequence from ownership of a gun to becoming a murder victim—nor does the refereed text of his recent article make any such claim. By the reasoning of his letter, possessing diet soft drinks should be deemed a risk factor for obesity, given that obese people are more likely to have diet drinks than are thin people.

I do agree with the tautology that firearms in the home are a risk factor for firearms accidents involving children. The National Safety Council reports 200 accidental firearms deaths of children annually. Many of these would be hunting mishaps. Fatalities in this category have decreased by about 20 percent in the past five years.

Horowitz on Sociology

I'm grateful for the space allocated in *The Atlantic Monthly* to Nathan Glazer's review of my book *The Decomposition of Sociology* ("A Troubled Social Science," April *Atlantic*). But I would like to make a few points. First, the frequently stated canard about a movement on my part from left to right is rubbish. Some years ago I prepared a volume of my review essays, *Persuasions and Prejudices: An Informal Compendium of Modern Social Science, 1953–1988,* to rebut such a proposition. Belief in democratic horizons—a belief that I happily admit to—has its pitfalls. Regimes do not always cooperate in our desires or expectations. For this reason I find it wiser to place my trust in individuals rather than in collectivities, in persons rather than in systems.

More troubling is Glazer's constant harping on a single chapter having to do with the changing fortunes in the discipline of sociology of Jewish scholars in general and estimates of Israeli society in particular. I find this to be a serious indicator of the swing in the field from democratic to anti-democratic tendencies. Glazer, however, prefers to see this as a "subtext." He implies that the interest I have in the Jewish question is some conspiratorial concern—or at least something that has colored, if not soured, my appreciation for sociology as a discipline engaged in the search for equity. I would have thought that Jewish concerns are precisely about matters of equity.

I cannot for the life of me see how what I treat as a symptom of professional crisis can be converted into the source (for that is what Glazer implies by this notion of subtext) of the decomposition of sociology.

Since Glazer seems free to indulge in the analysis of motives—on what it meant to be a socialist between the 1940s and the 1990s—dare I say that this is a problem more of his choosing than of mine? For me, the main vector in this entire period has been what it meant to be a democrat, not a socialist. As *Three Worlds of Development* makes perfectly plain, I never believed for a moment that the world is a bifurcated playground reserved for capitalists and socialists. Even if that were the case, even if his analysis of my motives and beliefs were on target, this hardly changes the desperate situation in which sociology finds itself.

Irving Louis Horowitz
New Brunswick, N.J.

Nathan Glazer replies:

I really do not understand what has so agitated Irving Louis Horowitz in my review of his book. I said he was once considered in sociology a man of the left; he is now considered a man of the right. It is a fate that has befallen many of us who believe, as he does, that we have been consistent in our support of the good, the true, and the democratic. Nor did I harp on a "single chapter having to do with the changing fortunes . . . of Jewish scholars." This issue, which engaged my interest, takes up less than half of my review, and references to Jews, Judaism, the Jewish Question, Israel, Zionism, and the Holocaust are frequent throughout the Horowitz volume, as one can see by consulting the index. Nor do I hint at anything "conspiratorial" in this. I comment that an earlier Horowitz was less interested in Jewish issues, and undertake to explain why. If the earlier course of many American sociologists has been marked by progress from socialism to sociology, the latest stage in this course has been from the large ambitions of sociology to the specific impact of great historical movements on Jews. I make it clear that the earlier indifference of Jewish socialist intellectuals to Jewish concerns had nothing admirable about it, but rather reflected the blinding of common sense by ideology.

Advice & Consent

Garry Wills's excellent article "What Makes a Good Leader" (April *Atlantic*) is flawed only in asserting that "Roosevelt could not go to the theater. . . ." My wife and I spent a memorable evening with the Roosevelts in 1942, laughing through *Life With Father* at the National Theatre.

Michael Straight
Chilmark, Mass.

In your March Almanac "Environment" section, reporting on a NASA mission to study ozone depletion, you describe the connection between chlorofluorocarbons (CFCs) and the hole in the ozone layer. Nowhere do you mention aerosols. Nor should you have done so; that would be highly inaccurate. However, your illustration for the article—a spray can shooting a hole in the atmosphere—indicts the entire aerosol industry unfairly, and very inappropriately.

U.S. aerosol products have not used CFC propellants since 1978, when they were banned by federal regulation. In fact, before that date most companies had already switched to propellants that have absolutely no effect on stratospheric ozone. Only one percent of aerosols now use CFCs, and these few products are specifically exempted by the government because of critical requirements, such as in bronchial inhalers.

George W. Brown
National Aerosol Association
Annapolis, Md.

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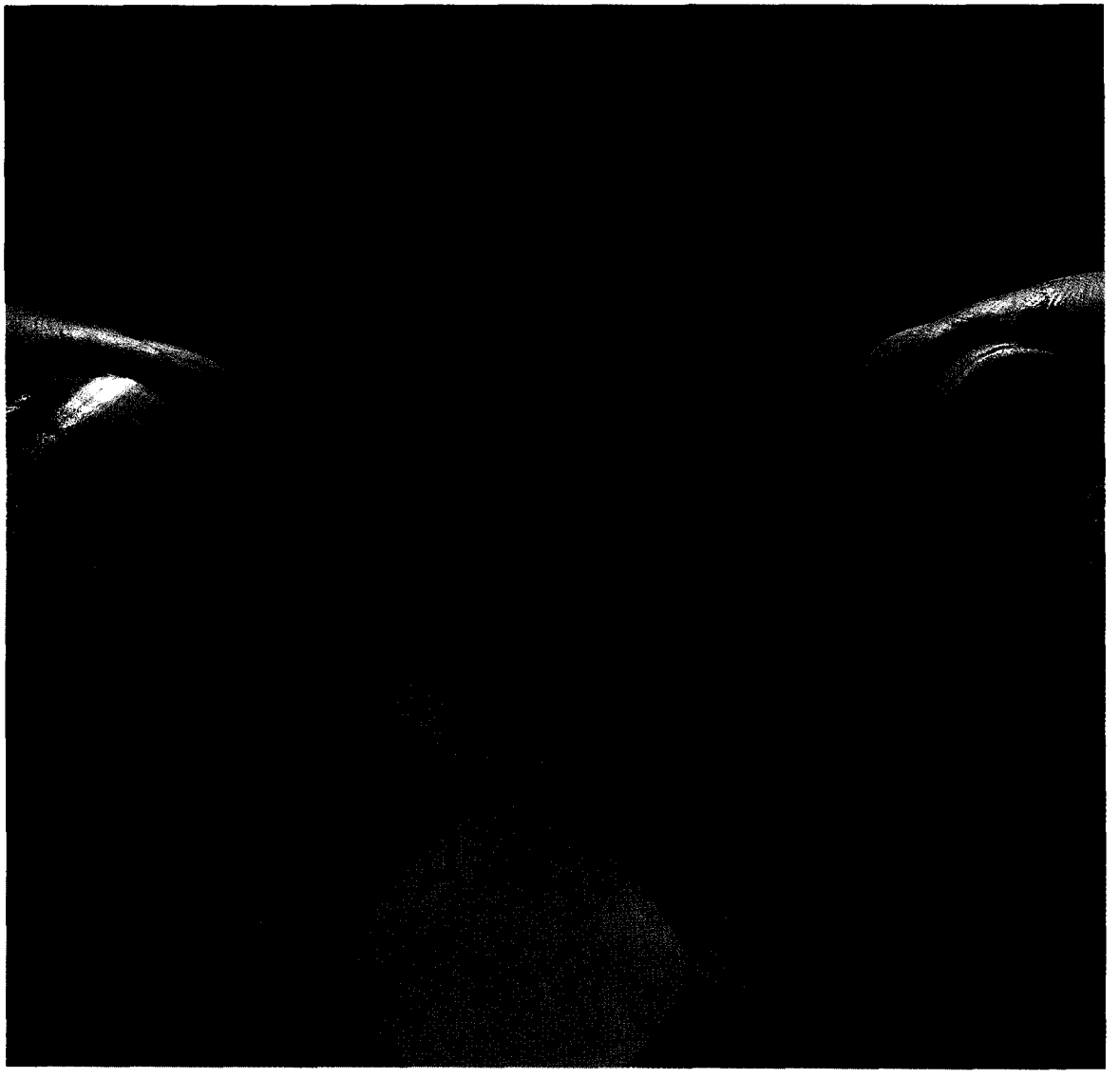
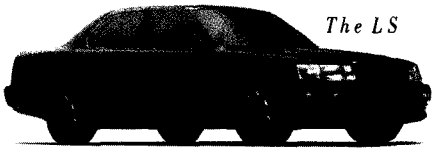
We told our engineers to make tolerances thinner than the human hair.
They replied, "Blonde or brunette?"





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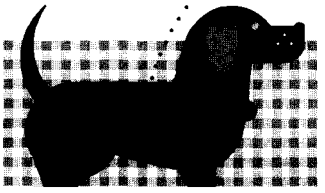
THE JULY ALMANAC

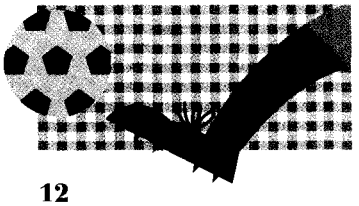


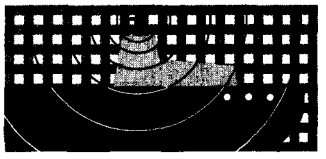
Demographics

Flea populations, which thrive in heat and humidity, peak in most parts of the country this month. True to the cliché, many people discover that their homes are infested only upon return from a vacation. Under normal circumstances pet owners may be unaware of fleas: animals usually bear the brunt of the insects' attention. But after days or weeks in an unoccupied house, fleas become hungry enough to turn to human beings as well; vacations also give the insects' larvae time to develop, unvacuumed and undisturbed. Constant vacuuming and toxic insecticides were long our only defenses against fleas. In recent years nontoxic insect growth regulators, which mimic the juvenile hormones of fleas and prevent reproduction, have offered a stouter bulwark—though entomologists caution that with more than 2,200 flea species extant, resistant strains are bound to arise.

Health & Safety

July **17**, the final match of the World Cup soccer games—the world's largest single-sport event, and historically one of the most violent (England's defeat in the last games, in 1990, sparked rioting that resulted in two deaths and 600 arrests). Security will be tight in the nine locations (Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Detroit, Los Angeles, New York/New Jersey, Orlando, San Francisco, and Washington) hosting this year's tournament. The Department of Defense has allocated more than $15 million worth of security supplies to the games, including helicopters and communications equipment. Peacekeeping measures may include a ban on the sale of alcohol in and around stadiums and the stationing in host cities of emergency-response teams equipped with gas masks and bomb-dismantling kits. Security officials are using an on-line data base to track known "hooligans"; some of these, confident of being deported home, buy only one-way tickets to the games.



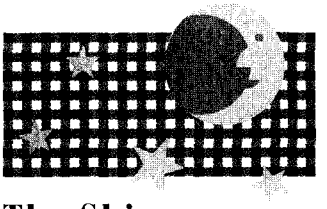


Environment

July **1**, starting today all tankships carrying oil through Alaska's Prince William Sound must carry black boxes that allow the Coast Guard to monitor their position by satellite. The technology is similar to that which was used to guide missiles during the Gulf War; this will be the first use of satellites to monitor civilian tanker traffic. In other parts of the country the Coast Guard relies on radar and radio communications. The new system was instituted in response to the Oil Pollution Act of 1990, passed soon after the *Exxon Valdez* collided with the sound's Bligh Reef. The reef is out of radar range for the Coast Guard, which had been unaware that the *Valdez* was off course. Now a vessel's position will automatically be transmitted to onshore monitors, and a straying ship will quickly be alerted. Other measures that have been adopted since the *Valdez* accident include mandatory Breathalyzer tests for crew members, tugboat and emergency-response-ship escorts for all loaded ships in the sound, and a fixed light on Bligh Reef.

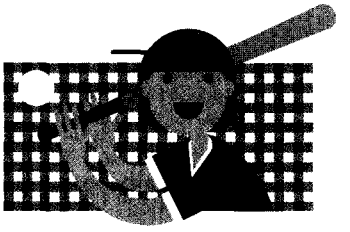
Food

This month Britain gets a taste of the labeling campaigns that have become common here, as the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals begins issuing "Freedom Food" labels for products from animals that have been raised, transported, and slaughtered in accordance with its animal-welfare guidelines. Goods so designated are likely to be more expensive than conventionally produced ones (participants must pay a fee for RSPCA inspections). Some critics point out that the RSPCA's standards mirror codes already set forth by government agencies; others are angry that practices such as the "tail docking" of pigs and the "beak tipping" of hens are permitted. Also this month a new, if dubious, milestone in the history of breakfast cereals: Reese's Peanut Butter Puffs, the first cereal derived from a candy, makes its nationwide debut from General Mills.



The Skies

July **16–22**, Comet Shoemaker-Levy will crash into Jupiter in a series of immense explosions. These will occur on the far side of the planet, and so will be directly observable only by the spacecraft *Galileo*. Most telescopes will be trained on Jupiter anyway: because of that planet's rapid rotation, the aftereffects of the explosions should come into view within an hour. The collision has been called "the most widely anticipated event in the history of modern astronomy": one of this magnitude has never before been observed. **22**, Full Moon, also known this month as the Hay, Mead, or Killer Whale Moon.

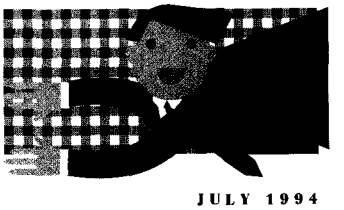


Government

July **1**, as of today, according to the Florida Equity Act, every state-supported middle school, high school, community college, and university in Florida with competitive sports must present a three-year plan for achieving gender equity in athletics. Schools that fail to do so will lose considerable state funding. The act is Florida's response to Title IX, the 1972 federal legislation outlawing sex-based discrimination in any educational program receiving federal money, which has recently gained new life from successful suits against noncompliant schools.

75 Years Ago

Herbert Wilton Stanley, writing in the July, 1919, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "One of the paradoxical elements in the political psychology of the day is our incredible gullibility. . . . Our political supermen illustrate the point, they are so patently the product of an age of cinematographs and yellow dailies. They rise to greatness on a phrase. They are pied pipers of platitudes; worlds balance and reel on the turning of their metaphors. . . . We are taught that, in democracies, the people rule, but the truth is, the thoughts of the people are boilerplated and mobilized incalculably. Clever, enticing idealogues have become the specie of the political market. Phrase-artists sit in the seats of power, and it is the press agents who rule."



Illustrations by Nancy Davis

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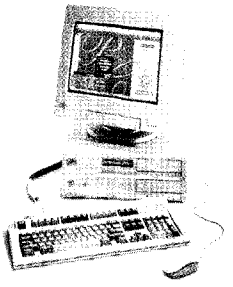
If Penny Scott had a ValuePoint™ with a three-year warranty,* she could spend her time worrying about what's really important – like her annual review, the slides for the meeting and her two-year-old son's recent mastery of the word "no."



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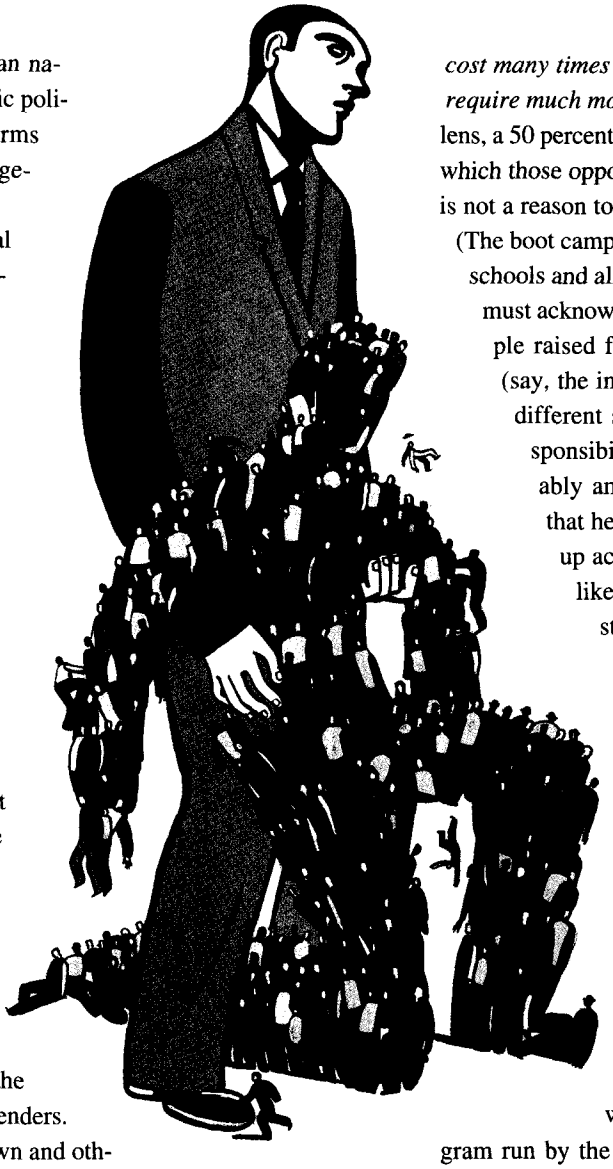
Incorrigible

Bringing social hope and political rhetoric into instructive contact with what it means to be human



JUST how incorrigible is human nature, and what lessons on public policy follow once we come to terms with the sobering answer to this age-old question?

On one level, both from personal experience and from numerous studies, we know that it is extraordinarily difficult to change habits, personality traits, culture, and social institutions. Take weight control. Ninety-five percent of the many millions of Americans who diet each year in pursuit of a more attractive and healthier figure regain within one to three years almost all of the pounds they previously shed. Even when faced with certain death our bodies often seem unable to follow our minds. Many men who have had heart attacks continue to smoke, though they have been warned that they are significantly increasing the likelihood of a second (and most likely fatal) attack.

Studies demonstrate that numerous drug-rehabilitation, crime-prevention, and job-training programs for welfare clients yield results no better than the new boot camps yield for young offenders. But just as dieters disregard their own and others' experiences, the very strong propensity of all these programs to fail has not stopped Congress from making them a cornerstone of its anti-crime policy.

We all know how difficult changing human behavior is, but this knowledge has not changed our basic optimistic predisposition. Once we truly accept that human nature is surprisingly resistant to improvement, however, some rather positive, constructive lessons follow.

by Amitai Etzioni

Lower your expectations. When seeking change, expect it to cost many times as much as you first imagined and require much more time. When viewed through this lens, a 50 percent graduation rate from boot camps—which those opposed to the camps see as a failure—is not a reason to close them but a stunning success. (The boot camps are doing better than many public schools and almost as well as some colleges.) We must acknowledge that hoping to assimilate people raised for twenty years in one subculture (say, the inner city, as a gang member) into a different subculture (of work and social responsibility) in only a few months is laughably ambitious. And we must not expect that helping disadvantaged children catch up academically by means of a program like Head Start will keep them on the straight and narrow when they graduate from the program. This expectation is especially absurd if we return them to a world—rife with prejudice and economic and social disadvantages—that agitates against hard work and progress by legitimate means. Growing evidence shows that kids may need long-term and costly "maintenance" programs. A Loyola University study, for instance, found that children who participated in a special program run by the Chicago public schools from age three until the end of third grade tested at or above national averages on completion but that a decade later many of these gains had melted away. The researcher, J. S. Fuerst, now believes that disadvantaged youngsters may need up to *nine years* of supplemented education. He may well be underestimating what they actually require.

A firm grasp of our stubborn, improvement-resistant nature will keep our future policymakers—one hopes against hope—from being swayed by social-policy entrepreneurs. Take the reports on America Works, a for-profit

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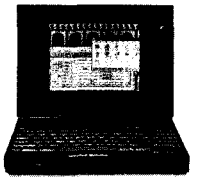

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corporation that trains welfare clients for *one week* and then finds them steady jobs. The company has recently become the darling of New York Mayor Rudolph Giuliani's administration, because it fits the new mayor's ideology (greater reliance on the private sector) and because the city hopes it can place many of its 1.1 million welfare clients in jobs this way and slash welfare expenditures. In New York, America Works has so far placed only about 1,100 people; the initial reports of its incredible successes were based on 290 cases. You can bet your next year's salary (I herewith offer mine) that most welfare clients will not be put to work after one week of training. Only blurry-eyed optimists will believe that such a program can work on a large scale.

Creaming is okay. America Works does provide a valuable lesson: because it is paid much of its fee only after a welfare client has been on the job for four months, it prefers to work with clients who are easy to place—those most disposed to work and most able to do so—and drops from its program those who show signs of presenting a difficulty. Anyone who shows up five minutes late for a training session is out, for example. Critics call such an approach "creaming," and consider it a serious defect.

This criticism presupposes that there are other methods of converting an entire barrel of milk into cheese—or, to put it less metaphorically, that an organization can help all or most welfare clients to find jobs without making an immense per-client effort.

But if we start with a more realistic notion of human transformation—which acknowledges that it is typically very costly and challenging, and that the deeper we reach into the barrel, the greater the difficulties we'll have—creaming suddenly stops being a mark of defective policymaking and becomes a wise policy to try to implement. Taking on the relatively easy cases first gives us much more bang for whatever bucks we can spend on a given endeavor than taking a random sample of all potential clients. The resources saved this way can then be applied to some of the more difficult cases. Policymakers should, though, recognize the fact that the going will get tougher and tougher.

Don't expect to scrape the bottom of the barrel. More difficult to come to terms with is that even if we dedicate considerable resources and persevere for years, we will still have at least some nontrivial "residue": people who cannot be reached. Just as there are some patients too ill to cure, there are some welfare clients who cannot be weaned and some criminals who cannot be rehabilitated. How to deal with them is a major civil-rights issue. For example, the State of Washington has passed a law that requires prisons to release violent sex offenders not immediately after they have completed their sentence but only after a judge or a jury has determined that they no longer pose a danger. Such indeterminate sentences don't become defensible until we accept that not only are most people rather difficult to change but some people are incorrigible—at least given the current state of medical and social-science knowledge.

Don't allow the best to defeat the good. Both the social-science literature and the daily press are full of reports about this or that government program that turned out to be a disaster. The common practice is to compare the program as it has turned out with what it was originally envisioned as. Instead we should take it for granted that, given our nature, very few if any programs will work out swimmingly. The best basis for comparison is not the dreams of the founder, or even the blueprint, but something else that works. It will not do merely to establish that phonics does not work when it comes to teaching kids to read—tell me what works better. It will not do simply to criticize training programs for welfare mothers—show me something else that helps them find jobs. As long as the social goal at hand must be served, we must settle for the comparative best (which is often not so hot), rather than chase elusive perfection.

Be multi-faceted but not holistic. An official at the U.S. Department of Education has reported that the department is considering running an experimental program based on the hypothesis that whatever role modeling, encouragement, and assistance young students obtain in school is negated by life in drug-infested and poverty-stricken areas, by broken homes, by an environment of unemployment and asocial behavior. The goal is to discover whether granting these youngsters "everything"—providing their parents with jobs and housing, trying to change the neighborhood's culture, arranging for after-school tutoring, and so forth—will help them catch up with students from privileged areas and stay caught up.

On the one hand, the logic of such an approach is inescapable. The social world is one messy ball of wax; we can hardly hope to intervene in one strand of a person's life (say, schoolwork) and ignore all the others. This logic has led James Q. Wilson and other scholars to suggest that inner-city children should be taken from their troubled parents and put into kibbutzlike boarding schools.

On the other hand, the costs of such a holistic approach are so overwhelming that even if it works, it is impractical for the large number of people who need help. We must therefore search for approaches that acknowledge the ball-of-wax nature of many of our problems but are less exacting than the holistic approaches. This is the reason that prenatal care and vaccinations are so attractive as programs. These services can be provided if some attention is paid to other factors (treatment may need to be brought to mothers rather than requiring mothers to come to clinics), but it's not necessary to provide housing, full employment, and years of supplemented education just so that the programs will work (although these may be desirable in their own right).

It's no use pretending that poverty or welfare will be abolished, AIDS or cancer cured in this century, drug abuse or teen pregnancy sharply reduced. Let's instead dedicate our efforts to effective but clearly delineated projects in each of these areas. This humbler approach is likely to have a very attractive side effect: it may enhance public willingness to pay for such projects and may also restore public trust in our leaders and institutions.

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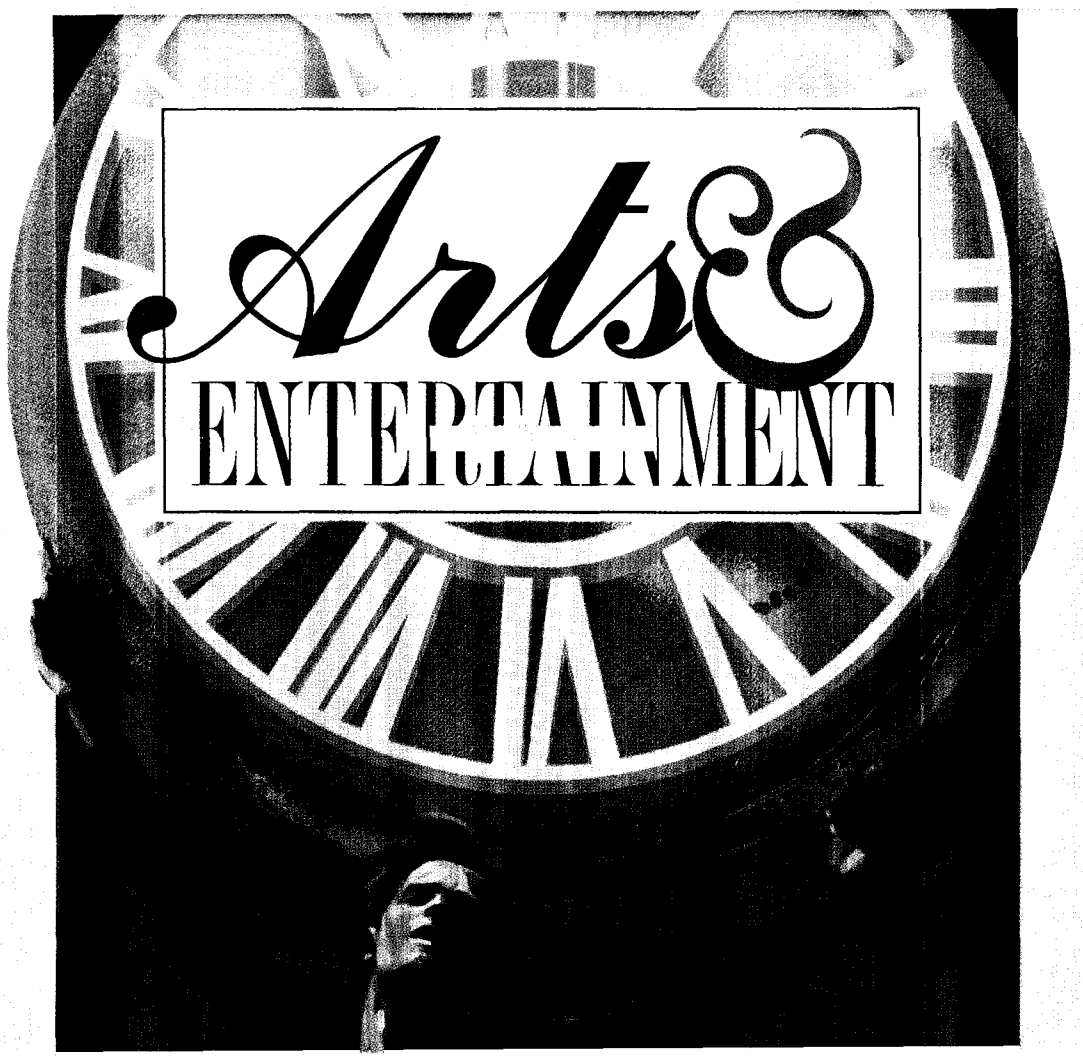

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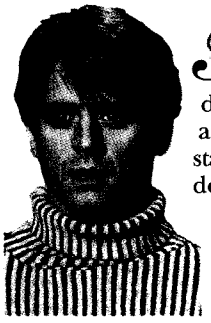
Dance and Theater

BY AUSTIN BAER AND LAURA JACOBS

FAB PAST FORTY

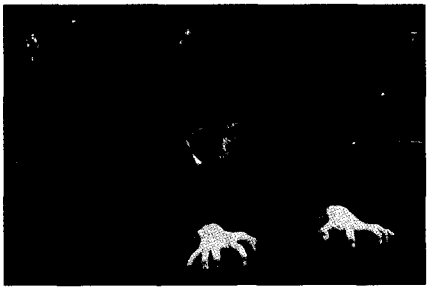


VINCENT & FARRELL ASSOCIATES

Baryshnikov

There is a quiet but never-ending debate in dance: When should a dancer get off the stage? The roaming Rudolf Nureyev was painful to watch in his last decade. Merce Cunningham, still dancing in his seventies, solves the problem by wittily undercutting or overblowing his own roles. Critics can be good about saying sayonara, understanding that dance is essentially a youthful art, but audiences get attached and won't let go (hence Nureyev's Sisyphean touring).

This month two companies address the issue of age by their very existence. White Oak Dance Project is the company that blossomed around the repertory needs of an over-forty Mikhail Baryshnikov, and the name itself suggests sunny wisdom. Joined by the superb Kate Johnson, Rob Besserer, and



JORIS JAN BOS

Nederlands Dans 3's Gary Chryst

Kevin O'Day, among others, it's a cast of prime-time personalities. Performing all manner of modern dance, White Oak comes July 14–17 to Chicago's Auditorium Theatre. The programs include two witty, wistful signature solos for Misha—one wicked, by Twyla Tharp, the other wry, by Jerome Robbins. For tickets call 312-902-1500.

In Europe, Jiři Kylián has created Nederlands Dans 3, a concentrated company of four to six fortysomethings who are still raring to go. The troupe debuts in America, August 16 through 20, at Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, in the Berkshires. Two names should ring a bell: the iconic American ballerina Martine van Hamel and former Joffrey fireball Gary Chryst. For tickets call 413-243-0745. **—L.J.**

SHAKESPEARE'S POOR RELATIONS

CHRISTOPHER BRISCOE

From the Oregon festival

Though frequently excluded from the Shakespeare canon, *The Two Noble Kinsmen* cannot be denied its place in the Shakespearean penumbra. True, much of the play came from the fluent, potboiling pen of John Fletcher, Shakespeare's junior colleague. Still, the stamp of the master is for long stretches very apparent. The plot was derived from "The Knight's Tale," the most stilted of Chaucer's *Canterbury sequence*: a pair of boon companions, both warriors, fall in love with the same woman, who refuses to choose between them. The outline has the deliberate storybook artificiality one associates with *Pericles, Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale,* and the sublime *Tempest.* And as in those so-called romances from the twilight of the playwright's career, the outline is filled in with thought of bristling complexity and language of dazzling splendor. The three principals' great prayers at the altars of Mars, Venus, and Diana before the climactic duel are as solemn in their music and as strange in their imagery as any passage in the collected works. Nevertheless, it is the brave company that takes up the *Kinsmen* challenge. The Oregon Shakespeare Festival (503-482-4331), in Ashland, did so last month, and continues through October 8. **—A.B.**

DEFINITIVE GRAHAM

Martha Graham was never an airy sort. Her pronouncements seemed to rumble up from beneath her feet; her dances beat a dark path into the underworld. Still, it's difficult to think of a dance with a higher ceiling than *Appalachian Spring.* Agnes de Mille called it "the most dearly loved ballet in the Graham repertory," and this story of a newly married frontier couple staking out a life together is visionary in its simplicity—a powerfully enunciated expression of American will. With a hammer-driven commissioned score by Aaron Copland and skeletal sets by Isamu Noguchi, Graham was in the best company of her career. *Appalachian Spring* turns fifty this year, and you can see it August 9–13 at Jacob's Pillow, where the Martha Graham Dance Company caps the celebration of its founder's centennial. **—L.J.**

MARTHA SWOPE

Appalachian Spring

Austin Baer is a New York–based writer.
Laura Jacobs is editor in chief of Stagebill.

WOMEN WALKING TALL

The Pulitzer Prize makes it official: Edward Albee is back. *Three Tall Women*—in which the dramatist reinvents the tools of his trade to dissect the complex personality of the proud, brittle woman who adopted him as a baby and cut him out of her will—has fascinated not only professionals but also occasional playgoers, including the

CRAIG SCHWARTZ COURTESY ARTHUR GORDON ASSOCIATES

From Albee's *Three Tall Women*

columnist Russell Baker, not one to jump on bandwagons. An open run continues at off-Broadway's Promenade Theatre (212-580-1313). Through July, Broadway offers another mesmerizing analysis of a woman's mind: Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler,* at the Roundabout (212-869-8400). Kelly McGillis, whose film-star allure is shored up by rigorous training in the classics, essays the title role, which folds soap-opera riddles (Is she pregnant?) into timeless enigmas (What does Woman want?). **—A.B.**

COVER ILLUSTRATION BY NANCY STAHL

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Film

BY ELLA TAYLOR

WHO'S THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL?

Responding to our Arts & Entertainment Poll question "What is the most impressive screen performance by an actress that you can remember?", our readers showed a marked taste for the patrician. The majority of screen favorites—Katharine Hepburn, Bette Davis, Vivien Leigh, Greta Garbo, and Ingrid Bergman—belong to films from the 1930s and 1940s, widely considered to be a golden age for Hollywood in general and the "woman's picture" in particular. Among the more adventurous choices were Louise Brooks in *Pandora's Box*, Giulietta Masina in *La Strada*, Kathleen Turner in *Body Heat*, Anjelica Huston in *The Dead*, and (heavens) Cher in *Mask*. Then there was the respondent in New Jersey whose favorite was Marie Dressler in *Tugboat Annie*. But he's also the guy who claims to support fund-raising for the arts by "offering to do my fan dance." Is it a mark of the decline in strong roles for women (or roles for strong women) that so few of the actresses mentioned repeatedly—among them Meryl Streep, Emma Thompson, Jessica Tandy, and Glenn Close—are contemporary? And where were the more ethnically diverse actresses—Alfre Woodard, Angela Bassett, Marisa Tomei, Judith Malina—who have done such interesting work recently? Not to mention the more offbeat, such as Debra Winger, Kathy Bates, Ashley Judd, Jennifer Jason Leigh, Madeleine Stowe, and Stockard Channing, each of whom recently turned in at least one striking performance that had little to do with her beauty. Still, my vote goes to Bette Davis, for her bitchy, forthright diva in *All About Eve* and for the repressed spinster who swanned into a cool socialite in *Now, Voyager*.

JOYCE RUDOLPH/NEW LINE

Madeleine Stowe

THE DARKROOM INC.

Ashley Judd

KEITH HAMSHERE

Debra Winger

WHEN MAX MET ELY

Gay films went mainstream in the 1980s, but it took the success of *Fried Green Tomatoes*, however coy its hints, to bring lesbian themes out of obscurity (or euphemism) and into Hollywood. Now magazine covers trumpet lesbian pride, and the film industry has at least ten projects with lesbian themes in development. If half of them turn out as well as *Go Fish*, which The Samuel Goldwyn Company snapped up for commercial distribution only hours after it had charmed the pants off audiences at this year's Sundance Film Festival, the outlook for lesbian filmgoers who hunger for films that speak to their lives will be sunny indeed. Written and produced by Rose Troche and Guinevere Turner, directed by Troche, and starring Turner, *Go Fish* is a funny, sexy, sweetly funky romantic comedy about Max and Ely, two young women gingerly inching toward love, prodded by a circle of friends whose range of attitudes and living arrangements defies all caricatures of "lesbian identity." The film, shot with casual poetry in low-budget black-and-white, carries the broad appeal of a looking-for-love story wrapped in the tortured ambivalence of modern dating; anyone could identify with it. Yet *Go Fish* also unapologetically reaches way beyond the coming-out movie. Its women are out of the closet and minding their own business, with or without the world's approval.

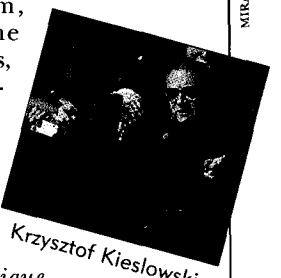
THE SAMUEL GOLDWYN COMPANY

Turner and V. S. Brodie in *Go Fish*

Ella Taylor is a film columnist for Mirabella.

THE WHITE KNIGHT

Polish director Krzysztof Kieslowski's magnificent cycle of ten films, *The Decalogue*, played to packed houses and rapturous reviews at film festivals all over North America in 1989. Each film, based on one of the Ten Commandments, questioned the possibilities of ethical choice in a society in which science and religion can no longer provide answers. *The Double Life of Veronique* and *Blue*, made after Kieslowski had moved to Paris, were elliptical, gossamer creations that, though lovely, retreated into a spirituality so private, so abstract, and so padded with Frenchified elegance that they seemed to drown in aesthetic overkill. But Kieslowski's new film, *White*, which follows *Blue* in a trilogy that addresses the themes of liberty, equality, and fraternity, is a triumphant return to the director's mordant wit and broader social concerns. Karol



MIRAMAX FILMS

Krzysztof Kieslowski

MIRAMAX FILMS

Zamachowski with Janusz Gajo in *White*

(Zbigniew Zamachowski) is a Polish hairdresser living in Paris whose French wife (Julie Delpy) divorces him for failing to consummate their marriage. He returns to his native country and falls in with the wheeler-dealer thugs who represent Poland's emergent get-rich-quick middle class. But in his elaborate struggle to get equal by getting even with his wife, Karol is confounded by her love and by the unconditional loyalty of a friend who bails him out in a Paris subway. Though *White* interprets the French Revolutionary ideal in personal rather than political terms, the film is rich in glum wit and astute commentary on the tawdry "equality" between the new Poland, with its skin-deep Western trappings, and the new Paris, with its homeless rotting in subways.

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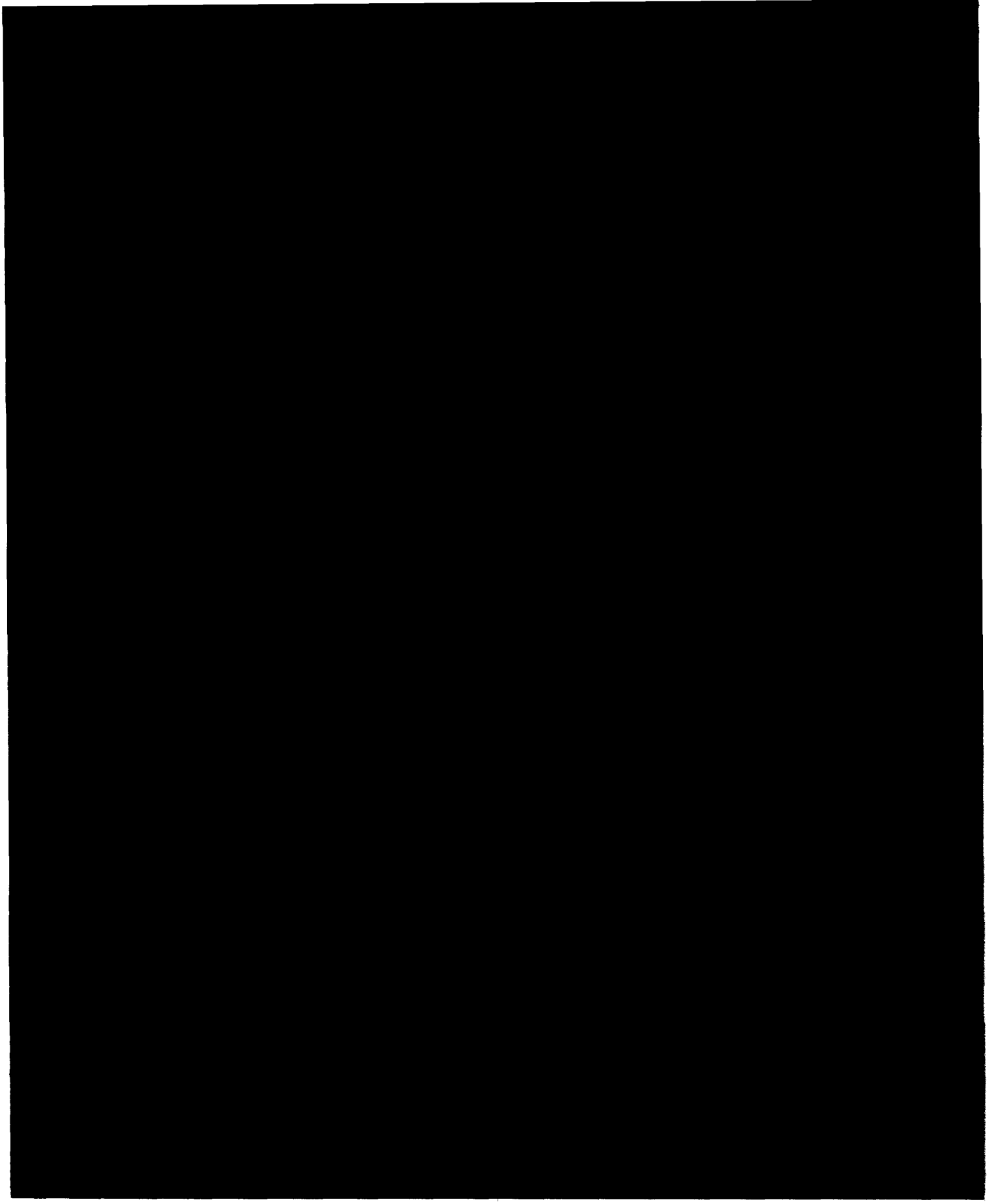

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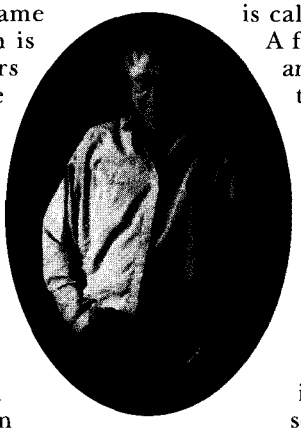
Classical Music

BY AUSTIN BAER

THE TRYING DUTCHMAN

Once noted, the name Louis Andriessen is one that listeners tend to remember. The fifty-five-year-old Dutch composer does not aim to please. Anecdotal evidence: One sophisticated listener remembers jumping up at a performance of *De Snelheid* (*Speed*) and running from the hall screaming, though she does not remember why. Similarly, an untutored listener who walked in on a different Andriessen score shortly burst out, "I can't stand this. It's like listening to a clock." Very perceptive of her: it was the Nonesuch recording of *De Tijd* (*Time*), which to other, fascinated ears sounds like the very pulse of the fourth dimension. In various compositions Andriessen has drawn on the texts and ideas of (among many others) Piet Mondrian, Madame Curie, Dante, and Saint Augustine. As his titles indicate, his mind gravitates toward fundamentals: the most ambitious of his theater pieces is called *De Materie* (*Matter*). A future age may count him among our late-century mystic neo-medievalists (Arvo Pärt and Henryk Górecki are others), who in their various ways suspend the mind in perplexing static ecstasies. This summer Tanglewood (the Boston Symphony's venerable summer home in the Berkshires) honors Andriessen as a composer-in-residence: many of his scores appear on the programs of the Festival of Contemporary Music (August 4–11), which moves into a handsome new home this year—the 1,180-seat Seiji Ozawa Hall. Following the example of the art collector who bought whatever he hated on first sight in hopes of eventually conquering his hatred through understanding, one can recommend Andriessen's intricate, disturbing music even to the evidently considerable part of his audience that has found it initially repellent. For dates and tickets call 617-266-1492.



MARCO BORGGREVE

Louis Andriessen

ALL OF VERDI, RAIN OR SHINE

Though the centennial of the passing of Giuseppe Verdi is still a ways off, Vincent La Selva, the founder and director of the New York Grand Opera Company, is beginning observances this summer. For years it has been his ambition to stage Verdi's twenty-eight operas in chronological order, and on July 6, with the forgotten *Oberto*, he begins. "It was now or never," La Selva says. The company, now in its twenty-first season, presents free opera (cast with professionals and fully staged) each summer in Manhattan's Central Park. Proceeding at his usual pace of four operas a summer, La Selva can plan *Falstaff* for the end of the summer of 2000—and then crown the series with an (indoor) performance of the Verdi Requiem on January 27, 2001, the exact anniversary of the master's death. Despite the inevitable vicissitudes of opera in the open air, these should be seven spine-tingling seasons. The Cleveland-born maestro, whose drive and passion have prompted some critics to compare him to Toscanini, approaches the marathon blazing with zeal. "I don't want people coming out of a performance talking about the soprano or the conductor but about Verdi. I can venerate a great performer, but how often does a creator come along?" And will there be revelations? "If I could do only twenty-seven operas instead of all twenty-eight," La Selva replies, "I don't know which one I'd leave out. I can find greatness in all of them." For location and dates call 212-245-8837.

CHRISTIAN STEINER

Vincent La Selva

Austin Baer is a New York–based writer.

THE DAWN OF OPERA

Every opera rewrites the contract between words and music. The terms may run from frank warfare to armed truce. As Claudio Monteverdi saw it at the seventeenth-century dawn of the genre, perfect parity should be the aim. He chose libretti of high literary caliber and invented vocal lines true to the inflections of speech, leaving instrumental particulars to a small ensemble. The results are among the most satisfying operas of any age, but also some of the trickiest to get right. The bloated conventions of "grand" opera will not do; the quest is not for big notes but for exact expression. *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* (*Poppea's Coronation*) views the corrupt court of Nero's Rome without a trace of false piety. Vice subdues virtue: the two imperial scoundrels bring down the final curtain with a duet of sunny, ravishing beauty. From July 10 to August 12 this last and greatest of Monteverdi's works for the stage appears at the Glimmerglass Opera (near Cooperstown, New York), which works on an intimate scale and respects the dramatic priorities. The troupe should do this genius proud. (Box office: 607-547-2255.)

MARTHA LEIGH

Glimmerglass Opera

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"What Would the World Be Like Without Him?"

Pope John Paul II helped to free Eastern Europe from communism—a historic achievement for the man and his Church. Now he has turned his moral scrutiny on capitalism

by Robin Wright

As always, Papa boarded last. While his entourage headed to Rome's international airport, Pope John Paul II was still at the Vatican, finishing mass in his private chapel. This time, as he prepared to set foot in the remnants of the Soviet Union, mass was in Lithuanian—his fourteenth language. After conferring with aides about last-minute trip details and work to be done in his absence, he boarded a helicopter for the ride across town to join the cardinals and bishops, Vatican staff, and press traveling with him to the three Baltic states. Most of us were already on board the plane by the time he arrived. It is protocol for the Pontiff to board last. But since the early 1980s the Holy See has relied heavily on a helipad in the farthest corner behind Saint Peter's Basilica and its manicured gardens, as a concession to the Pope's incessant globe-trotting, for security reasons after two assassination attempts, and because the Holy Father tends to run late.

"It's not that he's a poor planner—he's very organized," a Vatican official had told me a few days before the trip. "It's just that he uses every minute to the maximum. And sometimes one minute spills over into the next."

After he arrived, Papa Wojtyla—as he is known around Rome, *papa* being the Italian word for "Pope"—came back to wish the accompanying press a good trip. Now seventy-four, the Pope has visibly aged since I first traveled with him, early in his papacy. The firm skin around his chiseled Slavic face has softened, and the gray hair has turned white. His stoop is more pronounced, and the talk around the Vatican is that life would probably be easier for him—and his staff—if he tried glasses and a hearing aid. Members of his inner circle used to boast that the Pope got up at 5:00 A.M., said first mass at seven, hosted guests at all three meals, read the last briefing papers from his Secretary of State late into the night—and on weekends walked, skied, hiked, or swam. Now the same hours and habits worry them. John Paul's one concession to age has been to add a papal afternoon nap to the Holy See schedule, even during his trips. Health setbacks—two bullets in the 1981 assassination attempt, pre-cancerous colon surgery in 1992, a broken arm and dislocated shoulder in 1993, and a broken leg and hip surgery this year—haven't helped. He has been to Rome's Gemelli Hospital so often that when he arrived by ambulance after his latest injury, from a fall in the bathroom, he reportedly joked to the medical staff, "You have to admire my loyalty." His aides vaguely, and inadequately, refer to the Pontiff's medical history when pressed about his left arm, which now often visibly shakes. Sometimes the Pope holds the arm with his other hand, although that rarely suffices anymore.

Yet John Paul, who has surely been seen by more people than anyone else in history, is still a magnet. Like many otherwise irreverent journalists assigned to the Holy See, I found that my initial lack of interest eventually gave way to a certain fascination. The real interest wasn't in the endearing persona—giving his papal ring to the Brazilian poor, or wearing white sneakers with yellow laces (the Holy See's colors), a gift from the kids at Denver's World Youth Day. And it wasn't in the controversial moral writings from history's most prolific Pontiff—the latest, last October, banning not only abortion, contraception, divorce, and homosexuality but also the mere questioning of those bans. What fascinated me was instead the way that this obscure Pole, elected on the eighth ballot to head the world's smallest state, has gone on, with a mixture of cunning and daring, to become a global leader—and not just among the Catholic faithful. Although John Paul II vehemently eschews political involvement, his reign—already almost twice as long as the papal average of eight years—is likely to be remembered most for the way he has helped reshape the world.

I had been told that John Paul had never worked harder or waited longer for any other of his sixty-one trips, which together have accounted for more than a year away from the Vatican, than he had for this Baltic tour. The only place he wanted to go to more was Moscow. The Vatican had historically acted most often in behalf of the Baltics among all the former Soviet republics—particularly Lithuania, which was a Catholic bastion in the Russian empire and is the Church's northern-

Illustrations by Alan E. Cober

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most stronghold in Europe. Lithuania's Church was the only institution to challenge Communist rule consistently after the Baltics were annexed by Stalin in 1940. For their efforts hundreds of priests and thousands of the faithful were deported to Siberia. After John Paul's election, in 1978, the Holy See's interest increased. The Pope once disclosed that immediately after his selection he had gone to Saint Peter's crypt, around which the Vatican was built, to pray for Lithuania.

His interest, and the trip, had a personal angle. John Paul's mother was of Lithuanian descent. She died when he was nine—an event that some papophiles contend contributed to his devotion to the Virgin Mary, whose initial is on the lower right quadrant of his coat of arms and who is a constant theme of this papacy.

But papal interest and pressure seemed to avail little. At least twice in the 1980s Soviet authorities formally denied the Pontiff permission to visit Lithuania. Several informal feelers were rebuffed too. Throughout its rule of the Baltics, Moscow rarely acknowledged, much less acceded to, requests, appeals, or protests from the Holy See. Stalin once mockingly commented, "How many divisions does the Pope have?"

"He kept telling us that it was good to resist, that those who resisted represented the future of the nation and the Church."

On this trip, a half century later, the papacy replied.

In keeping with Northern European reserve, John Paul's reception in Vilnius, the Lithuanian capital, was decidedly low-key by comparison with the fanfare and the high-tech, televised glitz surrounding his Denver trip. Despite the blustery cold already settling over Lithuania in September, a time when Rome is still balmy, Vilnius, a city of 600,000, had no heat. Because the country couldn't afford the foreign exchange required by Russia to pay for oil, Lithuanians had hot water only one week a month. The average monthly salary was then only $35, but in the new free markets prices have soared. The price of bread had quadrupled in a year. Whether it involved leaving work, traveling, or spending limited income, going to see the Pope ranked almost as a luxury.

Yet the people came, by the tens of thousands. In just over three days at least 10 percent of Lithuania's population of 3.7 million turned out for the masses and meetings John Paul held in four cities. In Vilnius a frigid, pelting rain fell during his open-air mass, yet I met people who said they had begun assembling on the dark, muddy field as early as 2:00 A.M. About 100,000 stuck it out for the three-hour service, which included token baptisms and confirmations as well as communion for all assembled, many of them served by the Pope.

Two people were particularly helpful to me in understanding John Paul's impact in Lithuania. The first was Nijole Sadunaite, an effusively energetic woman of fifty-five with an unadorned face, blue eyes, and big, active hands. She is well known in Lithuania as one of the heroes of the anti-Soviet resistance. In 1975 she was sentenced to three years at hard labor and three in exile in Siberia, for "duplicating and disseminating" the *Chronicle of the Catholic Church in Lithuania*. The *Chronicle*, which recipients with access to a typewriter would retype, with up to ten carbons at a time, for wider distribution, recorded human-rights abuses and acts of defiance. It was the longest-running underground publication in any of the fifteen Soviet republics. "I had typed six pages when I was caught, so I effectively got one year for every page," Sadunaite told me, laughing at the absurdities of the Soviet system.

Sadunaite's imprisonment included a stay at a psychiatric hospital, torture, and prolonged solitary confinement. Two years after her release, in 1980, the Soviet secret police began looking for her again, and she went underground for five years. During that period, in disguise, she took a train to Moscow to deliver a memoir detailing her secret life and the trials and imprisonment of other prisoners of conscience she had known in the Soviet gulag, to be smuggled out of the Soviet Union. In 1987 *A Radiance in the Gulag* was published in the United States.

Yet for three decades—while Sadunaite worked in factories, with abandoned children, and then, while she was in exile, as a charwoman—only a few family members and friends knew her real secret. In 1956, at the age of eighteen, she had entered a clandestine convent and secretly become a nun. In the late 1980s she finally emerged from the underground as a leader in two demonstrations. Both were turning points for Lithuania, the first and most active republic in trying to break away from the Soviet empire.

On August 23, 1987, about a thousand Lithuanians turned out to protest the 1939 treaty between Stalin and Hitler which ultimately allowed Moscow to absorb the Baltic states. The KGB quickly broke up the demonstration, and again Sadunaite came under surveillance. Six months later she and other former political prisoners organized a second demonstration, on the seventieth anniversary of Lithuania's declaration of independence from Russia, in 1918. After services at two Catholic churches, protesters were supposed to march quietly through Vilnius to the main cathedral, then being used as an art gallery. Once again the secret police interfered, this time more brutally. Sadunaite didn't make it to her own demonstration; the KGB had arrested her that morning.

But the public resistance emboldened others, particularly the founders of Sajudis, the first mass pro-democracy movement, which emerged over the six months following. By the time the next anniversary of the Stalin-Hitler accord rolled around, in 1988, at least 250,000 people were willing to march in public. A year later two million Lithuanians, Latvians, and Estonians formed a human chain from Vilnius to Tallinn, the Estonian capital, to protest the pact. It was the largest outpouring in Baltic history. In early 1990 Lithuania held the first democratic elections to take place in any Soviet republic, and then unilaterally declared its independence.

I asked Sadunaite what had motivated her to come out in the open, especially after all she'd been through.

"The Holy Father was always an inspiration for me to be more active. I knew he had attended an underground seminary in Poland, which encouraged many of us not to be afraid to be active and to

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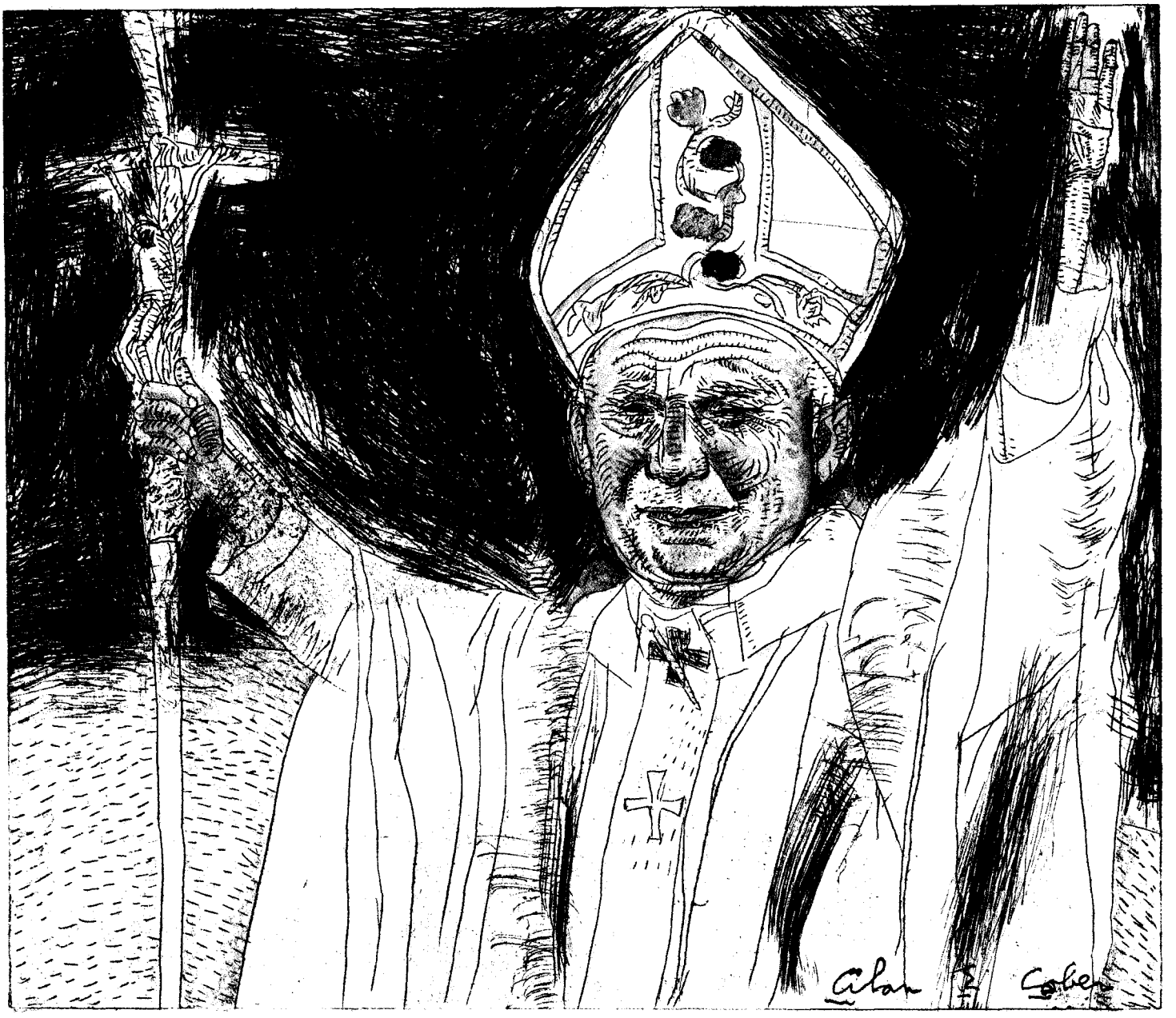

work in our own underground, whatever the dangers or hardships. We were also inspired because the Pope was someone who had escaped from the same system that was oppressing us.

"Even a person who has the greatest good will but hasn't lived under that system can't understand its nuances or what we went through. But this Pope did. He knew what kind of things we were being told. The State kept telling us, for example, that only insane people went to prison for resisting the system. But the Pope contradicted that message. He kept telling us that it was good to resist, that those who resisted represented the future of the nation and the Church.

"I remember hearing one sermon he gave on Easter, sometime in the mid-1980s, when I was underground. He said that people who fight and die for their country are not only martyrs but may be holy. We took that to mean that the Pope understood what we were doing, and that we should do whatever it took to free our land. He said it again and again. He made me want to be strong and courageous too, even when I was afraid."

During one of the breaks in the papal schedule, I stopped by the old KGB headquarters, an imposing four-story stone building, where Sadunaite had frequently been confined. It's now a museum, and the director took me on a tour of its underground prison: through the tiny green cells that once held up to twenty prisoners each and still had reeking urination pails in the corner; through the dark and dank isolation chamber; through the KGB officers' room, still stocked with books on Marxist theory and venereal disease; through the guardroom, with its sprawling map of the entire Soviet prison network; and, finally, through the torture chamber, still covered with dried blood and thickly padded to stifle sound, a black straitjacket hanging on its wall. Over half a century, the director told me, thousands had been executed in this facility. Most were shot; some were hanged. But he was reluctant even to guess how many had been imprisoned here or had passed through en route to the gulag.

Only one thing had been added since the prison was closed down, in 1991. Above the old KGB computer in the director's office was a poster of John Paul.

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THE other person who offered me perspective was Vytautas Landsbergis, the musicologist and Sajudis leader who became independent Lithuania's first President, in 1990. He lost the job last year, after the former local Communist Party leader was elected President, largely in reaction to economic hardships. Landsbergis now leads the opposition. Although he invited John Paul to Lithuania, he is not Catholic. We met in Vilnius's modern glass-and-concrete Parliament, where I asked him about the Pope's impact.

"I can say that the liberation of Lithuania and the other Baltic countries is a result in great part of the policy of the Pope," he replied, in measured, deliberate English. "The policy of the Holy See was very subtle in methods and levels. His policy was very, very important in the scale of mankind, and especially, of course, for these captive nations."

But on the same level as the United States?

"Perhaps not less," he said, and chuckled. "Perhaps not less."

The United States represented the physical power challenging Moscow, but the Vatican was the only European capital that continued to recognize Lithuania's independent diplomatic representation, he explained. The rest of Europe accepted the Baltics as part of the Soviet Union. And internally the Catholic underground, supported by the Pope and the Holy See, was the primary instrument of defiance.

I reminded Landsbergis of Stalin's sardonic comment about the Pope's divisions.

"The Pope has no armies, of course, but he has the greatest spiritual army," Landsbergis replied, stroking his dark-blonde moustache and short goatee. "And our liberation was based on spiritual values and virtues. We had no arms, only this support and the feeling we have of this great European Christian culture."

Landsbergis also said that the Pope's visit played a critical role in the crisis over lingering Russian troops, a key issue for all former Soviet republics. After pledging, shortly before the Pope's arrival, to withdraw the final contingent, Moscow had balked at the last minute. The United States called on Russia to pull out and on both sides to renew talks —and said that $700 million in aid was at stake if the troops stayed too long. Yet when the dispute was settled, Lithuanians widely credited the Pope.

"In the end Moscow realized it would be worse for them," Landsbergis said, chuckling again, "especially since the Pope was coming. I'm sure it helped Russian leaders decide to finish this withdrawal process."

Four days before John Paul arrived, the last Russian troops had left Vilnius. Lithuania became the first of the fifteen former Soviet republics to be free of Stalin's divisions.

IN the 1990s the question for John Paul is not how many divisions he has but whether he can still make much of a difference. The first Slavic Pope—and the first non-Italian one in almost half a millennium—was elected in the context of the Cold War, and his first decade in office coincided with rhetoric about the "evil empire." His personal background —fighting first fascism and then communism—no longer seems as relevant as it once did.

But in the Baltics, John Paul attempted to address the post–Cold War world. The next stop on the papal tour was Latvia, a country that appeared during the Pontiff's visit to be doing far better than poor Lithuania. Since independence, in 1991, Riga's quaint old downtown had been revived, courtesy of capitalism. The brick alleys and streets were lined with newly privatized antique and handicraft shops, chic boutiques, and open-air art stalls. Drivers could shop at Fiat and Mercedes dealerships, and diners had a range of quality European restaurants and new fast-food joints from which to choose. But as dusk set in, hookers with peroxided hair and thigh-high leather boots turned out on many corners, while young Russians peddled everything from Soviet military caps and medals to handpainted wooden nesting dolls from their backpacks. For the first time beggars, including tiny children, were on the streets, often late into the night and often hanging out near flashy casinos reputed to have links to a new Baltic mafia. And for everyone crime had become a chronic problem. Although a few are prospering economically, the vast majority of Latvians are now worse off than they were under Soviet rule. It was an appropriate setting for the Pope's message.

In Riga, John Paul took on capitalism. The Church, he pronounced, regarded the system now dominant in the world as responsible for "grave social injustices." In its worst form it was ultimately responsible for creating the totalitarian and authoritarian alternatives that had divided the world for most of the twentieth century.

"The needs from which [socialism] had historically arisen were real and serious," he said. "The situation of exploitation to which an inhumane capitalism had subjected the proletariat since the beginning of industrialized society was indeed an evil. This, basically, was Marxism's kernel of truth, which enabled it to present itself as an attractive reality to Western society."

The implication, of course, was that it could happen again in fragile and volatile new democracies. Perhaps ironically, two weeks after the Baltic tour the Pontiff's native Poland elected a new parliament. Having pledged to slow the rapid and inequitable transformation brought on by free markets, former Communists won.

The second decade of John Paul's papacy is shaping up as a bold challenge to the inequities and excesses of capitalism

Just as the first decade of John Paul's papacy was synonymous with an unrelenting confrontation of Eastern communism, so the second decade is shaping up as an equally bold challenge to the inequities and excesses of capitalism, the abuses of liberty, and what the Pope sees as a return to the law of the jungle. Though John Paul had issued similar warnings on earlier trips, the Cold War's end had brought this theme to the top of his agenda. He has warned the new democracies of the world about catching "the virus" of Western consumerism. In a 1990 visit to Czechoslovakia he warned against replacing communism with "secularism, indifference, hedonistic consumerism, [and] practical materialism."

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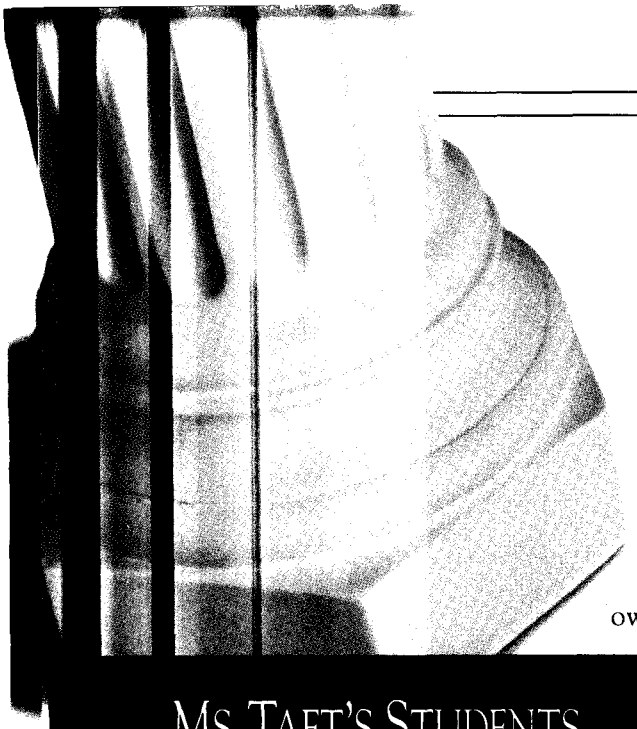

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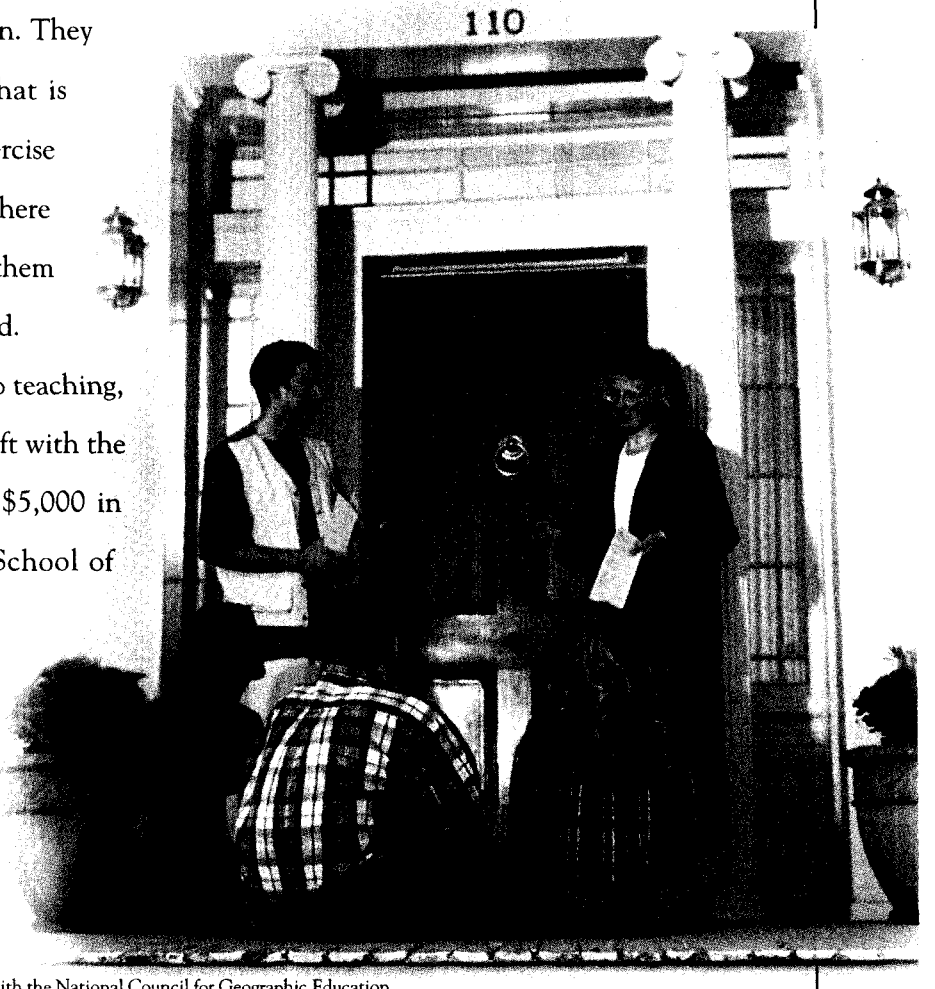

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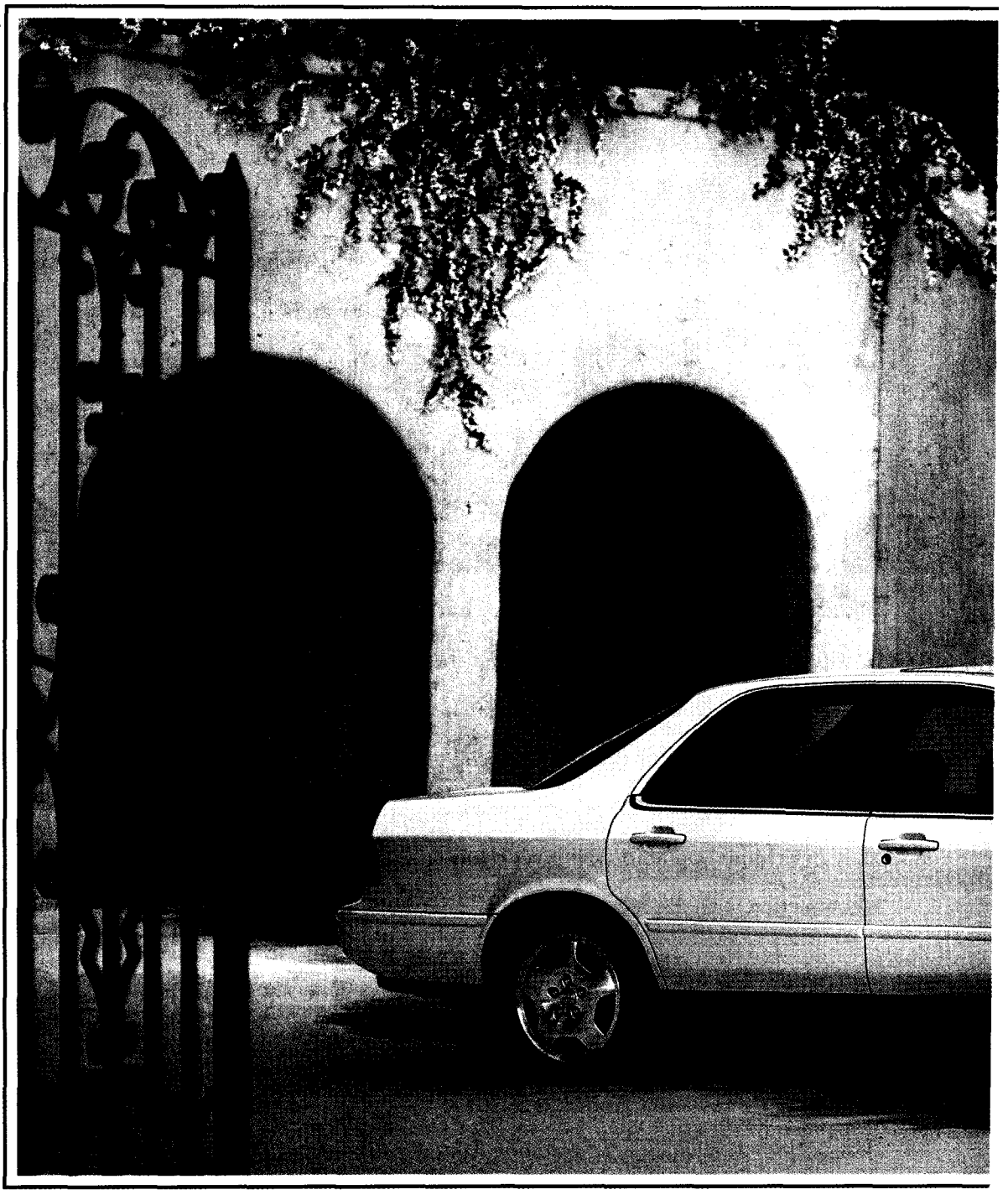

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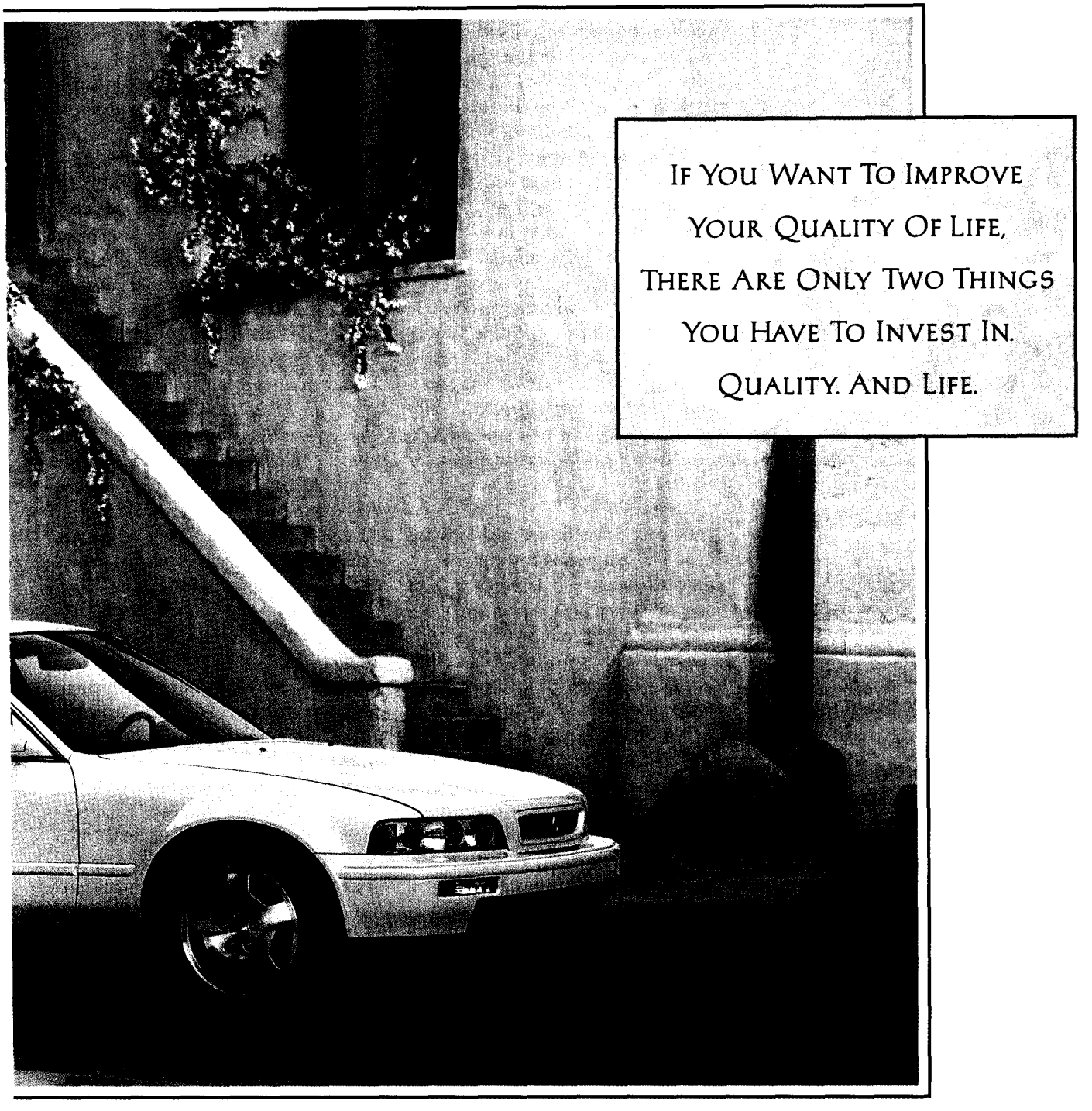

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RECENTLY ON THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY ONLINE:

In May live conferences with Seymour Hersh, the author of *The Atlantic*'s June cover story, "The Wild East"; Elijah Anderson, the author of *The Atlantic*'s May cover story, "The Code of the Streets"; and Cullen Murphy, *The Atlantic*'s managing editor.

"The dangers that regaining contacts with the West can bring," he told the Czechoslovakian clergy, "must not be underestimated."

John Paul went even further with a sweeping statement that he made in his last Latvian speech. He gave this speech to one of the smallest crowds, composed mainly of writers, thinkers, professors, and cultural leaders, dressed in gowns and draped with academic colors, at the University of Riga. In contrast to the passions displayed in other settings, the atmosphere was scholarly. In an elegant auditorium with gray-white stone walls and lofty ceilings, the Pope gave a landmark address outlining his vision of an ideal society. Although he kept denying that he was defining the long-elusive "third way" between the twentieth century's two dominant ideologies, he presented six principles that were effectively a model, even the basis of a manifesto, for a new era.

THE ideal state, he declared, is based on law that guarantees everyone an orderly existence and assures the most vulnerable of enough support to avoid falling prey to "the arrogance and indifference of the powerful." The ideal democracy is always in the service of the common good. But, above and beyond its rules, it also has "a soul made up of the fundamental values without which it easily turns into open or thinly disguised totalitarianism."

Within this ideal democratic state the distribution of goods is "universal" and based on "solidarity." Private property is recognized, but in the context of its social rather than its economic purpose. Work, critical to human dignity, must never reduce the individual "to a commodity or a mere cog in the machinery of production." And all systems must promote "human ecology, implying respect for every person from conception to natural death."

Although John Paul's utopia is enlightened, bold, and ambitious, understanding, let alone achieving, it is probably beyond the reach of most of the nearly one billion Catholic faithful. The largest segment of the Church is now in Latin America, and the fastest-growing segment is in Africa. Neither region has sufficient goods to distribute, much less the resources to support the weak or vulnerable. Nor do they have enough menial jobs, much less dignifying employment, to offer. At one point, as the Pope sat on a green leather chair, looking a bit tired, I wondered how far beyond this cavernous auditorium in northern Europe his message would even be heard.

During my conversation with former President Landsbergis, I asked about the Pope's role in the post–Cold War world. Like the former Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev—with whom the Pontiff began a regular correspondence after their first meeting, in 1989—hadn't John Paul been relegated to the sidelines of history by his successes and the proliferation of political and economic freedoms?

"Oh, no," Landsbergis replied. "First, I don't think communism is finished. Communism is merely changing its face. You know that Satan or evil can have many faces. This evil could be named something else, like 'fascism.' It's the same hatred of human beings. It's the worship of force and violence, not of love and brotherhood. Then the names, such as 'communism,' are not so important. This name could also be 'New World Order.' And we must look what is this New World Order? What is coming by this name?"

Second, he said, eliminating communism was only part of the job. The harder part, building new societies, has just begun.

"I have said sometimes that it seems all Western leaders are Marxists," Landsbergis said, with his ironic chuckle. "No one, with very small exception, is speaking about spiritual problems, about spiritual values. The only sphere of problems is economic effectiveness, zones of influence and control in a rather materialistic way of being."

But is there really a practical role for spirituality or religious values in a world of thoroughly secular ideologies?

"Spiritual values are basic to the restoration of democracy," Landsbergis protested. "The more important side of spiritual values or morality, of behavior, and of the attitudes of one human person to another, to society, to work, to responsibility—all of this must be restored now in post-communist countries."

So this Pope could still have an impact?

"What," he responded, "would the world be like without him?"

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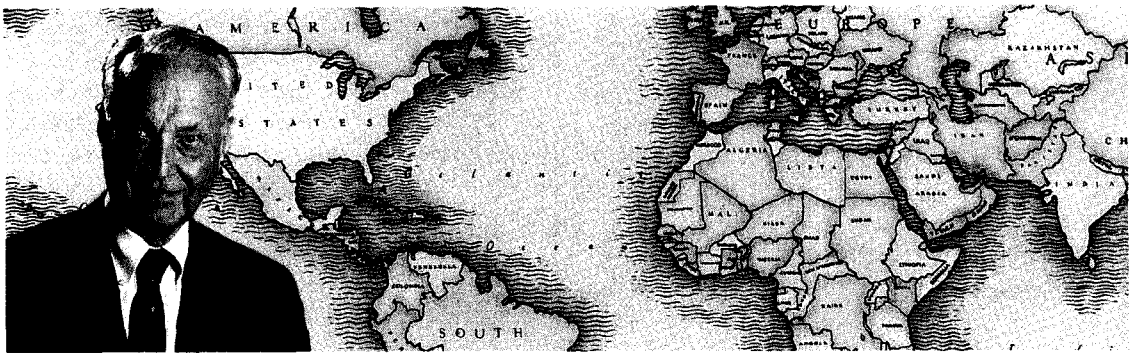

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Networking

At a gathering of computer barons our correspondent samples visions of the future

by James Fallows

COMPUTER shows are fun because they give you a look at products everyone will be using in six months or a year. They are valuable because they give you some idea of the arguments those products will provoke. This spring I had both experiences —the gee whiz of seeing new products, and the premonition of future debates—at PC Forum, a computer-industry gathering that has been held annually since 1978.

PC Forum is produced by Esther Dyson, a onetime journalist who during the past decade has become one of the world's most frequently quoted authorities on trends in the computer business. (Disclosure: Dyson and I were friends in college.) Her influence stems partly from her monthly newsletter, *Release 1.0*, which discusses long-term technical developments and their impact on business and private life, and which costs its 1,300 subscribers $495 a year. PC Forum, usually held in Arizona in February or March, has established a reputation as an exclusive meeting place and deal-making venue for the barons of the computer industry, in part because the registration fee is so high. This year the fee for industry participants was $2,500 for three days, not counting hotel expenses.

Bill Gates, of Microsoft, who has often attended the forum in past years, did not come this spring, but many people one step down from him in wealth and celebrity did show up. As I walked across patios and through restaurants in the Arizona Biltmore, in Phoenix, where this year's conference was held, I constantly came across little knots of people apparently discussing buyouts, takeovers, strategic alliances, and assorted other deals. On the last night of the meeting several computer big shots took the stage in a hotel nightclub to play sixties-era rock music in a jam session. Among other performers, an official of the Prodigy on-line service was on drums and a former Lotus executive played guitar, as did Paul Allen, who co-founded Microsoft with Bill Gates and is one of three billionaires the company has produced. (The third billionaire is Steve Ballmer, an executive vice president of Microsoft.) Allen, whose many assets include the Portland Trail Blazers basketball team, was wearing droopy polyesterish brown slacks that appeared to have come from a thrift store. I could not help thinking that if I had several billion dollars, I would splurge on some nicer pants. Maybe thoughts like these are what keep me from being a mogul.

THE gee whiz of the conference involved advances in "interactivity," a dull-sounding concept that became vivid and real as products were demonstrated. "Interactivity" includes all means of exchanging information or issuing requests by computer—E-mail, electronic bulletin boards, office networks, computer shopping or banking systems, and so on. The computer industry will have to battle the video-game industry, led by Sega and Nintendo, for control of the interactivity business: the game companies are about to release fast and powerful machines that can be connected to phone lines to transfer data and that produce sharper, more dramatic visual images than normal computers do. But for the moment the highest hopes (and biggest doubts) about interactivity concern the Internet.

In the past year millions of people have heard about the Internet, but few people outside academia or the computer industry have had a clear idea of what it is or how it works. The Internet is, in effect, a way of combining computers all over the world into one big computer, which you seemingly control from your desk. When connected to the Internet, you can boldly

Illustration by Andrew Kulman

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prowl through computers in Singapore, Buenos Aires, and Seattle as if their contents resided on your own machine.

In the most riveting presentation of the conference, John Gage, of Sun Microsystems, demonstrated the World Wide Web, the gee-whizziest portion of the Internet, in which electronic files contain not only text but also graphics and sound and video clips. Using Mosaic, a free piece of "navigator" software that made moving around the Web possible, Gage clicked on icons on his screen exactly as if he were choosing programs or directories on his own hard disk. He quickly connected to a Norwegian computer center that had been collecting results during the Winter Olympics in Lillehammer and checked out a score, duplicating what Internet users had done by the millions every day during the games, when CBS-TV was notoriously late and America-centric in reporting results.

Gage clicked on another icon and was connected to a "home page," or introductory screenful of material, set up by a high school in Illinois. To be sure, this was not just any randomly chosen high school but one near the National Center for Supercomputing Applications, in Champaign and Urbana. The page listed each member of the high school's most recently graduated senior class. Clicking on a name would take you to that student's "home page" at the university where he or she was enrolled. Gage clicked on one of the names (not, I suspect, for the first time), and up popped a screenful of information about a student now at Harvard. It included his photo, bits of his life philosophy, and qualities he desired in a mate; the computer's speakers played a short digitized selection of his favorite music. With another click Gage left this young man behind, and we were in a computer somewhere in the tropics, checking information about the rain forest. Half a dozen other clicks made it seem as if any information we might want was within reach.

This may sound frivolous and gimmicky, but when the demonstration was over, most people in the room seemed to have the same thought: I want it! Asking the seemingly logical question "What do you want it *for*?" would be as pointless as asking people when they first saw automobiles "But where would you want to *go* in a car?"

For average users, however, Gage's demonstration would be something of a tease. Taking full advantage of the Mosaic navigator and the World Wide Web's many thousands of graphics- and sound-rich documents requires you to have a high-speed, high-bandwidth direct connection to the Internet rather than a "dial-up" connection over normal phone lines. A few years ago people who worked at universities, research centers, and a few other organizations had the exclusive benefit of direct Internet connections. Now companies of all sorts are getting into the act, investing tens of thousands of dollars in exotic telecommunications systems.

Individuals and businesses of all sizes may eventually be able to have affordable high-speed connections, from cable-TV operators or from schemes now pulling out of the dream stage. In the meantime, several halfway solutions allow the use of Mosaic at less-than-ideal speeds. The most popular of these is a "SLIP" or "PPP" connection from an Internet service provider or a digital "ISDN" line from the phone company. For most people, though, a dial-up connection is adequate. You won't get real-time graphics and sounds, but even using a simpler navigator than Mosaic you'll easily find help in searching out what you need. Like the graphical user interfaces made famous by Macintosh and Windows, a navigator program is an easy-to-use "front end" that covers up the unsightly innards of the Internet, sparing users from learning the obscure commands of the Unix operating system in order to send or receive files. The many frustrations of Unix have so far kept many people away from the Internet—which, of course, has made its longtime residents happy.

A growing number of Internet service providers, including The Pipeline, in New York, offer built-in point-and-click navigators, and many other services will begin doing so in the coming months. But for now one of the easiest ways to experiment with the Internet is through America Online, a service that has grown quickly because of its simple graphical interface. America Online's gateway to the Internet does not give access to enough of the Internet, but it will give you a good taste of bulletin boards and other text-based Internet documents.

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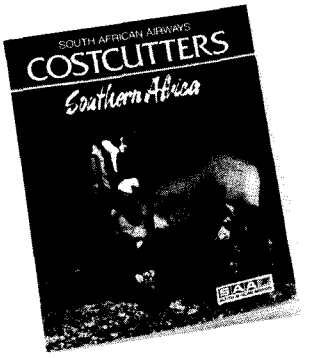

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THE age of the Internet and interactivity raises long-range questions too. One is how to build the new transmission capacity it will require. At PC Forum two radically different answers to the question were discussed, reflecting the contradictory themes of decentralization and economies of scale which pull at the computer business.

One possible approach to the transmission-capacity challenge is centralized and capital-intensive. Even as the conference was getting under way, Bill Gates and Craig McCaw, another youthful billionaire, who made his money in the cellular-telephone business, announced a grandiose plan to create a network of 840 satellites that would provide wireless voice, data, and video transmission to any point on the globe. The scheme, known as Teledesic, would cost some $9 billion to complete, and by the year 2001 would account for about a quarter of the active satellites circling the earth. (Approximately 2,150 active satellites are now in orbit.)

Had Teledesic been proposed by people other than Gates and McCaw, who have after all earned the right to make big plans, it might never have been taken seriously. "God save us, it's the stupidest damn thing I've ever heard of," John Pike, the director of the Federation of American Scientists' Space Policy Project, told *The Wall Street Journal* when he first learned of the plan. Getting the satellites into orbit would require a (successful!) launch once a week for several years, a pace no nation has ever tried to maintain. For some time Motorola has been raising money and laying plans for a smaller network, called Iridium, which would require "only" sixty-six satellites.

Ten years from now the planners of Teledesic could, of course, look like brilliant visionaries. At the moment, their proposal must contend with a lower-cost, more decentralized approach to expanding data networks. At PC Forum a small California company called Metricom demonstrated a guerrilla alternative to a vast network of satellites.

The basic unit of Metricom's technology is a radio transmitter about the size of a fat hardcover book. The radios broadcast with less than one watt of power, which in combination with special signaling techniques permits the Metricom network to operate without licensing by the Federal Communications Commission. Metricom hangs the radios on light or telephone poles in cities, at intervals varying from half a mile to two miles or more. The system allows computer users in the vicinity to connect to the Internet and other data networks even without a telephone line. The user buys a small wireless modem from Metricom, for less than $500, and then gets unlimited connect time at prices ranging from $2.95 a month for slow transmission (2,400 bits per second) to $19.95 a month for unlimited-speed transmission (in practice, up to 56,000 bits per second).

The Metricom approach differs from today's networks in significant ways. The price paid by the user is much lower. The "modularity" of the system means that it can be expanded in a cheap, controllable way: each of the transmitters costs the company about $700, and can handle as many as a hundred users within a radius of several miles. As demand grows, Metricom simply hangs another radio and brings more users on-line—rather than having to wait until a full complement of satellites is in place. Paul Allen, he of the Trail Blazers and the electric guitar, is the leading investor in Metricom, with a stake worth $27 million. Although less of an oracle than his former partner Bill Gates, Allen may have made a shrewder choice about communications systems.

THE other big questions that rumbled through the conference involved the role of government. As a rule, computer people are libertarians. This is especially true of those from software companies, as most of the attendees at PC Forum were. (Officials of semiconductor companies often turn to the government for help in fighting trade battles.) To raise a cheer at these conferences, one need only denounce clumsy government regulation or oppressive government censorship—especially any control over the free flow of human creativity across the Internet.

Yet the computer crowd is not particularly honest or introspective about the role that government has played in making their industry what it is now. Ed McCracken, the chairman of a fast-growing and much-admired firm called Silicon Graphics, dampened spirits by offhandedly mentioning in a speech that Pentagon contracts had provided the oomph for the computer and software industry through most of its history. The initial money for faster chips and breathtaking graphics programs had often come from the military, which was always looking for ways to soup up its fighter planes, tanks, and submarines. Those days were over, McCracken said—so who would take the Pentagon's place in funding high tech? His nominee was the entertainment business—movies, records, and TV. This made sense for his own firm, whose computers produced the virtual dinosaurs for the movie *Jurassic Park*, but it seemed to disappoint the crowd, which was looking for a nobler definition of its purpose.

A further inconvenient truth is that the Internet has historically been subsidized by the federal government. It was founded in the early 1960s as a mainly military network, and its transmission and computing costs are still underwritten by grants and contracts from the Departments of Defense and Energy, the National Science Foundation, and other federal agencies. Although these subsidies are being phased out and, some experts say, provide only small help with the expenses of running today's Internet, the federal government's contribution continues to be in the tens of millions of dollars each year.

This subsidy matters because unlike any other phone or data system, the Internet does not cost most individual users anything. It works like a giant 800 number for data transmission, with operating costs covered by the government, universities, and a fast-growing number of companies. It has also been almost completely free of constraints on standards or expression. The content of a bulletin board like "alt.sex.bestiality" would, I believe, make even Howard Stern uncomfortable.

As the network expands, something will have to give: either the government will stop paying, or politicians will notice that the government *is* paying and will impose controls, like those imposed by school boards on textbook content or by the FCC on radio and TV broadcasts. The Internet's low-visibility era of subsidized innocence will end, and the network will become as complicated and controversial as everything else. But traveling around it will still be fun, and in the not very distant future the Internet will be as familiar and as much a part of our cultural furniture as television.

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At left, Bada Bagh, near Jaisalmer, where local maharajahs memorialized their dead. Below, a detail of a Bada Bagh cenotaph

Riding the Rails of Rajasthan

An itinerary, and some advice, for a first-time visitor to India

by G. Bruce Knecht

No country has more poignant images than India, and its exoticism, nourished by ancient cultures, natural beauty, and extraordinary contrasts, has long been an irresistible lure for travelers. But India is also tremendously intimidating, partly because of its size and diversity but more because of the frequent natural disasters that occur there, its deadly religious frictions, and its desperate beggars.

Deciding to confront the images with the reality while I was a visiting fellow at Oxford University, I asked several of the India experts who are connected to the university to help design the perfect trip for the first-time visitor to India. All of them offered the same basic advice: First, I had to pick a single region; given India's vast dimensions, the two-week trip I envisioned was too short to see anything more. Second, I should travel by rail; the roads are among the world's most dangerous, but the trains, a legacy of British rule, are safe and generally reliable. Finally, I should be careful about timing; many regions are unbearably hot in the summer, and many are pervasively wet during monsoons.

I eventually decided on Rajasthan, an arid state in northwestern India where wealthy maharajahs once erected sprawling fortresses and extravagant palaces. The four cities I especially wanted to see—Jodhpur, Jaisalmer, Udaipur, and Jaipur—are readily reached by train, and since November to February is the best period to visit, the region suited my December timetable. Not only did my advisers endorse my plan but one of them, an Oxford graduate and a journalist who had spent several months living in India, agreed to join me.

Thanks to the Indian government's desire to increase tourist revenues, foreigners are given special treatment by the Indian railways. We were therefore not particularly alarmed when, having flown to New Delhi, we found a thick mass of humanity at the city's train station. Some people were waiting in long ticket lines; some were selling things, everything from oranges to shoes; and many others, some of them children, were begging. We went to the International Tourist Bureau, on the second floor, to buy fifteen-day first-class Indrail passes. Their cost, $165 each, would turn out to be greater than the individual fares for the journeys we would take, but since the passes would allow us to avoid the ticket-buying lines, they were a worthwhile investment. (It turns out that Indrail passes are available in the United States, from Hari World Travels; call 212-957-3000 for more information. The Government of India Tourist Office will gladly answer inquiries of all kinds; call 212-586-4901.)

Long lines and mind-numbing bureaucracy are irritating facts of life in India. Paying for a restaurant meal often requires signing three or more receipts, all of them in quadruplicate. The process of obtaining our Indrail passes illustrated the problem: While we each filled out six detailed forms, a clerk entered our names and passport numbers into three large ledger books. The passes must be paid for with Western currency or traveler's checks, and the clerk required that we print our names, home addresses, and passport numbers on each of our checks in addition to signing

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them. Not until he had meticulously examined and re-examined each of the checks and all of the documents and ledgers did we receive our passes.

Still, although the officialism was frustrating, it generally works: we left the station with our passes—and with confirmed reservations for the night train to Jodhpur. When we arrived at the station a few hours later, our names were posted and our compartment had, as we'd requested, just two berths. Although the chamber's condition was not consistent with most Westerners' idea of first class, dirty floors and grimy windows are hardly surprising in a country where the annual per capita income is less than a dollar a day. The train departed on time, and after a couple of hours talking with a group of rum-drinking army officers, we fell asleep to the train's steady rumble.

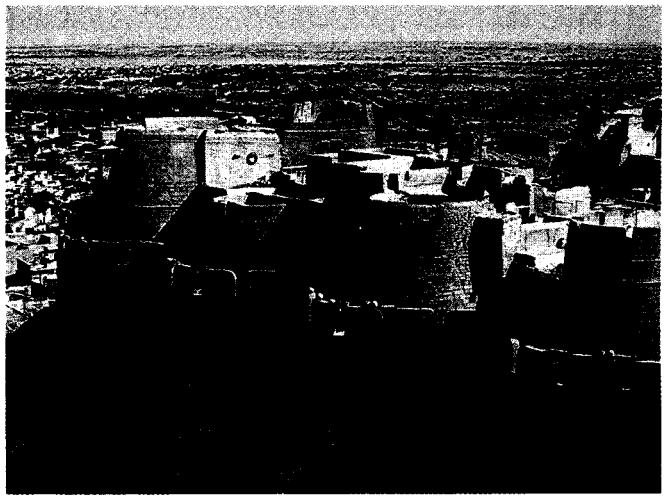
Food and drink are generally available on first-class trains, and the next day began when the conductor rapped on our door to deliver omelets and a thermos of sweetened coffee, along with the news that we would soon arrive in Jodhpur. We could see nothing but barren desert from our window, but as we rolled into the city, the Rajasthan my advisers had described was very much in evidence. Leaving the station, we were swallowed up by maze-like streets as we instinctively headed for the Mehrangarh Fort, the fifteenth-century fortress that Rudyard Kipling described as the creation of "angels, fairies and giants." As cows and colorfully dressed children wandered across the foreground, I tried to take photographs that framed the red sandstone fort between the narrow, shop-lined streets. Even as I stood in place, my lens was filled with kaleidoscopic movement. I took so many pictures that I worried I had not brought enough film.

THE legacies of the maharajahs are central to Rajasthan's appeal. The former rulers devoted much of their wealth to great building projects, and although Indira Gandhi's socialist-leaning government limited their lucrative property rights and officially nullified their royal status in the early 1970s, the forts and palaces remain. Indeed, they have become valuable touristic assets as the royal families' diminished economic circumstances have led many of them to turn the palaces into hotels. Rajasthan boasts more than fifty palace-hotels.

In Jodhpur the Umaid Bhawan Palace, which took some 3,000 workers sixteen years to build and which looks more like an American statehouse than a home, now incorporates both a palace and a 100-room hotel. Though the condition of India's trains may disappoint the discriminating traveler, its top hotels are world-class—amenities, service, and all. My friend and I strolled through the Umaid Bhawan's marble-clad halls and two rotundas with this-can't-really-be-here amazement. Eventually finding ourselves on a porch with a sweeping view of extensive formal gardens, we sat down to enjoy cocktails, one of the great sunsets of all time, and a leisurely dinner.

Clockwise from right: the hilltop fortress at Jaisalmer; Udaipur, "the Venice of the East"; the maharana of Mewar

Our next stop was Jaisalmer, a remote desert city not far from the border with Pakistan. Here, too, a family of maharajahs built a sprawling hilltop fortress. With ninety-nine huge cone-shaped bastions, the golden-yellow sandstone stronghold is strikingly beautiful in spite of a gruesome history: an eight-year siege by a sultan of Delhi ended in 1295 with the defenders' defeat and the mass suicide of the city's women and children. Wandering through the stone-paved streets inside the fort, we visited a richly decorated Jain temple and saw how the fortress's modern-day occupants live. They are, by just about any standard, poor, but the only beggars were children who seemed to be more interested in social interaction than rupees. The feeling of having to stay on guard, which had caused us to keep a constant hold on our wallets in Delhi, was absent here.



One of the costs of India's exoticism (and sometimes unsanitary kitchens) is that its food can be too much for Western stomachs. Drinking bottled water is mandatory, and only recommended restaurants should be patronized. But even those precautions are sometimes insufficient or hard to follow: one morning in Jaisalmer after we ate at a simple restaurant that we happened upon, my friend woke up with stomach pain so great that he did not leave our hotel for the next two days.

While he recuperated, I set out on a

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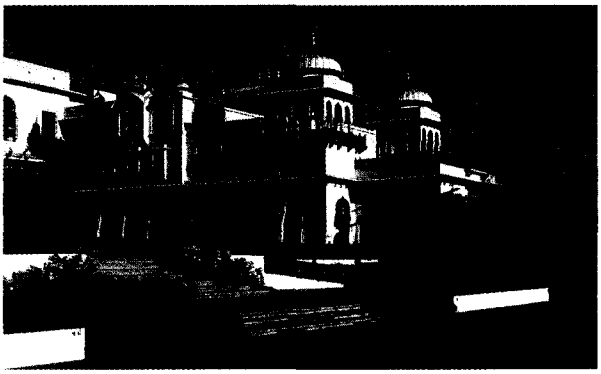
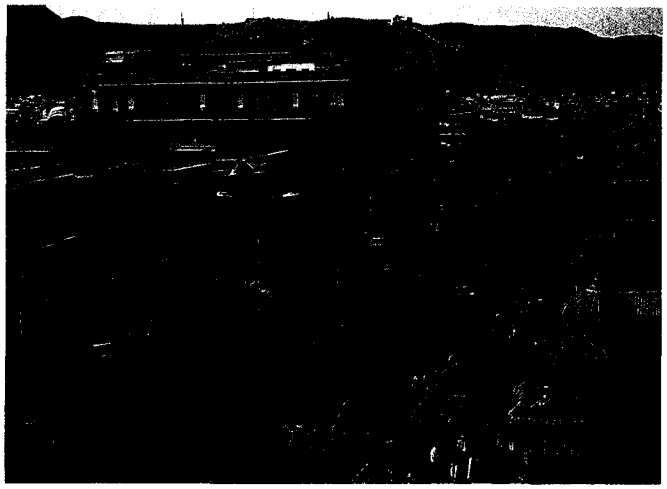
two-day desert camel trek with two Britons and several local guides. Camel riding was a new experience for me, and although the desert is beautiful in its barrenness, it must be said that camels are not among the world's most attractive modes of transportation. Mine lowered himself to his knees and then sat on his haunches to receive me, but when he rose, by first unfolding and extending his hind legs, I thought I would fall right over the top of him. When he began walking, I was surprised by his attentiveness to the reins, but also astonished by the uncomfortableness of the saddle, which was fashioned out of several wool blankets. We spent the night in a small valley formed by sand dunes. The air turned cold as soon as the sun set, and shortly after the guides served a simple meal of dahl and chapatis, we retired. Lying between the blankets that had been our saddles, we could see the profiles of our camels against a sky filled, astonishingly, with shooting stars.

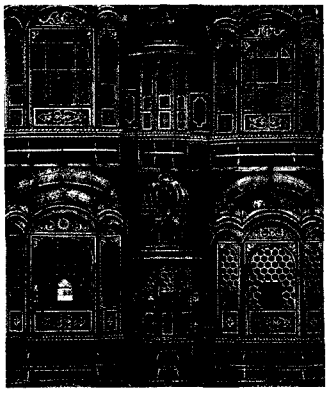


When I returned to Jaisalmer, my friend was almost fully recovered. We left the next day for Udaipur. Along the way the desert turned into rolling hills and eventually rugged mountains; before we reached Udaipur, we passed through lush fields where teams of buffalo worked primitive-looking waterwheels to irrigate black soil. Udaipur itself, sometimes called the Venice of the East, is a romantic city full of temples, palaces, and art galleries. It is dominated by the largest palace complex in Rajasthan. With more than a thousand rooms, the City Palace now houses a museum and two hotels, including the Shivniwas Palace, where we stayed. The Shivniwas overlooks Lake Pichola and yet another hotel, the one that may be India's best known: the Lake Palace, an idyllic white-marble edifice that, because it occupies the entirety of a small island, appears to float. Udaipur was our favorite city, and so we spent three days there: we rode bicycles (they cost five rupees apiece, or about sixteen cents, a day), took a boat tour of Lake Pichola, went to the Lake Palace Hotel for dinner, and relaxed around the marble swimming pool at our hotel.



The City Palace and the Lake Palace both belong to the maharana of Mewar. (He is a maharana, or "light of the Hindus," rather than a maharajah because his ancestors not only ruled the province but also played an important spiritual role during their 1,400-year reign.) The maharana was not the first among his peers to go into the hotel trade, but he is unique in that he has expanded his business beyond his own palaces and because he manages seven of his eight hotels himself. He commands great respect in Udaipur, partly because of his ancestry but also because of the extent to which he contributes to the local economy: his various enterprises employ more than a thousand people and support many times that number.

Curious as to how his family had transformed itself from royalty into hoteliers, I arranged to see the fifty-year-old maharana in his open-air office off the City Palace's innermost courtyard. Tall and bespectacled, the maharana dresses in a traditional achkan and has a thick white beard, which he carefully parts at the center of his chin. As we drank cups of tea, his familial pride and an aristocratic sense of duty were palpable, but his practical-mindedness seemed to leave him devoid of arrogance. "Respect is not automatic," he said. "And it does not come about because of what your ancestors did a thousand years ago. If we didn't know how to adapt, we would not have survived."



THE last city on our itinerary was Rajasthan's capital, Jaipur, a place of broad avenues and bustling commerce. Many of its houses are painted pink, a tradition that began in honor of the 1876 visit of the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII. Here the City Palace, the home of the current maharajah, contains two enormous silver urns that one of his ancestors filled with Ganges water to take on his six-month journey to witness Edward's coronation. Since some of Jaipur's most interesting sites were too far from the center for us to visit on foot or by bicycle, we hired a taxi to take us to the Amber Palace, which was the center of power in seventeenth-century Jaipur, and the Tiger Fort, built by order of the maharajah in 1734. By sunset we had returned to our temporary home, the Jai Mahal Palace Hotel, formerly a maharajah's residence. The weather was warm and clear, as it had been throughout the trip, and, sitting on the closely cropped lawn, we watched kites and birds dance across the darkening sky.

From Jaipur we could either return directly to New Delhi or make a

Jaipur scenes, clockwise from left: a palace-hotel; colorful houses; the Palace of the Winds, where royal women passed the time

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one-day stop in Agra, the home of the Taj Mahal. Although Agra is in the state of Uttar Pradesh and our original plan was limited to four cities in Rajasthan, we decided that we would like to see the Indian equivalent of the Eiffel Tower. We began, however, to think that we had made a mistake when the conductor rapped on the door to say that three armed guards would be traveling with us "for your protection." Since the rifle-toting guards were obviously drunk, safer we did not feel. In the early evening, when we arrived in Agra's darkened station, our supposed protectors disappeared, and we found ourselves surrounded by taxi and rickshaw drivers, all of them aggressively demanding our patronage.

The next morning we visited the Taj. Perhaps because I had been told repeatedly how disappointed I would be, I was not. On the contrary, I was awed by its serene beauty. Agra was as ugly as Udaipur was beautiful, but the Taj is still more captivating than the many photographic images of it would suggest.

When we left the Taj Mahal, we got another dose of Agra irritation: even with our Indrail passes, which had until then readily secured seats on every train we wanted to take, there was no room for us on the express train to New Delhi. Since my flight to London was departing that evening, we had to hire a car. The drive, all four hours of it, was terrifying. The highway we traveled operated according to the law of the jungle: big trucks had the right of way over small ones, small trucks over cars, and bicycles—well, it is better not to ride a bicycle. We saw the results of several head-on collisions, and had a few near misses of our own. In one we were forced off the road by an oncoming truck. In another we spun out of control as we sought to avoid a horse-drawn wagon that had no lights. The car stopped only a couple of feet from one of the horses.

In the end we made it to the airport without physical injury. As we began in the airport lounge to relive our adventures, I realized that India had not so much differed from my expectations as exceeded them. The lows—namely, the extent of poverty and the seeming lack of respect for human life—were worse than I had expected. But the highs—the natural and man-made beauty—were far greater than I had ever imagined.

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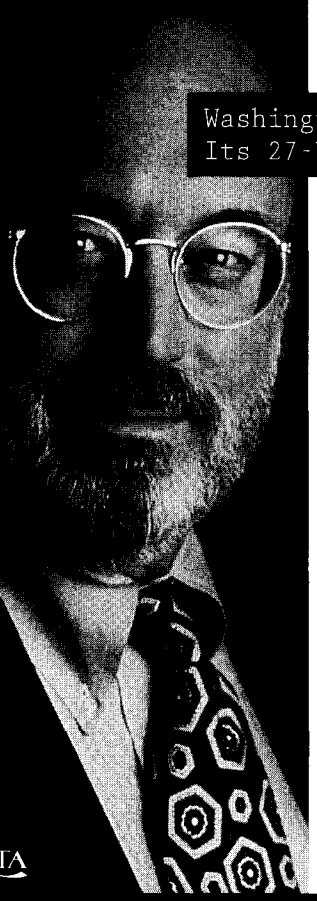

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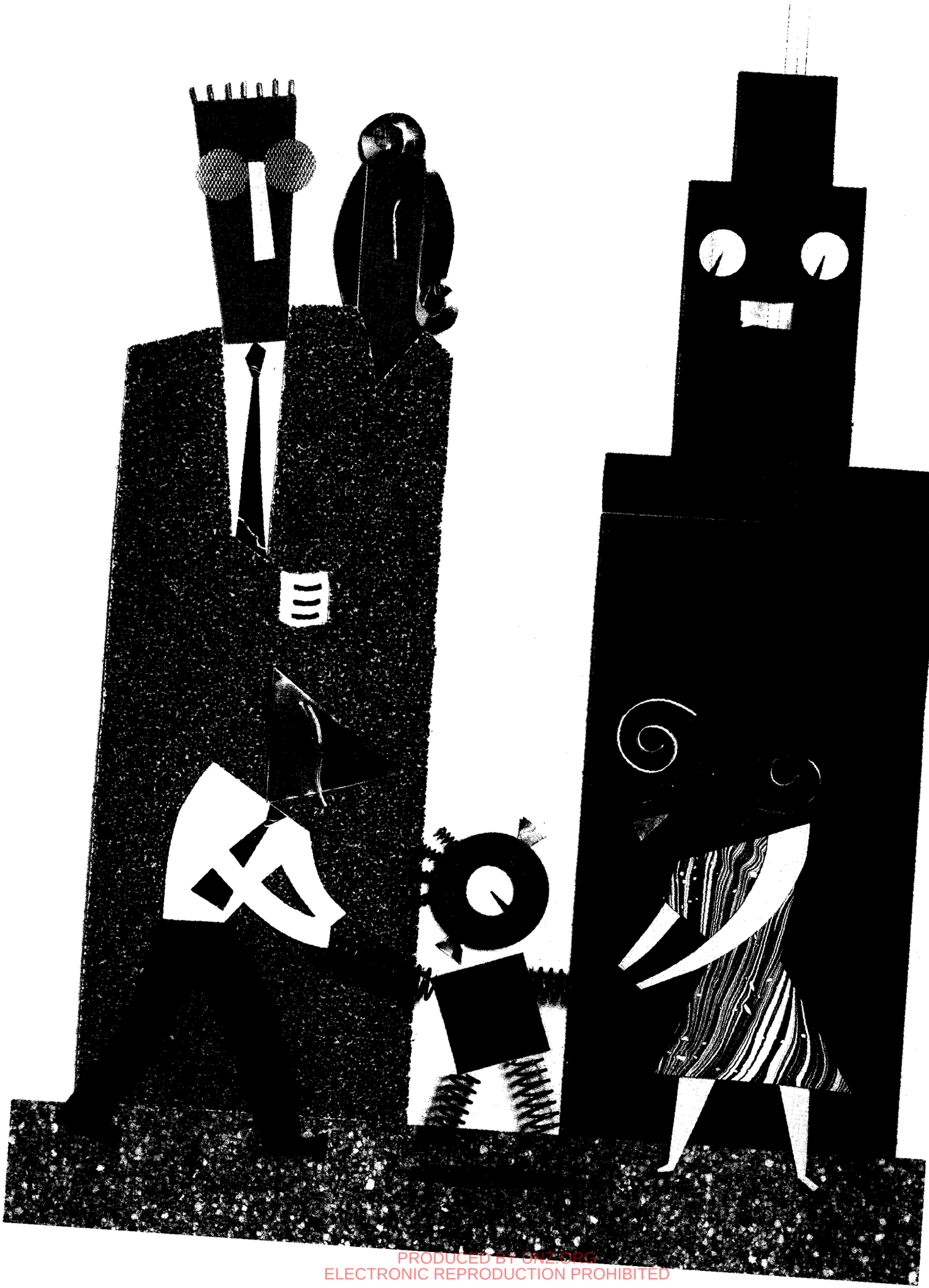

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WHEN PARENTS ARE NOT IN THE BEST INTERESTS OF THE CHILD

by
MARY-LOU
WEISMAN

ORPHANAGES are not what they used to be. They aren't even called orphanages anymore. The residents no longer sleep in metal beds, twenty to a dormitory room. At the Boys Town campus, just outside Omaha, Nebraska, children live eight to a suburban-style home, two to a bedroom. Bureaus have replaced lockers. Uniforms and standardized haircuts are gone. So are the long wooden tables where, in the orphanages of legend, children sat awaiting their portions of cornmeal mush for breakfast, or bread and gravy for dinner. For instance, at the former St. James Orphanage, in Duluth, Minnesota, known since 1971 as Woodland Hills, young people wearing clothes from places like The Gap and Kmart push plastic trays through a cafeteria line, choosing baked chicken or shrimp and rice. The weight-conscious detour to the salad bar.

In 1910 some 110,000 orphans lived in 1,200 orphan asylums throughout the United States. At the end of 1990, according to data from the American Public Welfare Association, there were approximately 406,000 children in out-of-home placements. About three quarters of these children were in adoptive and foster homes. About 16 percent, or 65,000, were emotionally disturbed children in need of therapy, most of whom lived in the group homes and residential treatment centers that are the institutional descendants of the orphanage. (The remainder, less than 10 percent, were cared for by a variety of temporary and emergency services.) What little research is available indicates that most of this smaller subset of "homeless" children have been physically or sexually abused, often by the adults charged with their care. At Boys Town, now a residential treatment center—and no longer just for boys—virtually all the girls and nearly half the boys have been sexually abused. The director, Father Val J. Peter, tells of a teenager who asked him on the day she arrived, "Who do I have to sleep with to get along here?"

Are some troubled children better suited to institutional care than to conventional family settings? If the answer is yes, as many child-care experts believe, then the fate of those children may rest on the outcome of a struggle now occurring between family advocates and advocates of treatment facilities, which rely heavily on public support

Child-care workers agree that children in residential treatment today are likely to be far more disturbed than the children who were in need of protective services twenty years ago and who, in turn,

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NICOLE BENGIVENO

The Children's Village, in New York: children there are never left unattended, not even when they sleep

were probably more disturbed than the good-hearted orphans with chips on their shoulders who preceded them. These kids have had it with parents—biological, adoptive, or foster—and the feeling is usually mutual. These kids do not trust adults, especially parents. They cannot tolerate the intensity of family life, nor do they behave well enough to attend public school. During a first screening at a residential treatment center a psychiatrist often asks a child, "If you had three wishes, what would they be?" Twenty years ago a typical answer was "I want a basketball," or "I wish my father didn't drink." Today, according to Nan Dale, the executive director of The Children's Village, a residential treatment center for boys in Dobbs Ferry, New York, one is likely to hear "I wish I had a gun so I could blow my father's head off." Child-care professionals call these young people "children of rage." Some of them take antidepressants and drugs to control hyperactivity. In addition to the behavior and attachment disorders common to children who have been abused and moved around a lot, some suffer from having been exposed *in utero* to crack and some from other neurological problems.

Most of the children who live in institutions are between the ages of five and eighteen. According to a 1988 study 64 percent of children in residential treatment centers were adolescents thirteen to seventeen years old. Approximately 31 percent were younger than thirteen, a percentage that has been increasing. According to the same study, the majority, about 70 percent, were male, a factor attributed to the more aggressive nature of the sex. Approximately 25 percent of the children were black, and eight percent were Hispanic.

A group home may house as few as four children, whereas a residential treatment center may be home to a hundred or more, although in either facility usually no more than eight to twelve are housed together, supervised by house parents or by child-care personnel working eight-hour shifts. At Woodland Hills an old three-story red-brick orphanage building has been renovated so that the first floor can be used for administration, classrooms, and the cafeteria. The second- and third-floor dormitory rooms have been divided into meeting rooms, staff offices, and apartments with bedrooms that sleep two.

Unlike the orphanages from which they are descended, most group homes and residential treatment centers are not meant to be long-term abodes. A typical stay at such a center lasts from several months to two years, after which most children return to their birth, foster, or adoptive families. A significant minority, those who either have no homes to return to or do not wish to go home, move on to less restrictive group homes or to independent living arrangements, also under the aegis of the child-welfare system.

HISTORY

THE first orphan asylum in the United States was established in 1729 by Ursuline nuns, to care for children orphaned by an Indian massacre at Natchez, Mississippi. Thereafter the number of orphanages increased in response to wars, especially the Civil War, and to epidemics of tuberculosis, cholera, yellow fever, and influenza. (Contemporary epidemics such as AIDS, the resurgence of tuberculosis, and the rampant use of crack cocaine have the potential to create another orphan crisis in the twenty-first century. By the year 2000, it is estimated, 100,000 children, most of them from female-headed households, will lose their mother to AIDS. Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, among others, foresees the return of the orphanage as inevitable.)

In spite of the Dickensian reputation that outlives them, orphanages, which began to proliferate in this country in the mid-1800s, represented a significant social reform for their time, just as the group homes and residential treatment centers that took their place are now seen as reforms. Before orphan asylums were common, orphaned, homeless, and neglected children, if they were not living, stealing, and begging on the streets, were housed, along with adults, primarily in almshouses, but also in workhouses and jails. The Victorian conviction that childhood was a time of innocence influenced attitudes toward destitute children. People came to believe that even street urchins could be rescued—removed to a better environment and turned into productive citizens.

Most orphanages were private institutions, the result of the combined efforts of passionately committed "child savers," children's-aid societies, and a variety of mostly religious but also ethnic organizations that raised the money to build and maintain them. But even as the orphanage was becoming the nation's dominant mode of substitute child care,

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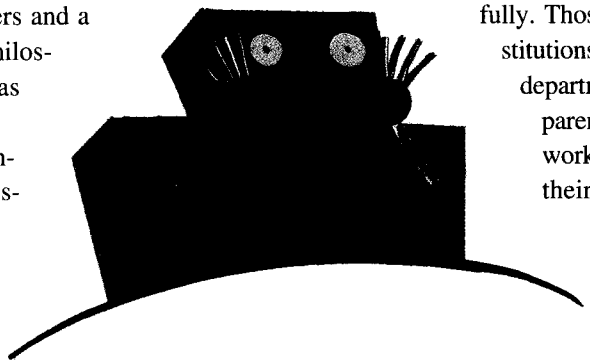
an anti-institutional effort called "placing out" was under way, setting the stage for a debate that continues to this day. By the mid-1800s children were being transported on "orphan trains" from crowded eastern slums and institutions to the West, where they were adopted by farm families in need of extra hands. By the late nineteenth century, in a further move away from institutionalization, cottage-style "homes," which more closely mimicked family life and each of which housed about twenty-five children, began to take the place of large orphanages.

In the twentieth century, psychology—first psychoanalytic theories and then behaviorism—has dominated the field of child welfare. Unlike psychoanalytic theories, which focus on the child's inner personality, behaviorism emphasizes the way the child interacts with his world. In this view a child is not "bad"; his unacceptable behavior is. By changing the behavior, so the thinking goes, one changes the child. Behavioral theories replaced psychoanalytic theories, which were used only to limited effect by Bruno Bettelheim and others in the "homes" and "schools" for emotionally disturbed children which appeared mid-century. The therapeutic hour remains important, but what goes on in the child's life during the other twenty-three hours of the day is seen as potentially even more valuable. (A book by that name, *The Other 23 Hours*, by Albert E. Trieschman, James K. Whittaker, and Larry K. Brendtro, is the classic text of residential treatment.) The goal of residential treatment is to create a "therapeutic milieu," an environment in which everyday events are turned to therapeutic use. Any activity in a child's day—from refusing to get dressed in the morning to answering a question correctly at school to picking a fight—offers the child-care worker an opportunity to teach, change, or reinforce behavior through therapeutic intervention. Residential treatment aims to seize the moment while it is happening and the child's feelings are still fresh.

POLICY VERSUS REALITY

ORPHANAGES as such had virtually disappeared by the late 1970s as a result of a decrease in the number of orphans and a growing conviction that children belong in families. That every child needs parents and a home has become an article of faith and a guiding principle for social-policy makers and a matter of federal law as well. The philosophy of "permanency planning," as set forth in the Adoption Assistance and Child Welfare Act of 1980, considers the goal of the foster-care system to be keeping children in families. The law allows for but discourages "out-of-home placement"



—institutionalization in group homes or residential treatment centers—and calls for the return of the children to a family, biological or otherwise, whenever possible and as quickly as possible. But for many practitioners in residential treatment the law has become increasingly irrelevant.

Richard Small is the director of The Walker Home and School, in Needham, Massachusetts, a residential and day treatment center for severely disturbed pre-adolescent boys. Writing recently in a professional journal with Kevin Kennedy and Barbara Bender, Small expressed a concern shared by many of his colleagues.

> For at least the past decade, we in the field have been reporting, usually to each other, a worsening struggle to work with a much more damaged group of children and families, and a scramble to adjust our practice methods to meet both client needs and policy directives that may or may not have anything to do with client needs. . . . Those of us immersed in everyday residential treatment practice see these same guidelines as less and less applicable to the real children and families with whom we work. Many of our child clients and their families suffer from profound disruptions of development that we believe are likely to require long-term, multiple helping services, including (but not limited to) one or more time-limited stays in residential treatment. Despite a policy that seems to see clear boundaries between being "in care" (and therefore sick and vulnerable) and "reunified" (and therefore fixed and safe) our experience tells us that many of our clients are likely to live out their lives somewhere between these poles.

In keeping with the goal of permanency planning, institutions are supposed to maintain close communication with the parents of the children they treat. Many centers offer counseling for parents and for the entire family. The Children's Village runs evening and weekend programs especially for parents who have abused their children. At institutions that adhere most closely to the goal of reuniting parent and child, parents are encouraged to visit, and good behavior on the part of children is rewarded with weekend visits home. Green Chimneys, a residential treatment center that serves primarily inner-city kids, regularly transports parents and children in vans between New York City and its campus in Brewster, New York. Nationally, nobody really knows how many families are reunited, for how long or how successfully. Those who work with children in institutions complain that the pressure from departments of social service to reunite parent and child is so intense that the workers sometimes yield to it despite their better judgment.

The objective of residential care is to discharge healthier children into the care of healthier

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parents—an outcome that authorities agree is desirable in theory but not always likely in fact. In their recent casebook for child-care workers, *When Home Is No Haven*, Albert J. Solnit, Barbara Nordhaus, and Ruth Lord write that "one of the hardest tasks for a new worker is becoming reconciled to the inherent contradictions in the Protective Services worker's role. The worker is expected to aim for two goals, which in some instances may be mutually exclusive: reunification of the family, and protection of the child and the child's best interests."

THE VILLAGES

MODERN children who fall from the grace of their biological parents find themselves in what is known in welfare vernacular as the child-care continuum. Viewed simplistically, the continuum is a sequence of possible living situations, starting with the most homelike (adoptive and foster homes) and ending with the most institutional (residential treatment centers and psychiatric hospitals). Group homes, some for developmentally disabled children and others for dependent and neglected children, occupy the middle of the continuum. Generally speaking, children in group homes are less emotionally disturbed than those in residential treatment, but the continuum is far more complex and the boundaries between one option and another more porous than this description implies. For instance, children who are sufficiently emotionally disturbed to qualify for residential treatment are sometimes cared for in group homes.

In its desire to find a safe, loving, permanent home for every child, the system often becomes an unwitting abuser. The saga of Wendy, seventeen years old and living in The Villages in Topeka, Kansas, demonstrates the destructive potential inherent in the pursuit of permanence. Her experience at The Villages also illustrates a long-term institutional alternative for rearing some troubled children for whom parents may not be possible or desirable. (The names of children and some adults, along with a few insignificant details, have been changed, in order to protect the privacy of the children and their families.)

The Villages was founded by Karl Menninger in 1964, in response to homelessness, and now includes eleven group homes in Indiana along with the original eight in Kansas. (Menninger was one of the founders of the Menninger Clinic, which has no business relationship with The Villages.) The Villages is a nonprofit institution. Length of stay at The Villages is more open-ended than the two-year period prescribed at most residential treatment centers, as evidenced by the exceptional case of one young man who has been there since 1986. On the average, children spend about two and a half years at The Villages, although about 10 percent stay from three to five years.

The children in residential treatment today are far more disturbed than their counterparts twenty years ago.

Wendy was one of six children, no two fathered by the same man. "My mother," Wendy says, "was a slut." After their mother abandoned them, when Wendy was six years old, the state placed each of the children in a different foster home. Wendy was removed from her first foster home a year later, after being sexually abused by the older boys in the family. Because no new foster home was readily available, she was sent to a locked facility for juvenile delinquents, where the youngest inmate was fourteen years old. Two months later she was transferred to a foster home, where she lived for two months, until she returned from grade school one afternoon to find that her foster parents had moved, leaving no forwarding address. She moved in with one of her schoolteachers temporarily until another foster home could be found. This home, Wendy says, "was great," but the mother died and Wendy was transferred to yet another home. "It was pretty fun," Wendy says. "We lived on a farm."

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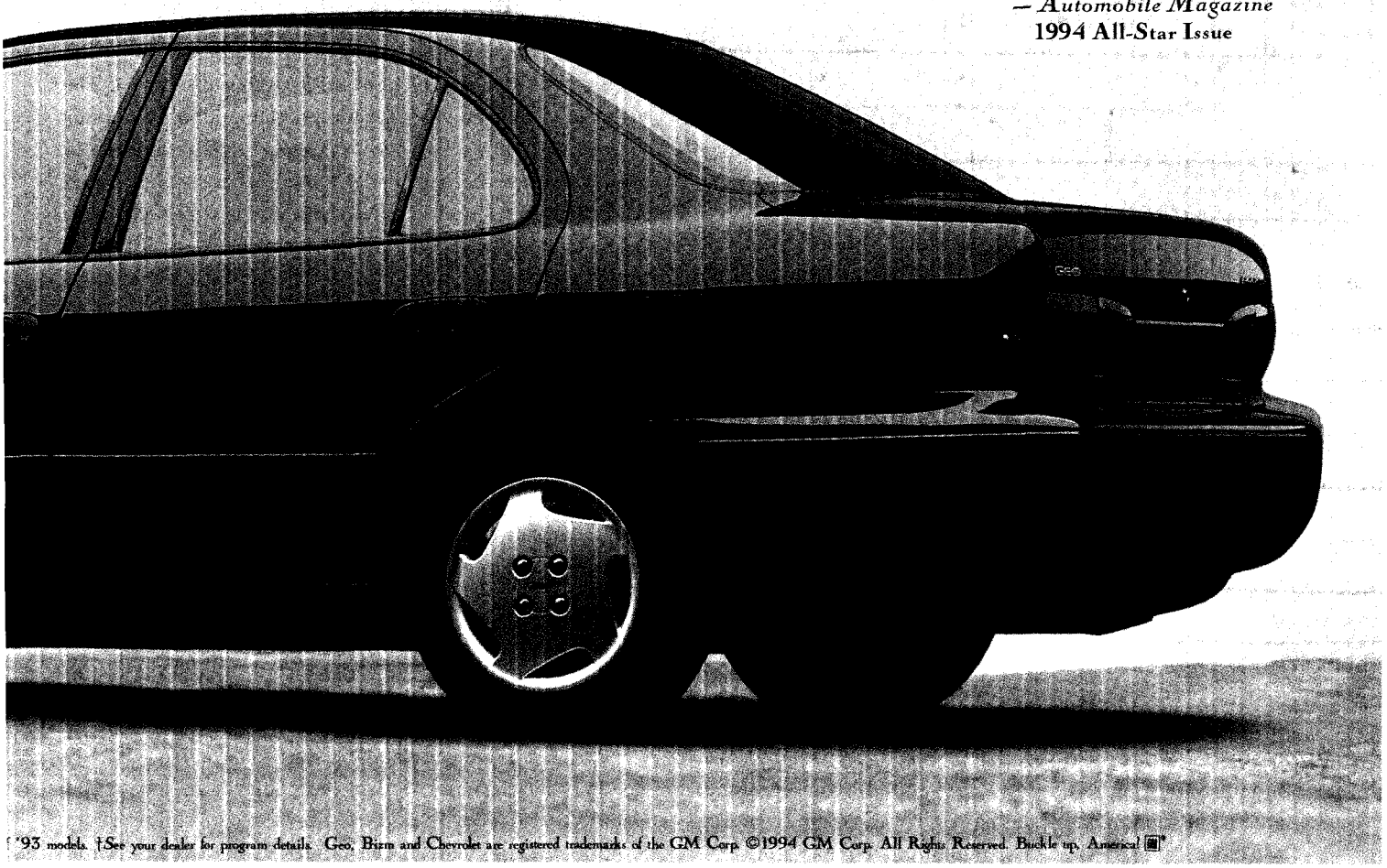

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At this juncture Wendy's mother turned up and asked to be reunited with her children, an experiment that was declared a failure within a year, whereupon Wendy was sent on to more foster homes and more sexual abuse. Wendy was placed at The Villages for the first time at the age of twelve. She remained there for three years, until an adoptive home was found. "The father tried to make it work, but the mother was never home," Wendy says. "She wanted me to clean. She wanted me to dress fancy. We had lots of verbal clashes."

A second attempt to find her an adoptive family failed when Wendy began surreptitiously to hit the couple's two-year-old baby. By that time Wendy was using knives and other sharp objects to make shallow cuts on the insides of her wrists—a behavior so common among abused children

Evening at The Villages in Kansas: "You should not feel as if you're in a treatment program"

DAVID WHITE

that those who engage in it have a name for themselves: "carvers." Wendy was sent to a psychiatric hospital for two months and then returned to the second adoptive home, where she again abused the baby. "I was afraid of getting too close," Wendy says. "I started trying to make things not work."

When Wendy was fourteen, child-welfare workers decided that she should spend some more time at The Villages before efforts were made to place her with another family. The day Wendy arrived, one of the house parents tempted the reluctant fourteen-year-old over the threshold with milk and cookies.

Once inside, Wendy set about reassuring herself about her most urgent concern: in this house of milk and cookies would she be safe from sexual abuse? "Is there a father in this house?" she asked one of the girls who'd been living there for several months. When she got yes for an answer, Wendy asked a second question: "Does the mother always believe him?"

Karl Menninger was convinced that a permanent home was the best therapy for troubled children. The job of house parent requires no training in advance, but by law house parents must attend at least thirty hours of professional workshops each year. The youngsters in The Villages seem to be kept on an even keel with such old-fashioned standards as church attendance, daily chores, clean rooms, neat dress, set bed times, and obedience to adults without fussing, plus, for some, the modest use of modern psychotropic medications and weekly visits to a therapist in the community. The Villages cares for many children who might otherwise be in residential treatment centers.

"The essence of therapy at The Villages is paradoxical: it's therapeutic, but you should not feel as if you're in a treatment program—the family *is* the treatment," says Don Harris, who until recently served as acting director of The Villages. "Some children are too problematic to fit into this setting. The Villages is not a place for violent children or those who have been so badly turned off parents that they don't want to connect." Weekly private visits between children and their social workers provide a check against abuse from house parents, in addition to another positive relationship with an adult.

Married couples preside over all but one of the homes. The exception, a household of adolescent girls, is headed by a single parent, a woman. Depending on the talents and interests of the house parents, each household encourages different kinds of family activities. Some households take their children to the symphony and stage family skits and musicals. Other households emphasize sports, or arts and crafts. The children attend public school in the community, although they tend to have more friends at home than among their schoolmates.

After two years Wendy's emotional health has improved dramatically. She has become very attached to the house mother and is a "big sister" to the other boys and girls in the household, who range in age from ten to seventeen. Wendy has done increasingly well in the public high school and plans to attend the University of Kansas. State child-welfare authorities, taking note of her progress, want to move her to an adoptive or foster home, but Wendy has her own ideas on the subject and doesn't want to go. "I was always told that when I got my act together, they'd leave me in one place," she says. "I finally did get it together, and now they turn around and say, 'Well, you're too good to stay here. We need to move you again.'" The State of Kansas spends about $19,000 a year to keep Wendy at The Villages. (The real cost is $26,000, but the difference is made up by private donations.) Family foster care in Kansas costs the state about $4,500 annually per child.

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MONEY

NAN Dale, of The Children's Village, speaks for many others who believe that money, and not the needs of the children, drives the child-welfare system. "You've got to ask, after the second or third or fourth foster-care failure, when the child has set a fire, cut the cat's tail off, and attempted suicide, how come nobody has said, 'This kid needs treatment and not just another foster home'?" The fact that for the most part residential treatment receives its money from the same source as less expensive foster-home care does nothing to improve its image or encourage its use. In New York state, for example, where all forms of child care are especially costly, "regular" foster care costs about $39 a day per child. "Therapeutic" foster care, for which parents are trained and paid extra to deal with difficult children, costs $92. Stays in group homes cost $130 a day per child, residential treatment costs $135, and a day in a psychiatric hospital costs $800. Because psychiatric hospitals tend to keep children only long enough to diagnose and stabilize them—usually before sending them on to residential treatment centers, where they may stay up to two years—long-term residential treatment takes most of the fiscal heat. "No one sends a kid directly to an institution," says Sam B. Ross Jr., the founder and executive director of Green Chimneys. "You have to try everything else first. We don't do things by choice. We do things by finances. If you had funds, you would not let what happens to these children happen to your child."

In addition to the administrative and maintenance costs associated with any institution, $135 a day reflects the costs of room, board, clothing, round-the-clock therapy, medical and dental care, and recreational and cultural programs. Children who enter residential treatment are typically up to three years below grade level. Many have severe learning problems as well as behavioral ones. At The Children's Village, for instance, a local school district operates a special-education program for kids with emotional, behavioral, and learning problems. The student-teacher ratio is six boys to one teacher and an aide. Even though food for the 315 boys at The Children's Village is bought at bulk rates, it costs about $5 a day for the younger children and $8 for adolescents. Annual clothing costs for the younger children are about $500, and for adolescents about $1,000, including an outfit for Sunday best.

Money flows into residential treatment from a variety of federal, state, local, and private sources, and the amount any agency gets depends on a number of factors, including how assiduously and creatively it works the system. At the federal level the Department of Health and Human Services and sometimes the Department of Justice appropriate money to the states. Licensing, required in order to qualify for federal funds, is up to the individual states. States match federal money using formulas that vary from state to state. The states then reappropriate the funds to the agencies that provide the care. The agencies are about evenly divided between public and private. Money at the local level most often comes from private sources such as churches and the United Way.

The children who enter the child-welfare system are almost always from the bottom of the socioeconomic ladder and therefore at the mercy of bureaucrats, policymakers, social workers, and judges. Where do people with money send their emotionally disturbed children when they can no longer tolerate them at home? If they don't ship them off to a tough uncle who owns a dude ranch in Colorado, or check them into a psychiatric hospital, chances are they enroll them in boarding schools described in their brochures as suitable "for the child who has special educational and emotional needs." The cost? About $36,000 a year, the price of many residential treatment centers and group homes, although private boarding schools do not pay for a student's clothing, medical and dental treatment, vocational training, or other extracurricular needs. Private boarding schools also carry no social stigma.

In the postscript to her memoir, *Orphans: Real and Imaginary*, Eileen Simpson writes about learning as an adult that the convent boarding school of her childhood, the Villa, was actually an orphanage. She was grateful for the deception, because the truth would have been "a heavy burden to me as a child," she says. "As an adult, it would have interfered with my view of myself as having been lucky. An orphan who goes to an orphanage is far more orphaned than one who goes to a convent boarding school."

"Institutionalism is in the eye of the beholder," Lois Forer, a former judge of the state Court of Common Pleas in Philadelphia, and the author of books and articles about children and the court system, said before her recent death. "Call residential treatment centers boarding schools." Forer observed that even the word "institution" can take on a very positive connotation when the right people are in residence. "The tubercular rich were sure having a high old time on the Magic Mountain," she said, "while the poor were in the slums coughing their lungs out."

INSTITUTIONAL FAMILY VALUES

IN the paradoxical world of "child protective services," an institution may be the first home some children have ever known, providing their first chance to sit down to meals with other people at regular times, blow out birthday candles, and be taken care of by adults who do not hit or even yell. All but one of the staple ingredients of a happy home life are replicated in the best group homes and treatment centers. Intimacy is purposely missing. Love and family bonding may be what these children will need and be capable of having eventually, but for the moment the emotional thermostat must be set at neutral. These children are believed to be too disturbed to handle the intensity of real family life; that is precisely why they have been institutionalized.

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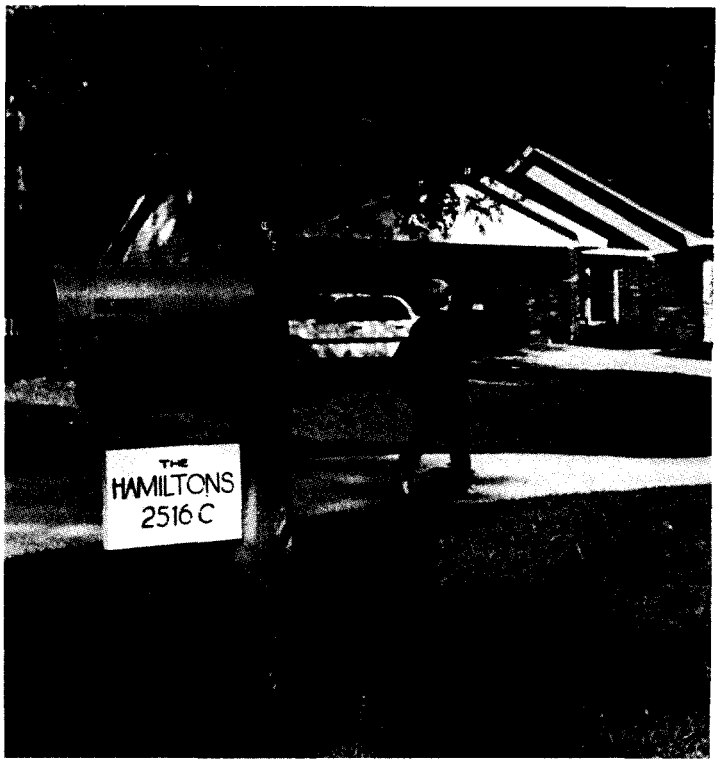

Boys Town, in Nebraska: "We have a plan to change the way America takes care of her children"

The best institutions offer emotionally disturbed children a chance at a second childhood. They are given the opportunity to shed cynicism, develop self-esteem, and grow back into innocence and vulnerability. Candy will become a treat. This time they will be protected from harm. This time they will come to think of adults as kind and dependable. They will learn to play. They will learn to care about others.

Treatment communities teach Judeo-Christian values—the work ethic and the golden rule. Institutions offer vocational training and courses in computer literacy. At The Children's Village the best computer students teach their newfound skills to other children and adults in the surrounding communities, and The Children's Village has its own Boy Scout troop. The kids at Woodland Hills collect and pack supplies for national and international relief efforts. In addition, they split wood and deliver logs to the elderly in the Duluth community. Boys Town children host Special Olympics games.

A highly controlled environment is required to create a second childhood for severely disturbed children. Safety is the key issue. Keeping these children from harm involves more than keeping them safe from sexual abuse, physical abuse, drugs, and crossfire; they must be kept safe from themselves and their peers. Newly institutionalized children often try to run away. When a young person at Woodland Hills forgets to bring the appropriate book to class, two peers accompany the student back to the dormitory to retrieve it, thereby minimizing the possibility of an escape attempt. At The Children's Village burly guards equipped with walkie-talkies and trained in firm but gentle techniques of physical restraint stand ready to intervene should fights or tantrums develop beyond the regular staff's ability to control them. Children are never left unattended, not even when they sleep. In every one of the twenty-one cottages at The Children's Village one staff member remains awake throughout the night. The children in these cottages are sometimes suicidal. The bedroom doors in all the cottages open into the corridor, so that youngsters cannot barricade themselves in their rooms. Sexually abused children sometimes become sexual predators. At The Villages in Kansas some young girls will not allow anyone to comb their hair; for girls who have been sexually abused, even grooming can be too threatening.

This antidotal second childhood must be highly structured and predictable as well as safe. Treatment communities impose rules, chores, and schedules, and emphasize neatness, cleanliness, and order. "Everybody wakes up at 7:30 in the morning," writes eleven-year-old Robert, describing his day at The Children's Village, where hairbrushes, combs, toothbrushes, and toothpaste tubes are lined up with military precision on bureau tops. "The first thing we do is make our bed, wash our face, brush our teeth, last but not least put on some clothes. We eat our breakfast by 8:15 and do our chores. At 8:45 we go to school. In school the first thing we do is math, then reading and spelling. We go to lunch at 12:00 noon. . . ." Homer, the orphan hero of John Irving's *The Cider House Rules*, thrives on the routine of orphanage life. He enjoys "the *tramp, tramp* of it, the utter predictability of it." "An orphan," Irving writes, "is simply more of a child than other children in that essential appreciation of the things that happen daily, on schedule." A well-structured day serves the child as a kind of armature within which to build a new, less chaotic, inner self. "How to succeed and how to fail is very clear here," says

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PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF BOYS TOWN

Daniel Daly, the director of research at Boys Town. "These children are looking for consistency and for an environment they can understand."

Often institutions for children, like religions, have their own belief systems. What the faith is may not matter as much as its function as an organizing principle for its adherents. At The Villages the organizing principle is a belief in the therapeutic value inherent in family life. Woodland Hills is committed to a behavioral model called "positive peer culture." Any surrogate who remotely resembles a parent, or any scenario that draws its inspiration from a Norman Rockwell dinner-table tableau, is presumed anathema to this population of disturbed teenagers. Instead the kids confront one another in group therapy, and the staff gambles on its ability to turn the potentially destructive power of the peer group into a positive force. The Walker School, which adheres to a "cognitive behavioral model," has as its article of faith the conviction that every child can learn. As a result Walker places an unusually strong emphasis on academics, although "learning" at Walker can mean anything from solving math problems to practicing sitting still to running in the right direction in baseball. Green Chimneys is well known for using animals to encourage children to love and trust. Through "farm therapy" children learn to be care-givers even if they have not been cared for themselves, thereby helping to interrupt the cycle of abuse.

When it was an orphanage, Father Flanagan's Boys Town put its faith in God and the work ethic. Now that it's a residential treatment center, it also believes devoutly in science and technology. Father Val says, "Boys Town has embarked upon a program of basic research in microbehavioral analysis," the goal of which is to develop practical, replicable techniques for changing the behavior of emotionally disturbed children. These techniques are explained in a 250-page manual that is used to train the "family teachers" who head up each Boys Town "family." So "micro" is the behavioral analysis that the manual breaks down what Boys Town calls a "teaching interaction" into nine component parts: initial praise, empathy, or affection; description of the inappropriate behavior; consequence; description of the appropriate behavior; rationale for (benefits of) appropriate behavior; request for acknowledgment; practice of new, appropriate behavior; feedback; praise throughout the interaction.

BOYS TOWN: THE TEACHING FAMILY

BOYS Town is the most complete and controversial realization of the prevailing belief that a residential treatment center should look as little like an institution and as much like a home as possible. Indeed, Boys Town is much more than a happy home; it's a happy village. In fact it is a number of happy villages. Boys Town has cloned itself; by next year as many as seventeen little Boys Towns will be in operation in several states.

"We have a plan to change the way America takes care of her children," Father Val says. By saying so he sticks his finger in the eye of the child-welfare establishment, which considers Boys Town a bit overzealous, too lax in its efforts at family reunion, too independent, and too rich.

With net assets of $514 million, Boys Town is the Abu Dhabi of residential treatment centers. The place has its own schools, churches, town hall, firehouse, ZIP code, and two Olympic-sized swimming pools. A neighborhood of seventy-five variously styled houses, any one of which would sell for more than $400,000 in Fairfield County, Connecticut, is tucked behind flower gardens on 400 acres of specimen trees and dense, cushy lawns. Another 900 acres is farmland under cultivation. A man-made lake is stocked with bass and bluegill. Whereas other residential-treatment-center campuses have the slightly scruffy appearance common to boarding schools with meager endowments, Boys Town has the finely calibrated utopian look of an architect's rendering. The brick houses, with their picture windows and slate roofs, are set well back on generous lots and are furnished with plush wall-to-wall carpeting, Tiffany-style chandeliers, TVs, and Monopoly games. Clusters of "family" photographs decorate the walls and are displayed on mantelpieces. Bikes are parked in back yards, near handsome sets of lawn furniture. For the 100,000 tourists who visit each year, never mind the 556 boys and girls who live there (girls were first admitted in 1979), Boys Town evokes nostalgia for a Cleaverish community and home they probably never knew. The effect is intentional, if a bit surreal. All that comfort, all that beauty, all those possessions, says Father Val, a great believer in first impressions, send the children a message they may never have heard before: "You are valuable."

During dinner at a "family" home in Boys Town butter is requested with a smile and a "please" and acknowledged with a "thank you," and the presiding "parents," Linda and Geoffrey (not their real names), lavishly pass out praise along with the chicken enchiladas, rice, and mixed fruit. "I like the way you made eye contact with Judy when you asked for the butter," Linda says.

Linda and Geoffrey sit at either end of an oval table. The eight girls seated between them, four on each side, are clearly not their natural children. They are too close in age—eleven to seventeen—and not all of the same race. What they do have in common, besides histories of sexual and physical

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abuse, is a set of learned behaviors that they show off with obvious pleasure. These girls greet a stranger with a big smile and a firm handshake. They also accept nonstop instruction in how to acknowledge criticism and take no for an answer. A child who six months ago would have turned the table over rather than respond to a request to set it now complies promptly and cheerfully.

Tonight, while the girls are learning table manners good enough for dining with Rockefellers, they will also be practicing their problem-solving skills. Jasmine, the youngest member of the family, has requested and been granted the privilege of presenting the evening's problem. Jasmine is nervous. She takes a deep breath and states her case. Jasmine is unhappy because her night to help prepare the family dinner is always Thursday, which also happens to be leftovers night. This means she never really gets a chance to cook.

"That was good, Jasmine, very good," says Linda, maintaining eye contact with Jasmine. "You did a good job of stating the problem clearly."

Jasmine smiles and blushes with pleasure. (Because a stranger has joined them at the table, tonight's problem and the ensuing discussion are trivial and tame. Under normal conditions the problem posed could have been "My parents don't care what happens to me." Such a statement might have prompted Linda or Geoff to help the child to clarify her problem for herself and for the other children: "Did something happen on your visit home last weekend?")

"Can you think of a way to solve the problem?" Linda asks Jasmine.

"Well," Jasmine says, "we could make Wednesday leftovers night."

The Walker School, in Massachusetts: "These kids get placed in families repeatedly, and they repeatedly fail"

COURTESY OF THE WALKER SCHOOL

"Good for coming up with a suggestion, Jasmine," Linda says. "That's one option. I can see you're really trying to figure this out. Can anyone else think of another?"

Over chocolate pie and milk, after a few more options have been raised and praised, the group turns to an eager but orderly discussion of the disadvantages and advantages of each of the options offered. "Can you think of any problems if you do that?" Geoff asks. "Can you think of any benefits?"

This is not a Stepford family. Although one might be tempted to see them as genial robots, rehearsing therapeutic dialogues from the Boys Town manual, they are also having a good time. David Coughlin is the second-in-command and the youth-care director at Boys Town. He acknowledges that behavioral psychodrama can sometimes look pretty stilted and silly, but says that it does only until the children have mastered the behavior. In this, their second childhood, these kids have to practice being normal. They are conscious that their behavior is being manipulated. They choose to play the game. The doors are not locked.

After dinner the girls move to the den, where they record on index cards the points they've accumulated throughout the day. Every day is parent-teacher-conference and report-card day at Boys Town. Point cards from school are carried home and compared with home cards so that everyone who works with a child knows how that child is doing. (At The Walker School communication and coordination are facilitated by a computer network. Throughout the day child-care workers and teachers feed in and retrieve information about individual children.) The object of all this attention, the child—whom Boys Town calls "the consumer"—also has ready access to the files. Some institutionalized kids can tell you exactly how many points they have the way some grown-ups can tell you to the dollar how much money they've got in the bank. Jasmine may have been awarded 10,000 points for her dinner-table presentation, but she may also have been docked thousands of points in school that day for failing to finish her homework. "Behavioral points are a lot like Catholic indulgences," Coughlin says. "We've got little sins, big sins, confessions, and plenary indulgences."

Points, awarded as flamboyantly as praise, translate into privileges and purchasing power. Thirty thousand points entitles a child to listen to a story on a cassette tape; a comic book costs 50,000 points. Adding and subtracting high numbers adds drama to the game and hones mathematical skills.

THE PROBLEM WITH PARENTS

WHEN parents treat each other and their children with patience, love, and consistency, they are making a "happy home." When child-care workers do the same, they are modeling parental behavior and creating a "therapeutic milieu." When parents instinctively intervene

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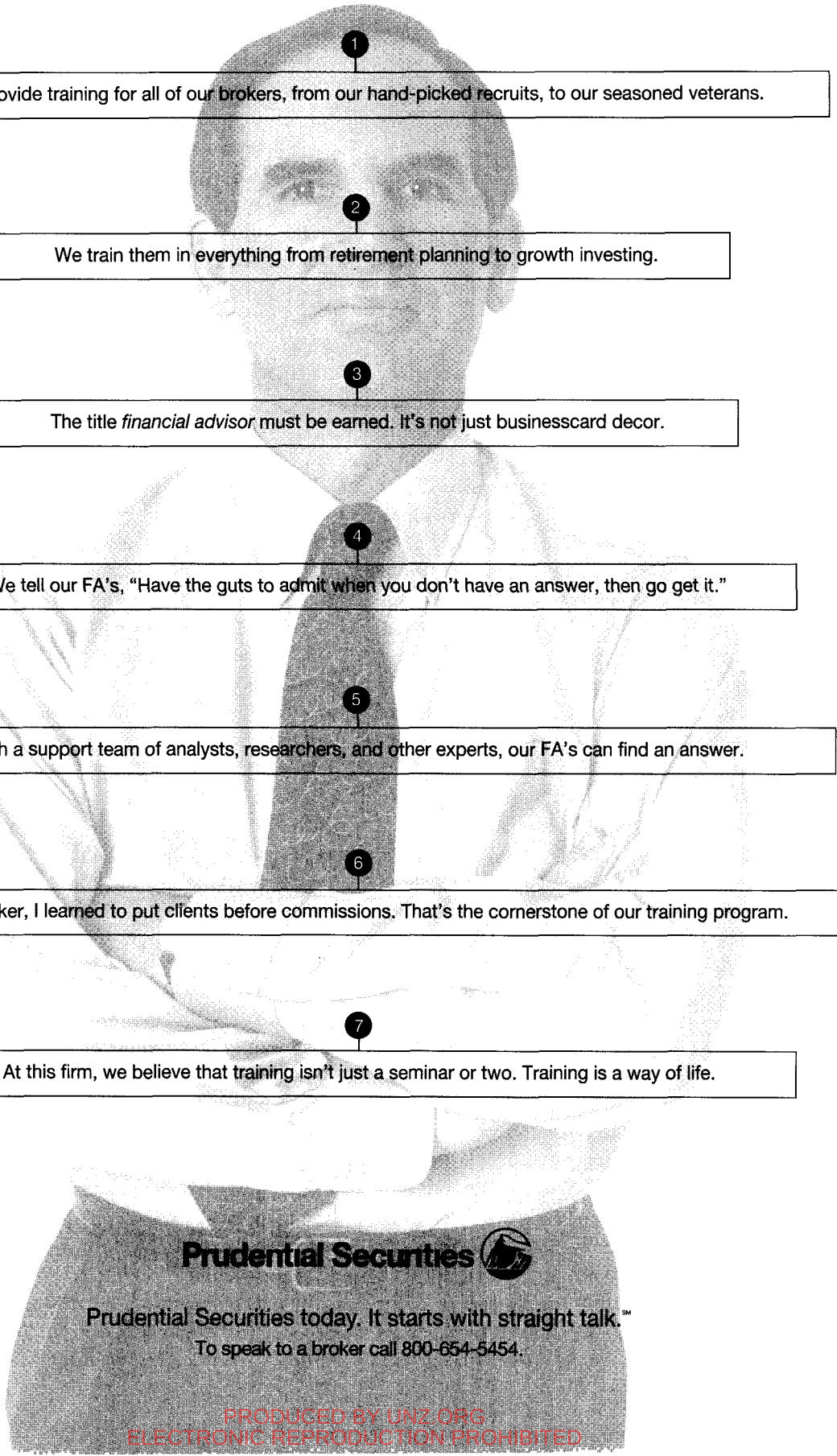

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from dawn to dusk to impart information or to comment on or calm a child's behavior, that informal activity is called child rearing. When child-care workers do it on a twenty-four-hour basis, it's called therapy. The good child-care worker, like the good parent, sees every event and encounter in a child's life as an opportunity to discourage destructive attitudes and behavior and replace them with healthy alternatives. Whatever particular philosophical model an institution may follow, all institutions agree that the most significant influence for change in a troubled child's life is the institutional parent or child-care worker.

Children's institutions must handle the issue of noninstitutional parents with the utmost delicacy. To some extent a natural hostility exists between parent and institution. Mistreatment by parents is one of the reasons that many children end up institutionalized. Nevertheless, the institution depends on the cooperation and rehabilitation of the parent to effect the ultimately desired family reunion.

Children typically enter a period of mourning when they are placed in a treatment center. No one insists upon loyalty to parents more than the institutionalized children themselves. In the introduction to *Love Is Not Enough* (1950), a book about his experimental school at the University of Chicago, Bruno Bettelheim wrote about a child named Emily who learned to handle conflicting loyalties to her parents at home and her counselors at school. "Asked what love meant, Emily answered, 'Love means to hug me and kiss me and carry me and put me down.' After a pause she added, 'Parents do it. Counselors becare you.'"

At The Children's Village a list of house rules written by the boys is tacked to a dormitory wall, along with posters of Magic Johnson, Michael Jackson, and Malcolm X. "No talking about a peer's parents" is rule No. 1, followed by "No stealing," "No lying," "No cursing or fighting," and "No damaging property or playing with fire extinguisher."

The eight girls who live with Linda and Geoff at Boys Town do not call them Mom and Dad or refer to them as "parents." Most intentionally, Boys Town calls the married couples who head up their seventy-five households "family teachers," a less intimate and more apt description. Even at The Villages, where exposure to healthy family living is the primary therapy, ten-year-old Melissa calls her house parents by their first names. Melissa, who starved while her parents dined, still clings to a family snapshot years after the court severed parental rights. "My parents locked me up in a closet and forgot about me," she says. "I miss them."

The critical challenge at Boys Town, as at all institutions for emotionally disturbed children, is to provide the child with a remedial childhood and remedial parental role models, within a remedial community, without challenging the child's loyalty to his real home or parent.

At the swearing-in ceremonies that take place nearly every Friday at Boys Town, Father Val is careful to tell the new arrivals, "You don't lose your own family, but you gain another family, a bigger family. You become part of the Boys Town family." When students gather in the assembly hall at Boys Town's Wegner Middle School to recite the Lord's Prayer, salute the flag, and sing the national anthem to heavy-handed accompaniment on an upright piano, they stand beneath a large computer-generated banner that reads "WE WILL NOT GIVE UP ON YOU." Even the concept of unconditional love—once associated exclusively with parents—has been institutionalized.

Institutional parents are too good to be true. They teach but never lecture. They praise but never blame. A child who has just thrown a chair through the bay window, hurled curses at the family teacher, and then slumped down on the sofa will be docked 50,000 points for the chair and the bad language, and then given 10,000 points for regaining control. "Look! You've already earned back ten thousand points. You'll be out of the hole in no time." These parents are upbeat. They are rational. They never say "Because I said so." What makes the good ones effective is the very fact that they are not real. These kids have already had real parents.

WOODLAND HILLS: POSITIVE PEER CULTURE

A FEMALE black bear is pawing through the Dumpster behind the old orphanage building at Woodland Hills. Some of the staff and a few of the kids have come out on the driveway to watch. Sixteen-year-old Kate cowers with fear, although she is about 300 feet from the bear and just one foot away from the back door. Six months ago Kate was a tough gang member. She stole a car and drove it through a store window. It was not her first offense. The judge gave her a choice between jail and Woodland Hills.

If Boys Town's style is "please" and "thank you," Woodland Hills's is "in your face." This is no corporate headquarters for family values; it's boot camp for juvenile delinquents. Forty-eight boys and girls, aged thirteen to seventeen, pound up and down the three flights of stairs that form the crooked spine of the old St. James Orphanage, founded by Catholics in 1910. The large, stern, Federal-style building, remodeled within to create smaller spaces, functions as a school, dormitory, cafeteria, and administration building. No attempt has been made to make the place look like anyone's home, real or imagined.

"When I got here, my hair was spiked," Kate says. "I was wearing combat boots, and my makeup was nasty. I liked my reputation, because nobody messed with me." Today she's wearing jeans, a T-shirt, running shoes, and no makeup. She proudly points to the pile of wood she has split. Then she walks over to a rabbit hutch, unhooks the door, and scoops up a big gray rabbit. "There's no drugs here and nothing to sniff," she explains, while the rabbit nestles in her arms. (Most of the kids at Woodland Hills have been substance abusers.) "They don't let us have anything that has drugs in it,

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Mitsubishi Luxury

You can take it to the Ritz.
You can take it to Baja.
Or you can take it up to 159 mph.*

DIAMANTE MONTERO 3000GT

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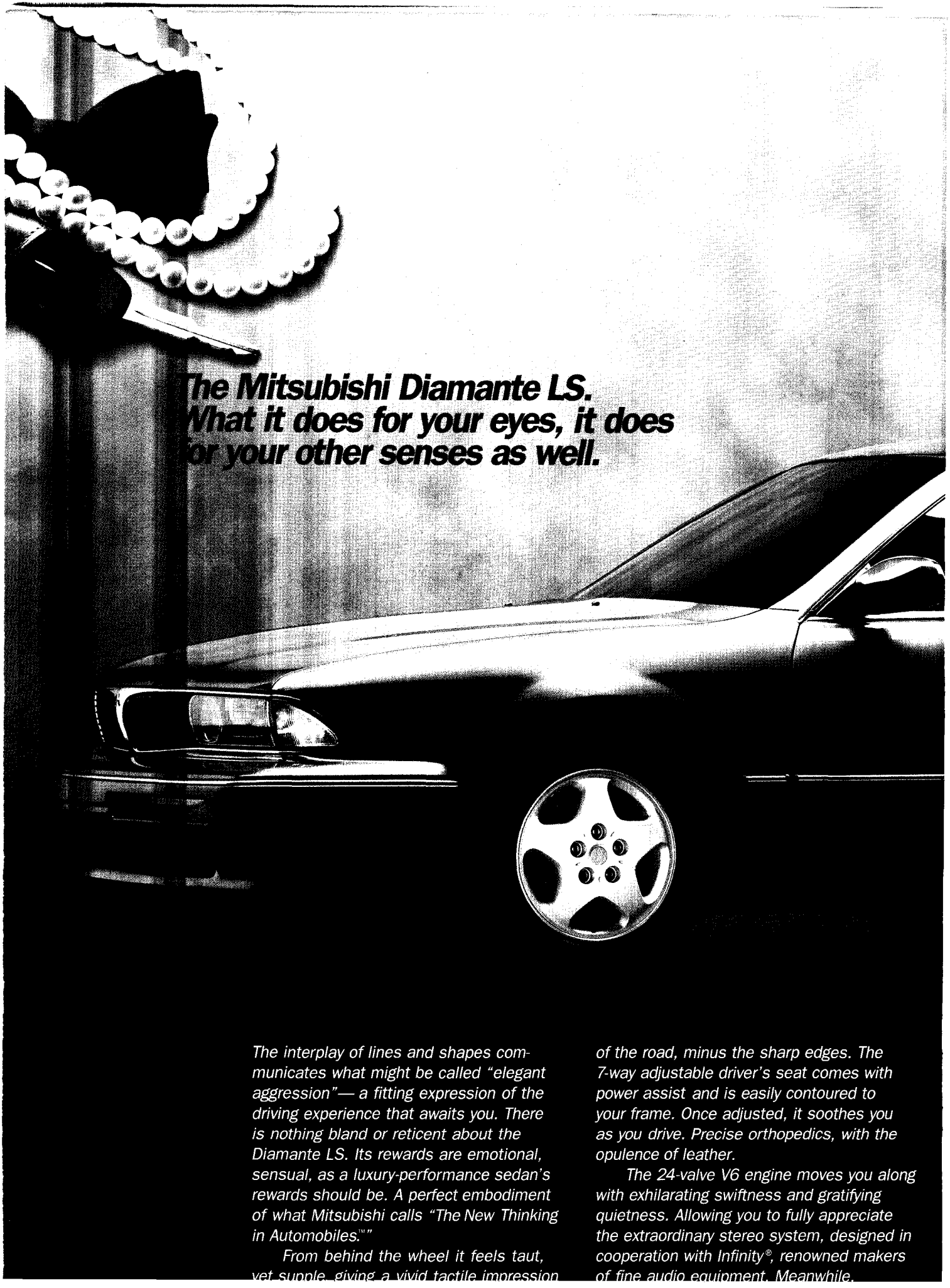

The interplay of lines and shapes communicates what might be called "elegant aggression"— a fitting expression of the driving experience that awaits you. There is nothing bland or reticent about the Diamante LS. Its rewards are emotional, sensual, as a luxury-performance sedan's rewards should be. A perfect embodiment of what Mitsubishi calls "The New Thinking in Automobiles.™"

From behind the wheel it feels taut, yet supple, giving a vivid tactile impression of the road, minus the sharp edges. The 7-way adjustable driver's seat comes with power assist and is easily contoured to your frame. Once adjusted, it soothes you as you drive. Precise orthopedics, with the opulence of leather.

The 24-valve V6 engine moves you along with exhilarating swiftness and gratifying quietness. Allowing you to fully appreciate the extraordinary stereo system, designed in cooperation with Infinity®, renowned makers of fine audio equipment. Meanwhile,

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Mitsubishi's patented ETACS-IV™ encompasses ten separate convenience features to enhance your comfort and safety, from speed-sensitive windshield wipers to a comprehensive security system.

Dual air bags, ABS anti-lock brakes, side-impact protection, optional traction control, and an enormously strong passenger cage all contribute to your sense of security and well-being. Which, in turn, serve to intensify the boundless other pleasures to be enjoyed in the Diamante LS. For more information, or the Mitsubishi Dealer nearest you, call 1-800-55MITSU.

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The [illegible]ubishi Montero SR. Unr[illegible]d by mud, rocks, snow or the freeway on Monday morning.

A fine luxury car is expected to display poise, unflappability, masterful control. But only on reasonably passable roads.

The Montero SR displays those traits on roads that would not be passable for any conventional luxury vehicle. As well as surfaces that don't remotely qualify as roads, and in forbidding weather.

With Active-Trac™ 4WD, Montero even adapts to the severity of the conditions at hand. From a lightly rain-slicked road all the way to deep mud and snow. And with Multi-Mode™ ABS, anti-lock braking is preserved in every drive mode. It's a highly versatile, ruggedly proficient luxury sport-utility. In essence, a "go-anywhere" luxury vehicle.

To go with its smooth, unruffled handling of almost any condition, there's a smooth 24-valve V6 engine capable of generating 215 horsepower. There's also a host of amenities

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including a premium stereo system, power windows and door locks, cruise control, three-row seating for seven,

and available leather and wood interior trim.

*All this, with an off-road racing heritage that, in 1993 alone, produced five major victories for Montero,** including the Paris-Dakar Rally. Such versatility isn't what you expect from a luxury vehicle. But then, it's exactly what Mitsubishi's "new thinking" demands. For more information, or the Mitsubishi Dealer nearest you, call 1-800-55MITSU.*

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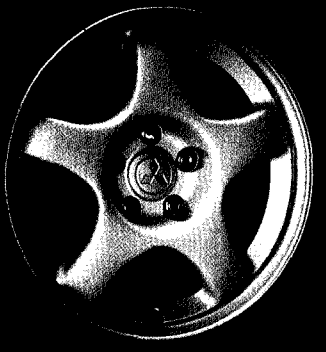
The Mitsubishi 3000GT VR-4. It reaches 159 mph on a race track and is equally thrilling in a parking lot.



There are roads on which it's perfectly legal to extract maximum performance from the 3000GT VR-4. Such roads are usually oval tracks, closed to normal traffic. But who knows? You may decide to seek one out someday.

On the other hand, you may well be content with the challenges offered by public roads—the slow-moving truck or the snaking back road, for example. Under such circumstances, terms like "all-wheel drive," "four-wheel steering," "twin turbochargers," "320 horsepower" and "six-speed gearbox" take on special meaning. You'd never believe an automobile could do such things. And with such gratifying smoothness and finesse.

The truth is, the 3000GT VR-4 represents new thinking in high-performance driving. It looks and performs like an exotic sports car, but isn't priced like one. Moreover, it's equally gratifying as a grand-touring sports car.

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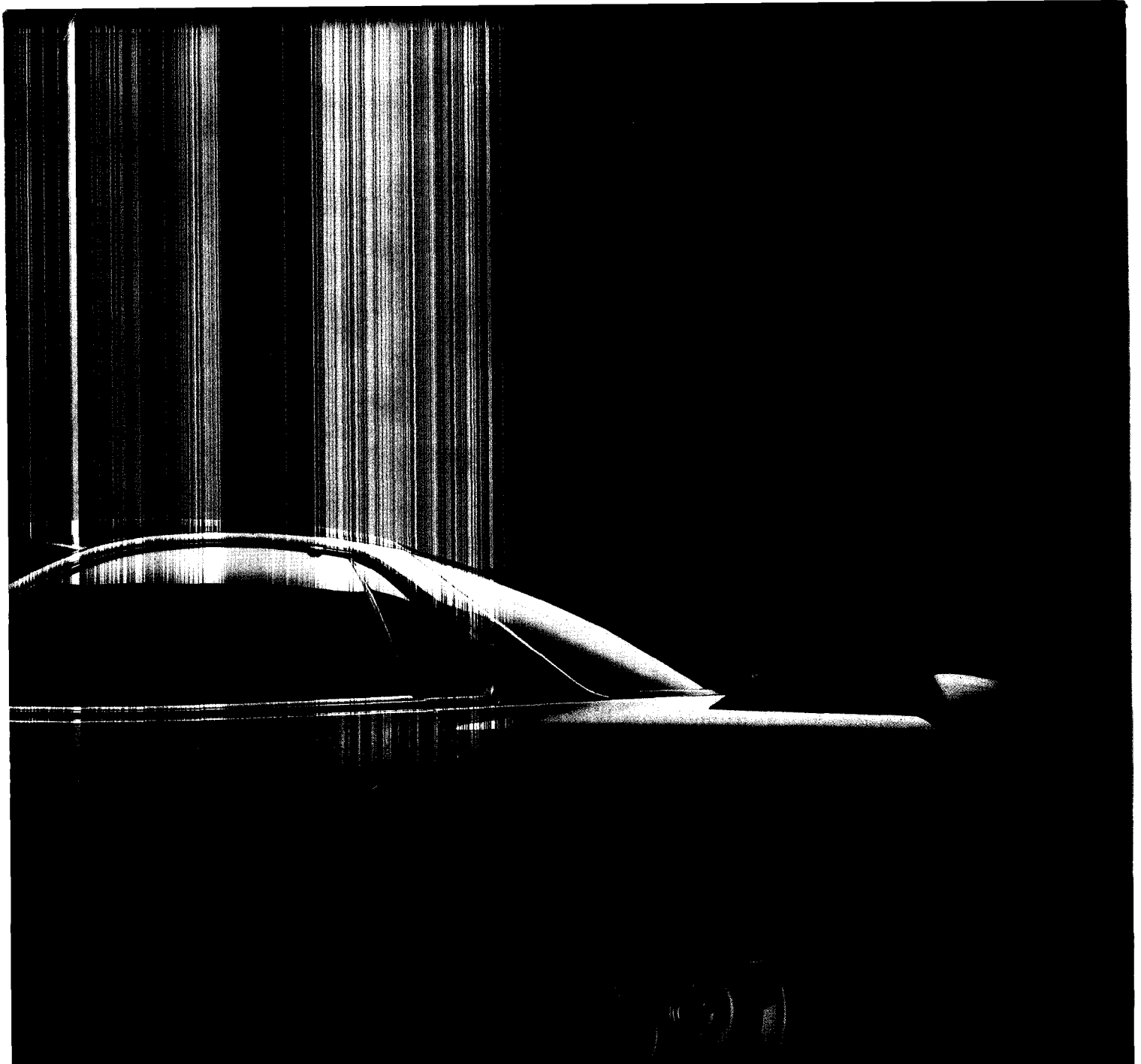
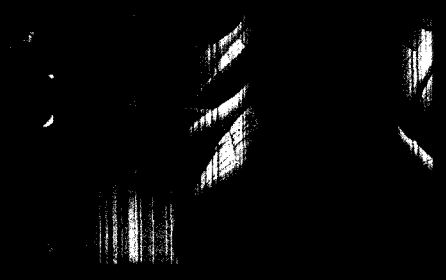


equipped with such luxury features as a power-adjustable driver's seat, leather trim, a superb Mitsubishi/Infinity® stereo system and comprehensive safety equipment.

All of which make it enormously enjoyable to spend time in. Whether you're negotiating a race track, taking an all-day trip or just sitting still in a parking lot. And that says nothing about the fun you'll have watching heads turn. For more information on the 3000GT, or the Mitsubishi Motors Dealer nearest you, please call 1-800-55MITSU.



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like bleach or gas, nothing that we could sniff and get high. We got to get trusted even before we can use the lawn mower."

No child-care worker is likely to be able to sell Kate on charm-school manners or a point system. Parental role models are out of the question. So, one would think, is getting these kids to give up street gangs for membership in teams with nerdy names like The Pioneers and The Trailblazers. But it's not —not any more so than getting an alcoholic to stand up that first time and declare. The power of Alcoholics Anonymous is well known, and getting former gang members to help other gang members go straight is also possible.

Positive peer culture is based on two simple Judeo-Christian principles: anything that hurts any person is wrong, and we are our brothers' keepers. The essence of peer culture is helping others. "No matter how troubled a person is, it always helps to get him off his ass and go do something for someone else," says Richard Quigley, who heads up Woodland Hills. "There's plenty else you've got to do for a real troubled person, but caring for someone else is the therapeutic ingredient you can't do without." The trick is getting these supremely careless children to care, first about someone else and then about themselves.

A newcomer to Woodland Hills gets placed in one of several pre-existing groups, each having about ten members. Young people of the same age, size, sex, and degree of sophistication are put together, although passive or aggressive kids are not likely to be concentrated in any one group. Unlike the teaching parents at Boys Town, who intervene all day long, correcting and reinforcing the behavior of their charges, group leaders at Woodland Hills intervene as infrequently as possible in the peer-group process. It is the kids who continually engage one another in therapy. Newcomers, who are used to defending their behavior with fists and knives, freeze like deer in headlights when veteran peer-group members gently ask them, "What are you gaining? What are you losing? Whom are you hurting?" Often the delicate balance of a group is upset from within by the charismatic presence of a "negative indigenous leader," or NIL in psychologists' shorthand. Even then a good group leader will not intervene directly. Such recognition by and confrontation with an adult leader would only enhance the NIL's status. Instead the adult leader attempts to disturb the NIL's social equilibrium by pulling the NIL's victim aside and confiding, "Take a look at how that guy is trying to influence you; watch how he's trying to get you off track."

"Working with a group is like practicing jujitsu," says David Kern, Woodland Hills's program director. "What am I doing? I'm taking your weight and your energy and your force, and moving it in the direction that you need to go. I'm not in fear of you coming at me. As a matter of fact I look forward to it, so that I can direct you."

Practitioners of peer-group therapy speak jujitsu English, using the delinquents' own words for and against them. Caring behavior is referred to as "strong," "cool," "powerful," and "mature." Hurtful behavior is relabeled "cowardly," "weak," and "childish." First you "talk the talk," they say at Woodland Hills; then you "walk the walk." If a kid hears and sees nothing around him all day for months but male and female group leaders modeling both strength and caring, after a while the message begins to sink in: "You are valuable."

An institution provides some children with a first chance to be taken care of by adults who do not hit or even yell.

Unlike most residential treatment programs, in which a stay may last as long as two years, the peer-culture program takes just eight months to complete. Kate spent the first two weeks at Woodland Hills in a stubborn state of resistance known as "casing the joint"—the first of five designated states in the peer-group process. "Nobody was going to tell me what to do," she says.

The language at Woodland Hills tends to be rough and to the point. At Boys Town teaching parents precede each corrective "teaching interaction" with an expression of appreciation, praise, or empathy for the child. At Woodland Hills group leaders also praise before they correct, but they call the procedure "bump and burp."

After she calmed down, Kate was invited to participate in an initiatory rite, the recitation of her "life history" before the girls in her peer group. Like the rest of them, she had been sexually abused. Like many of them, she had received counseling in her community and had lived in two foster homes, a therapeutic foster home and a group home, before Woodland Hills. Like most of them, she had been cared for by a single parent, her mother. Her troubles had started when she was thirteen years old and escalated quickly from skipping school to fistfights to drugs to breaking and entering to car theft.

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Her peers listened to her story and offered their diagnosis, chosen from a prepared list of possible "problem labels." "My problem labels are 'authority,' 'inconsiderate to self,' and 'easily angered,'" Kate volunteers, rattling them off like name, rank, and serial number. "Inconsiderate to self" is a label applied to anything one does that is damaging to the self, such as putting oneself down or resisting help from others. In Kate's case the damage is literal. Kate is a carver.

Kate spent the next few weeks in stage two, "testing the limits." She refused to get out of bed in the morning. She would not attend school. "All I wanted was to get out," she says. She ran away twice. Both times staff members went out in the middle of the night to look for her rather than call the cops. That display of unconditional institutional love impressed her. "I didn't know that people who didn't know you could care about you," she says.

Then Kate entered the third, honeymoon stage of peer culture, "conformity." She behaved, but only because behaving was the thing to do. "I kissed butt" is how she puts it. "She really looked good," David Kern says, "but she still wasn't buying into the reason for behaving; she still didn't believe that she, or anyone else, was worthwhile."

Now Kate is in stage four, "value conflict." It's the critical stage. She wants to try the new way—to move on to the final stage, "change"—but the old way comes so much more easily. "I've got a lot of anger built up," she says. "I'm like a volcano or a time bomb. When I get angry, my old values come back. I, like, turn over."

Kate turned over in a big way at a group meeting when she got the news that the staff had decided not to grant her request for a weekend pass to visit her mother. She had carved on herself just a week earlier. They didn't think she was ready for a home visit. When her two best friends in the group tried to comfort her, she turned her fury against them, zapping them with exquisitely customized racial and sexual insults, making crude references to Peg's preference for black men and calling the promiscuous Georgia a "whore."

Today, after bullying the group for a week with silence, Kate, in classic peer-culture tradition, has asked for and been awarded a meeting of which she will be the subject.

"You built up all that trust with Peg and Georgia," a girl named Jane tells her, "and then you destroyed it in five minutes. Was it worth it?"

"My brother used to call me a whore," Georgia says. "You knew that."

"You shouldn't tell me stuff, 'cause when I get pissed off, I'll use it," Kate says, pulling a tissue from the box on the floor at her feet and wiping her tears.

"What would have happened if you'd let Peg and Georgia in?" another girl, Theresa, asks.

"I've tried before, and I've gotten hurt," Kate says. She kicks the tissue box toward Georgia. Georgia yanks out a tissue and blows her nose.

"She's vulnerable," Peg says.

"So it's 'I'll get you before you get me,'" says Lucie, the group leader. "Who else does that?"

"I do it, big time," Peg says.

"What's it gonna take," Georgia says, "to get you to start doing something for yourself?"

Kate doesn't answer. She just looks at her shoes.

"Kate," Jane says, with some frustration, "we're trying to care about you."

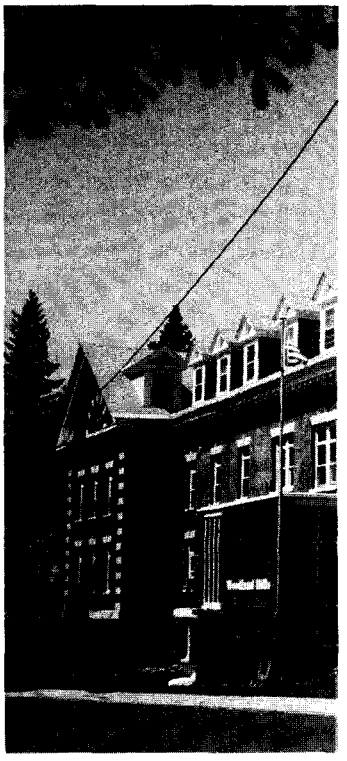
The meeting goes on like this for an hour and a half, until Lucie brings it to an end by complimenting the quality of the help given to Kate by her peers. She also credits Kate for working hard.

The questions asked of Kate are more important than the answers she gives. "A lot of people miss the point," Kern says. "The most important thing that goes on in a meeting is not whatever changes may or may not take place in the person who's getting help; it's the changes in the self-concepts of the nine people who are giving it. They deal with their own problems as they see them more sympathetically projected onto the youth who is the subject of the meeting."

Even so, Kate seems to have benefited from the meeting. "This place is really caring," she says. "They were crying because they were feeling empathy for me. They stuck to me like glue."

ARE INSTITUTIONS SUCCESSFUL?

"IT doesn't matter that a kid behaves well in front of you in a residential treatment center," says Earl Stuck, the director of residential services for the Child Welfare League of America. "We've only begun to use the power of residential treatment when we use it to help kids apart from their families. The real power of the tool is in figuring out ways to create the same kinds of change in families." What counts is what happens to children like Kate after they leave the cocoon of the institution and try to get along in the real world. Kate hopes that if she makes it through all five stages of the peer-culture program, she can go on to a career in the Army. That would be a resounding success. (Military service is a frequently chosen career among institutionalized young people, who find the continuation of a



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highly structured life appealing. Twenty years ago a career in the armed services was a more realistic goal. Today, because many of these young people are more disturbed, the military is out of reach for a lot of "graduates.")

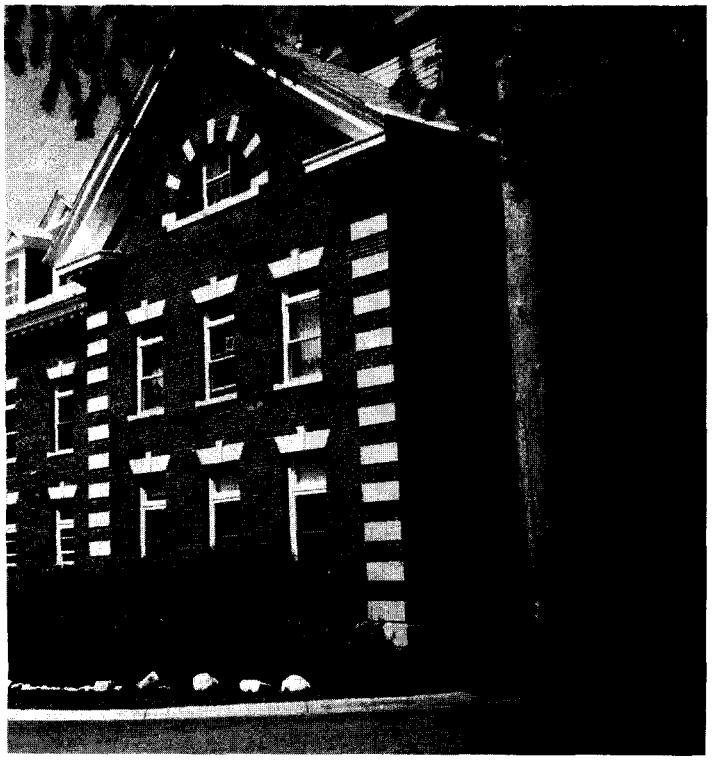
Very little solid research is available on the subject of whether or not institutionalizing children does them any lasting good. Researchers and child-care experts say that this lack of public accountability is due to a shortage of funds for research, which existed especially during the Reagan and Bush years. Indeed, experts disagree widely about what the criteria of success might be, let alone to what extent success may be achieved. Nevertheless, Stuck estimates that most residential programs do a good job. But Ira M. Schwartz, the dean of the University of Pennsylvania School of Social Work, discounts all claims of institutional success. Any studies conducted without a control group he calls "unsound." Even those few studies that have used control groups, he insists, are suspect and inconclusive: "No credible evidence shows that institutions are more effective than other, less expensive options."

Since 1964 American child-care institutions have been living uneasily with the good-news, bad-news results of a highly respected research project known as the Cleveland Bellefaire follow-up study. The bad news is that the benefits of residential treatment tend not to last once a child returns to society. Samuel Kelman, the present director of Bellefaire, which has a residential treatment center, doesn't think the bad news is altogether bad. "If a guy breaks his arm, and the doctor sets it, and the guy breaks his arm again, do you say the original intervention was not successful?" The good news, which attracted less attention at the time the results of the study were reported, is that institutions could improve success rates by working more closely with parents and with the community into which the child was being released.

Kelman takes the positive and negative findings of the Bellefaire study seriously. "We try to make the life experience of the kids while they are in our program conducive to learning what they are going to need to do when they leave the program. We teach them how to negotiate the system. We teach vocational skills, problem solving, and how to manage money. We do a lot of group work and give them a lot of feedback. Bellefaire is very aggressive about parent involvement. Our goal is to try to help them to increase their responsibility for rearing their own children. We plan home visits; we involve parents in decision-making while their kids are still in the program. But partly what we have is an attitude that we hope reflects respect for parents." A Bellefaire study completed in 1990 showed that 78 percent of children followed were still living at home three years after leaving treatment. Seventy-six percent were working or in school.

"Success" is defined modestly, even by those who run what are considered to be among the best residential programs in the country. Many, like Woodland Hills, gauge success in terms of recidivism. Eighty percent of the 160 young people who graduated from its peer program from 1989 to 1991 were not sent to other institutions during the year following their release. One year, David Kern says, is a reliable indicator of future success.

"When I was a kid," Sam Ross, the executive director of Green Chimneys, says, "my teachers used to say to me, 'If you don't pay attention, you're going to end up being a truck driver or a garbage collector.' Now I pray each night that my children will end up being truck drivers or garbage collec-



Woodland Hills, in Minnesota: "They don't let us have anything that has drugs in it, like bleach or gas, nothing that we could sniff and get high"

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tors." Ross has no studies to prove that Green Chimneys's program is successful, but he has confidence in his own informal research techniques. He compares the numbers of grateful alumni who attend annual reunions with the number of requests for records he receives from community agencies, indicating that one of his graduates is in jail or other serious trouble, and he comes up with a positive assessment.

In 1984, with funding from an anonymous grant, The Children's Village initiated a pilot scholarship program called the W-A-Y (Work Appreciation for Youth). To qualify, boys had to have been at The Children's Village for at least six months and be able to read at a third-grade level. In the same year researchers established a comparison group composed of equally qualified students from The Children's Village who would not participate in the scholarship program but would

DAWN M. ROODE

Green Chimneys, in New York: every time a child is discharged, a bird is released in recognition

follow some less intensive course. To date 155 children have participated in the W-A-Y program. Participants must prove their mettle by performing nonsalaried chores and community service before moving on to salaried jobs on the campus, such as working on the gardening crew or at the Village Store. As the kids progress from chores to real jobs, they are taught to fill out job applications, negotiate salaries, conduct interviews, and accept criticism, and become subject to real-life consequences, such as being fired, for poor performance. In the final stages of the program, participants enter into a contract with The Children's Village—and with their parents, too, if they are available—in which the young person agrees to work part-time and save a percentage of earnings for a college education or job training. Savings are matched by private donors. Evaluations of the W-A-Y program made in 1993 indicate success. Twice as many scholarship students as young people in the comparison group had either graduated from high school or earned their high school equivalency degree. The dropout rate among scholarship students was 13 percent as opposed to 33 percent in the other group. For purposes of comparison (if severely emotionally disturbed children *can* be compared with children in the general population), the New York City public high school dropout rate from 1988 to 1992 was 16.2 percent.

In 1990 Boys Town concluded a longitudinal study that had begun in 1981, comparing the attitudes toward education and the attainments of a group of residents with those of a sample group of young people who had applied to Boys Town but did not attend. Among other findings, which included that the Boys Town residents estimated more highly both the importance of going to college and their own potential to complete college, the study demonstrated that the Boys Town kids did better academically and were far more likely to graduate from high school than the sample group.

PARADIGMS AND POLITICS

TWO years ago legislation called the Family Preservation Act was vetoed by President George Bush. The bill asked for about $2 billion to strengthen families. About half of that amount was earmarked for "family preservation"—programs to preserve troubled families *before* they broke up, so that fewer children would enter the foster-care system in the first place. Families in crisis would be assigned a licensed social worker, who would be available to them around the clock for a period of about three months, for help with problems ranging from substance abuse to landlord-tenant relations. Parents in imminent danger of abusing their children could find relief in a "respite program." Last year's budget legislation provided $1 billion for similar purposes, with a substantial portion also to be spent on family preservation. It had the backing of leading child-advocacy groups, including the Child Welfare League of America, the Children's Defense Fund, and The National Association of Homes and Services for Children. The Edna McConnell Clark Foundation has produced media kits claiming that family-preservation programs cost less per family ($3,000 for one family for a year) than family foster care, which it says costs $10,000 per *child*, or institutional care, which costs $40,000 per child.

Directors of some children's institutions are convinced that "family preservation" will take money directly out of institutional pockets. Sam Ross likes to point out that the family, theoretically the best way to rear children, also happens to be the least expensive. He calls this coincidence good news for advocates of family preservation, whom he calls "the liberal-conservative conspiracy." The way Ross sees it, liberal family preservationists believe that residential treatment centers are warehouses for children who could best be served in

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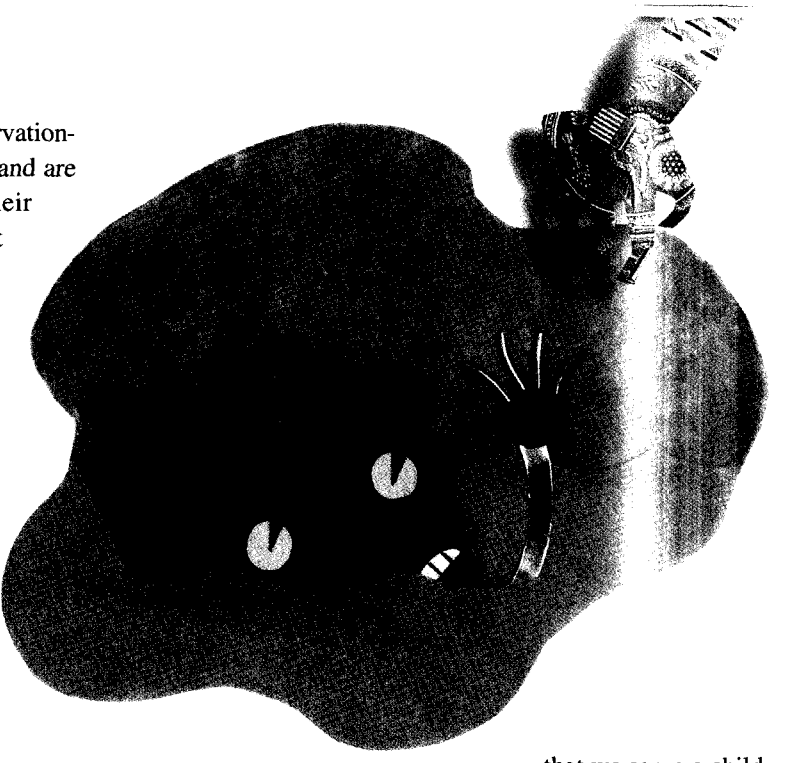
homes in their own communities. Conservative preservationists are horrified by the cost of residential treatment and are looking for a cheaper alternative. "For once in their lives," Ross says, "they agree on something: let's get rid of residential treatment."

"It makes about as much sense as closing down emergency rooms and intensive-care units in order to lower hospital costs," says Brenda Nordlinger, the executive director of the National Association of Homes and Services for Children.

"Family preservation? Who can be opposed to that?" says David Coughlin, of Boys Town. "But," he warns, "some kids are going to be in trouble all their lives. These kids are always going to need help. You can't just blow across the top of a family for three months and expect their woes to go away."



Some directors of children's institutions worry that "family preservation" will take money out of their pockets.

As of this year The Villages in Kansas will be responding to pressure from the state, which provides 78 percent of its operating expenses, to institute a family-preservation program in addition to its group-foster-care program. One of the eight Kansas residences will be rededicated as a ninety-day "home away from home" for abused children. Meanwhile, therapists trained by The Villages will work with the abusing parents and the abused children in an effort to reunite the family. "We want to provide the services that the state wants to purchase. We'd be foolish not to," says Mark Brewer, who has been the executive director since last June.

Nan Dale, of The Children's Village, thinks that the fervor to reduce the numbers of children in residential treatment is reminiscent of what is now generally considered the disastrous policy of de-institutionalizing adult mental patients in the 1970s. Program directors are very skeptical about whether preventive-intervention programs are really as successful as their advocates claim. Those who believe that family preservation is being oversold see an ally in John Schuerman, a professor of social work at the University of Chicago. Schuerman has studied preventive-intervention programs and believes that many of the families that were treated and did not split up were not likely to split up in the first place.

Nan Dale is feeling the anti-institutional heat and resenting it. "We're as pro-family a place as you can find. The fact that we serve a child who has been removed from a family does not make us anti-family. We involve parents." Nevertheless, she says, "the lines have been drawn. When the words 'preventive service' got applied to everything up to the doorstep of residential care, some of us had apoplectic fits. We all would have told you that what we did here *was* preventive. We prevent lifetimes in mental hospitals, lifetimes in prisons. All of a sudden some bureaucrat in Washington defines preventive service as preventing placement outside the home, and we become the thing to be prevented." For the first time in anyone's memory The Children's Village, one of the largest and considered one of the best residential treatment centers in the country, has no waiting list. Dale says that children who might once have been sent there are being diverted to less restrictive, less expensive, and less appropriate options, such as foster-home care, on the presumption that a family setting is always better.

"What's in vogue right now is family preservation," says Father Val, of Boys Town. "Just follow the trend. Watch the little lemmings dashing toward the sea. They will tire of family preservation the way they tired of de-institutionalization. It's as if they just discovered that it's a good idea to try to keep kids in families. It's an exegesis of the obvious." Father Val thinks that the need to frame the debate as either anti-family or anti-institution is inevitable, given the longing that human beings feel for simple answers to complex questions. Certainly the people who make child-welfare policy, as well as those who carry it out, believe that the either-or approach is self-defeating. Nevertheless, it persists. Earl Stuck, who was one of the supporters of the Family Preservation Act, acknowledges the problem. "When you try to sell something politically, you have to oversell your case."

David Fanshel was until his recent retirement a professor at the Columbia University School of Social Work. A leader in the field of social work, and foster care in particular, Fan-

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shel was the principal investigator in two major longitudinal studies on foster children in homes and institutions. At a time when many experts are questioning the value of residential treatment and promoting family preservation, Fanshel is going against the tide. He foresees a greater need for residential care in the near future. In fact, Fanshel, for decades one of the leading proponents of permanency planning, has modified his views. He now believes that permanent placement with a family is not an appropriate goal for about a quarter of the older, more seriously damaged and criminally inclined children in the system. He would like to see foster care reorganized into a two-tiered system in which permanent placement would remain the goal for the larger group, and the forestalling of criminal behavior through treatment would be the goal for the other group, which he calls "Subsystem B." He sees institutions playing a significant role in treating such dangerous children. The creation of two subsystems, Fanshel argues, "might help to avoid the inappropriate underfunding of Subsystem B now taking place in the interest of permanency planning."

The debate between family preservationists and those who advocate the wider use of institutions has been going on for decades. Until as late as the 1920s pro-family reformers used the "orphan trains" to place children with farm families. Today their anti-institutional counterparts, in their determination to provide a home for every child, sometimes resort to "adoption fairs," where difficult-to-adopt children are viewed by prospective parents. The social worker who organized one such event told a reporter from *Vogue* that although these fairs can result in the adoption of as many as half the children, "it felt like a slave auction."

Richard Small tells prospective adoptive parents, "If you're going to adopt a child from The Walker School, you're going out of your way to ask for trouble." Small is uncertain about whether it will be possible to find parents for six of the eight children at the school who were recently freed for adoption. One is a very disturbed twelve-year-old boy who has already suffered two failed adoptions. Small is faced with the opposite of King Solomon's conundrum: this time no mothers want the child. How hard should he try to find another adoptive family?

"Another adoption with this boy would be likely to fail," says Small, who also knows that another rejection might harm the boy more than a lifetime without parents. On the other hand, can he consign the child to such permanent and profound loneliness? "He has no one," Small says, "absolutely no one."

Small talked at length with the boy about the pros and cons of risking another adoption. Together, they had just about made up their minds in favor of life without parents when the boy wondered out loud, "Then who will take me for my driver's license?"

"I wish," Small says, "that there were a place, a group home, where kids could live at those times when they couldn't live at home. We've got a number of youngsters in this society—who knows how many?—who are capable of being connected to people, who wish to be connected, who should be connected, but who can't live full-time with the people they're connected to. When they do, terrible things happen to both sides, the kids and the caretakers. These kids get placed in families repeatedly and they repeatedly fail. What are we going to do with these children? Right now we either put them in an institution or we put them in a family."

GOING HOME

A GOOD children's institution is a hard place to leave. In the institutional world the child has the advantage; in the real world the child does not. The experts consult. Parents and children consult. Is the family ready? Is the child ready?

Twenty-five years ago 80 percent of the children who "graduated" from The Children's Village went home to some family member, most likely the mother. But starting about five years ago the percentage began to drop. Today only 55 percent go home to family. Nan Dale, citing her own subjective standard of measurement, the "GFF" (gut-feeling factor), estimates that half of that narrow majority are returning to a home situation that is fragile. At Woodland Hills, where most of the kids are released to the care of their families, David Kern says he feels uneasy about the prospects for success almost half the time. He calls sending vulnerable children home the worst part of the job. While he was at The Villages, Don Harris felt uneasy about returning kids to their parents about 80 percent of the time. "The reality is we can help these kids build some bridges to their families, but they probably will never be able to live with them."

Not sending vulnerable children home can also be the worst part of the job. People who work with institutionalized children continually face a quandary to which they have no satisfactory solution: What should they do when, in spite of everyone's best efforts, family seems not to be in the best interests of the child? What the system has to offer is life in a group home followed by independent apartment living, and then nothing.

Life without parents is a difficult sentence to pronounce upon a child, but it's happening more and more often. "Sometimes children have gone beyond the opportunity to go back and capture what needed to be done between the ages of three and eight," says Gene Baker, the chief psychologist at The Children's Village. "Sometimes the thrust of intimacy that comes with family living is more than they can handle. Sometimes the requirement of bonding is more than they have the emotional equipment to give. As long as we keep pushing them back into what is our idealized fantasy of family, they'll keep blowing it out of the water for us." ❦

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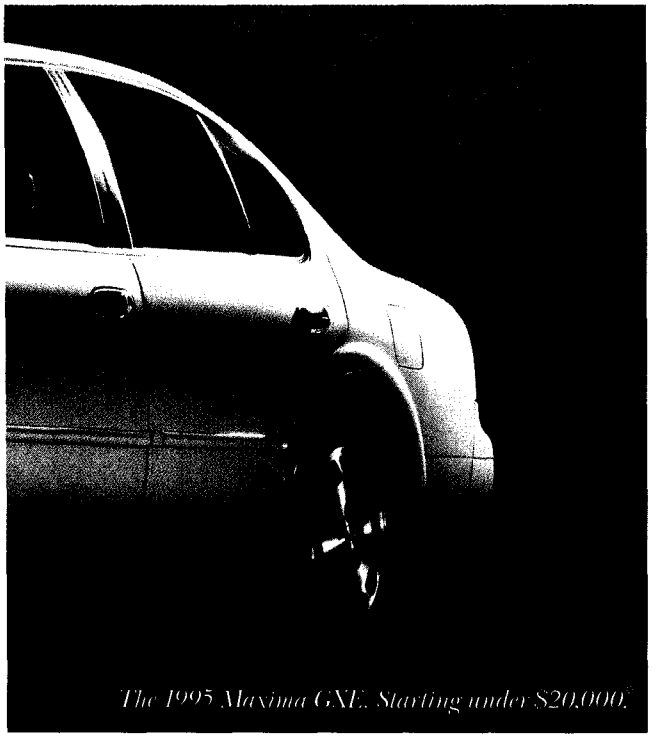

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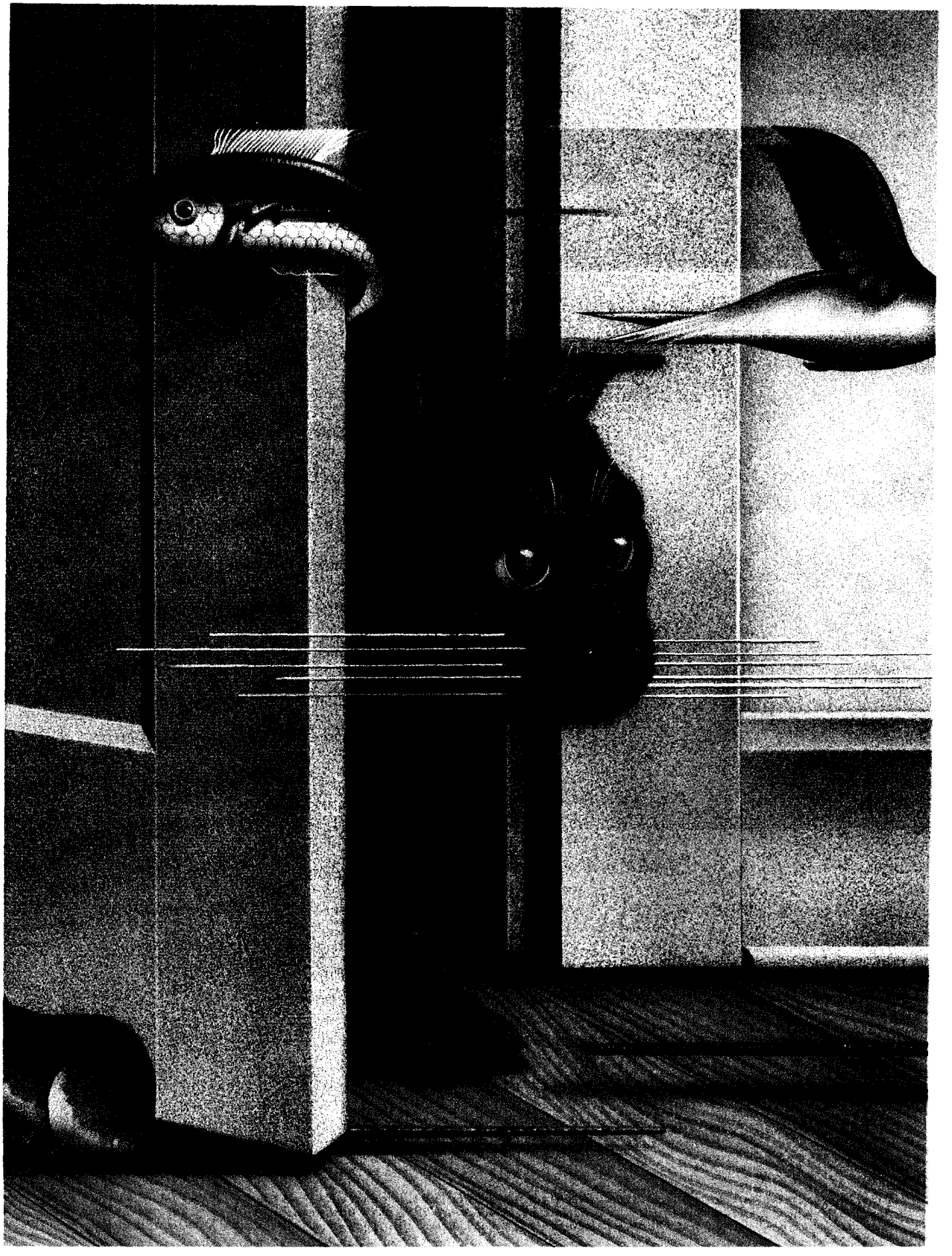

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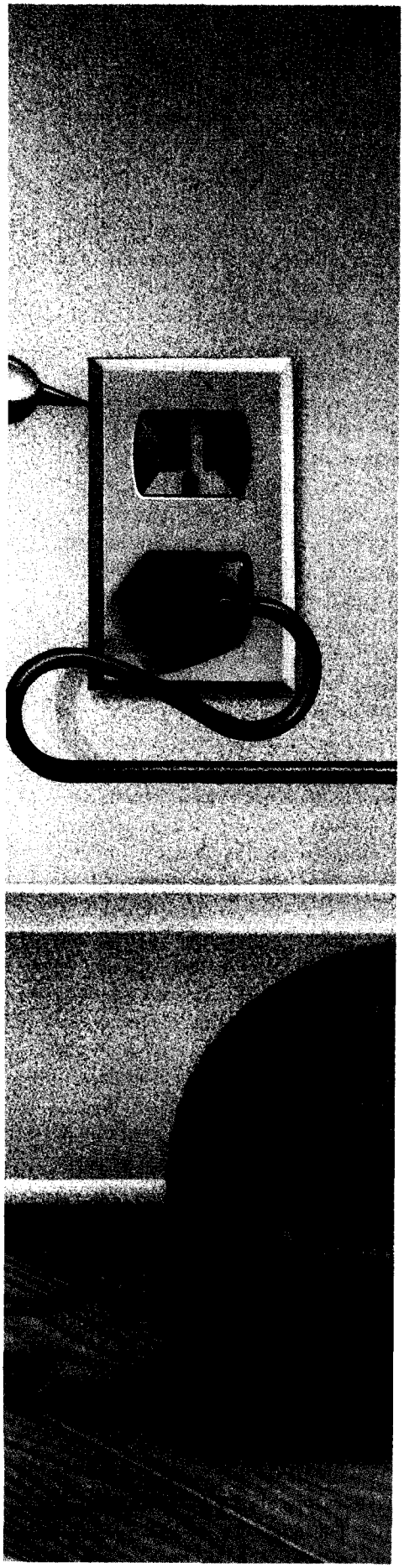

The cat is surely America's favorite domestic animal, but remarkably little is known about its inner world. The author describes two important traits of cats: their highly developed sense organs and the fact that they are social creatures rather than solitaries

Strong and Sensitive CATS

by ELIZABETH MARSHALL THOMAS

POUND for pound, cats are by far the strongest animals many of us ever encounter. When my husband and I recently tried to wash our cat Rajah, for example, our combined strength was required just to keep him in the washbasin, and we could have used a third person to put on the soap. All we had sought to do was to rid this cat of fleas, but both of us got badly scratched in the process, and the bathroom got drenched from ceiling to floor. In the confusion the poor cat escaped and dried himself off, and he had nothing to do with us for days thereafter.

When one projects the strength of that seven-pound cat into a 700-pound tiger, one gets some idea of the animal's might. So we may be grateful that tigers bathe themselves—or so says the science writer Sy Montgomery.

Cat sense organs, too, are developed to a degree that we may find hard to imagine. Cats have six senses—or more if, as some believe, they also have psychic powers. They have whiskers, teeth, and skin to provide the sense of touch; eyes, ears, and nose for sight, sound, and smell; the tongue for taste; and a nearly invisible system known as the vomeronasal organ in the upper gum and palate, for detecting the presence of certain chemicals in the environment. Among other signals picked up by the vomeronasal organ are estrus pheromones.

Of all the senses, this sixth sense is the least understood. Sea mammals and the higher primates were thought until recently to be the only mammals in which it was missing, although some of the higher primates, including human beings, were thought to have it vestigially. In the past few years, however, researchers have discovered that the vomeronasal organ in human beings is functional after all. Exactly what purpose the organ serves has yet to be learned.

To use the organ, an animal stretches its mouth to expose the vomeronasal pores in an act known as "flehmening" or "doing flehmen." A tiger doing flehmen grins a terrible grin that stretches out its tongue. A house cat makes a tight little smile, with its front teeth covered by its upper lip, which is

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stretched tight. Cats often do flehmen when they encounter the urine sprays of other cats. Our cat Lilac, the mother of our hunting house cat Rajah, slowly and deliberately does flehmen when she encounters a glass of white wine. Other cats scratch dirt over wine and beer, as if covering pools of urine. Who knows why? Probably the answer lies in the chemical properties of alcohol. In any event, most if not all tiger trainers stay away from strong drink before a training session or a performance. Tigers are said to dislike the smell of alcohol on someone's breath so deeply that, given the opportunity, they will shred the drinker. (Even were this not the case, who would have the nerve to spend time with a tiger while drunk?)

Perhaps a cat's most important sense is sight. To understand its impact, one might contrast the way dogs and cats respond to films and television. Many dogs seem aware that what appears on a movie screen is unreal, yet some dogs respond anyway—often to sound, particularly the sound of other dogs barking, but sometimes to the image as well. Usually naive dogs do this. Once, a sled dog named Koki, who began life on the end of a chain in a village in northern Canada, reacted with restrained excitement to the image of a deer in someone's home movie. She leaped eagerly into a chair to see the screen better, but soon realized that whatever she was looking at was an illusion, and quietly got down. On another occasion, when a television set was placed on the floor, a young female dingo named Viva became greatly taken with an ad for pet food in which a little team of horses ran through a room and disappeared into a cupboard. Viva tore around the set to catch the horses when they ran out the back. But Koki and Viva were unusually gullible, probably because of Koki's rustic origins and Viva's youth. As a rule, not much experience is necessary for a dog to ignore television images. Koki soon realized her error, and young Viva, ashamed, was never fooled again, although I and other loudly laughing people tried everything we could think of to get her to repeat the mistake.

Dogs are not nearly so sophisticated about sounds. The bark of a dog on TV—not an uncommon occurrence—can usually start a viewing dog barking. The bark of a coyote on TV can put a viewing dog in orbit.

Just as dogs respond to the sounds of television, cats seem drawn to the flickering screen. At bedtime our three cats appear as if by prearrangement to lie at the foot of our bed and watch the evening news, like an audience in the front row of a theater. Videos made especially for cats are particularly popular with them. When Rajah was shown a cat video of fluttering birds, he couldn't get enough of it. He sat squarely in front of the screen, his eyes huge, his whiskers straining. Every now and then the image would prove too much for him, and he'd fling himself against the glass, only to drop to the floor. Reality. At that point he might leave the room for a while, but then he would quietly return to the enthralling spectacle. He soon learned to recognize the soundtrack, and the twittering on it would draw him from elsewhere in the house. At the time of this writing Rajah still watches the cat video, even though he knows it's an illusion, and his excitement remains nearly as strong as it was the first time.

Christmas, our third cat, watches the same video. Now and then she leaps at the screen, and so involved is she with the images that sometimes after leaping she will back up, looking down at herself: she believes she has caught the bird but has lost it again, and is checking to see if it has escaped by going underneath her, as mice sometimes do.

SOME people might offer the anecdote of these cats and their video as evidence of cat stupidity. Not so. The anecdote merely illustrates the nature of a cat's hunting instinct. And if cats are proved stupid by having such an instinct, why, then so are we. One of the most important observations I've ever encountered concerned the human hunting instinct and was made by Ken Jafek, a hunter and professional outfitter in Malta, Idaho. Jafek said that the intense excitement that accompanies the sighting of a wild animal does not diminish with repetition or with familiarity or with time. Although Jafek is now a grandfather, he gets the same rush when he spots a deer (or other wild animal) as he did when he was a youngster, although in his capacity as a guide and a hunter he has by now encountered wild animals thousands of times. I'm sure this important reflex is found in many of us. It certainly is in me. And here we share something with the cat tribe: the stimulus to our hunting instinct is visual.

A cat's sense of smell, in contrast, seems to have relatively little importance as a hunting tool, but is more than useful as a way of learning about other cats. Unlike most hunters, including wolves and human beings, the big cats (those whose habits are known) appear to ignore the wind when hunting, even though they surely know of their own strong personal odor. A cat is just as apt to stalk its prey upwind as down, not always to its advantage.

A cat's lack of response to airborne scent is particularly interesting in light of the fact that cats use their sense of smell to find things and to identify other animals. I watched a demonstration of the latter skill at our home, in New Hampshire, after an elephant and her trainer, who is an acquaintance of ours, had walked between our house and garage. Our cats had been locked up with the dogs in the detached, windowless garage while the elephant was present, and once they were released and were gladly making their way back to the house, they stopped dead at the elephant's trail. Whoa! They didn't know what the smell was—they had never seen or smelled an elephant—and they wanted to know. Hair bristling, they lingered long over the footprints, pressing their nostrils to the earth, audibly snuffling. The dogs, in contrast, ran right past the scent trail, much to my surprise. But then I realized that they would have caught whiffs of the elephant during their imprisonment, so the smell would not have come as a shock.

The animals' respective reactions were as typical as they were informative. The dogs wanted most of all to join us, their social group, after having

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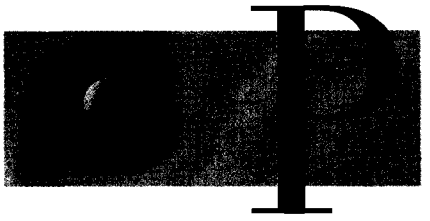

Perhaps a cat's most important sense is sight. To understand its impact, one might contrast the way dogs and cats respond to films and television.

been kept from us while something as strange as an elephant was present, whereas the cats cared less about their group and more about their surroundings. They wanted to know what strange thing had visited their home. Furthermore, if the dogs *had* caught the scent before the cats did, I take that not as evidence of cats' lesser ability but rather as a sign that they do not give airborne odors the same credit that dogs do. Every year at Christmas these same cats use olfaction to detect our family's hidden hoard of Christmas presents, to find their own presents in the pile, and then to remove and open those packages. Our cats are never wrong; they open only their own presents and no others. Obvious? Not really. Why does a cat who can find catnip not search for odors in the wind? I think that cats experience odors as pools—not as trails, the way dogs do. A kitten finds his mother by entering the pool of her scent, and then finds his own personal nipple by sniffing through the fur of her belly. What this must mean to a cat is suggested, I believe, by the preference cats show for their owners' clothes. To lie on one's owner's sweater, in a cloud of one's owner's scent, must awaken secure and pleasant feelings.

Intraspecies communication is probably the most important function of cats' sense of smell. Cats evidently have tiny scent glands on their faces—on their lips, chins, and cheeks, and at the base of their whiskers—which they rub on us, on each other, and even on objects, mixing their odors with the odors of others in a gesture of unity and bonding. Similarly, cats have scent glands on their backs at the roots of their tails, with which they perfume other, familiar cats and objects in and around their homes. When a cat arches its back and rubs against you, it is probably marking you with this friendly odor. Cats also have glands between the toes and inside the anus which leave secretions that may carry a hostile message. Cats bury their feces when at home, perhaps to mute the message. But when far from home cats purposely leave scat on top of rocks or hills or in other conspicuous, windswept locations for the information of other cats. Thus scent can serve as a Keep Out sign.

The entire face of a cat, including the lips, the fine hairs inside the ears, the tips of the whiskers, and perhaps even the surface of the eyes, is an area of extreme sensitivity, perhaps enabling a function like the "facial vision" of blind people. As a cat walks, its whiskers point forward—forward and down if it is calm, forward and up if it is anxious or excited. A circus tiger often enters the ring wide-eyed and with his whiskers pointed far forward, as if unsure of what will meet him as he emerges from the chute. Usually the cause of concern is another tiger already in the ring. If the newcomer reaches his seat unmolested, he may feel more confident, and will await his first cue calmly, with his whiskers to the sides. If his trainer then comes to speak to him, or if he happens to be seated beside a tiger whom he likes and who likes him, he may chuff and bow his head in greeting, with his whiskers flat against his cheeks. But if he is then expected to do a trick that's difficult for him, his whiskers will come forward as he gathers himself to perform. Human beings can replicate these emotions by moving the skin around their mouths in a comparable manner: pursing their lips when unsure (an act that, if we had feline whiskers, would push them forward) and blandly smiling when serene (to lay the whiskers back against the cheeks).

Using his face and all its senses, a hunting cat keeps his whiskers forward, his lips very slightly parted, his ears up, and his eyes very wide. Even his eyeteeth are fitted with nerves, making the tips of the teeth highly sensitive, so that when the cat grabs his prey by the neck and bites down, his eyeteeth feel his victim's vertebrae and find spaces between the bones where he can cut through the spinal cord. The cat may then shroud his victim with his whiskers to learn through them whether any vibration remains in the victim—in other words, to learn if it's still living. Usually cats don't start eating until their prey is dead. Perhaps through his sensitive whiskers a cat learns the moment when eating may begin.

ALTHOUGH cats are no less social than many other species, we tend to think of them as solitaries, probably because whenever we see a cat he is physically far enough away from the other members of his group to seem alone. Celebrating the concept of cats as solitaries, Rudyard Kipling described the cat who walked by himself, waving his wild tail in the wet wild woods. In fact, however, cats are highly social. If they weren't, they wouldn't need scent glands and their vast repertoire of vocalizations and tail and body postures, which convey an almost unlimited number of emotional impressions to other cats. Nor would they need their highly mobile facial skin—their delicately muscled ears, eyelids, lips, and cheeks—and their whiskers to produce a wide variety of changing facial expressions. The faces of cats are more mobile than dogs' faces or even our faces. Less social mammals don't need facial expressions, and hence their faces seem comparatively stiff.

The importance of facial expression in cats was dramatically illustrated by our cats after one my husband and I used to have, our beautiful white Aasa, went blind. We had no idea that anything was the matter with this cat. Her blindness was caused by an inherited condition

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that we were unaware of, and that had come on gradually. Because Aasa had known our house and its surrounding land from childhood, she managed to get around almost perfectly even after she became blind, so that we noticed only that she seemed very quiet and subdued, that she had developed a strange way of getting onto a bed (never jumping, but reaching with her paw and feeling the surface before clambering up), and that fewer little corpses of mice and birds were being brought into the house.

But the other cats noticed big differences. Perhaps the most important was Aasa's response to them. She had no way of knowing they were looking at her, and therefore failed to respond to them appropriately, which to them was inflammatory behavior, and only made them try to get at her all the more. We weren't able to discover which of her mistakes brought on the attacks, but my guess is that Aasa, a junior female in our household's cat group, didn't realize when a senior cat was looking at her. She couldn't meet the other cat's eyes, nor could she avert her own eyes, a very important social requirement for lower-ranking cats. Nor could she solicit affectionate rubbing—another feline gaffe. The other cats must have had a cats' version of the idea that Aasa was deliberately trying to frustrate them, something that a normal cat would never do. Even to us, that she felt a surface before jumping up onto it was eerie, disconcerting, perhaps because she seemed to do it stealthily, without looking at us and without changing her facial expression even when we were right there watching her. Undoubtedly, her failure to do the right thing at the right time provoked the other cats very deeply, and caused them to persecute her. They seemed to be especially hard on her when we were away from home. We would return to find no sign of Aasa other than piles of white fur that the other cats had torn from her skin. After a long search we would find her hiding, usually in some dark corner of the basement. We would call her, and she would come partway toward us, moving very slowly, very carefully, particularly when crossing a part of the crawl space that contained a deep open well. Looking back, picturing where she would stand and how she would move in the crawl space, I can see that she remembered the well, and was being careful to stay far away from it.

Eventually we would catch her and carry her upstairs. Sometimes the other cats would then chase her, and in flight she would sometimes narrowly miss a doorway and run into the wall. We knew that something was terribly wrong, but we had no idea what. Before long we had to section off the house, putting Aasa in one part and the rest of the cats in the other. But still the other cats stalked her, peering at her through an interior screen door.

At last we decided to find her a new home. There her blindness was discovered by the wonderful, thoughtful people to whom we gave her—Peter Schweitzer and his late wife, Susanna, cat owners extraordinaire. So the strange persecution was finally explained. Aasa now knows her way around the Schweitzer house and is on good terms with an adolescent cat who also lives there and, being younger than the blind cat and her junior in the household, is in no position to take offense at any possible mistakes.

WHY don't we recognize cat society? Probably because, at least superficially, it differs so greatly from our own. We recognize caste in dogs because we rank ourselves by the familiar dog system, a ladderlike social arrangement wherein one individual outranks all others, the next outranks all but the first, and so on down the hierarchy. But the cat system is more like a wheel, with a high-ranking cat at the hub and the others arranged around the rim, all reluctantly acknowledging the superiority of the despot but not necessarily measuring themselves against one another. Farm cats and cats of other closely knit groups usually seem egalitarian. But my impression is that they may actually have a cats' version of the social ladder—not like that of dogs and people, with one individual per rung, but rather with several cats on each rung. Even then, the signs of hierarchy in cats are displayed so subtly that our poor powers of observation can barely detect them. A cat expresses soft, submissive feelings by lightly rubbing his face on the faces of those whom he would please: his feline superiors, or dogs, or his owner—anyone close who he feels is not a rival and who is above him socially. A vertical tail can be a sign of superiority in house cats, as is a tail curved up and over the back like a scorpion's in leopards, tigers, and lions. A raised tail in a cat is not the same as a raised tail in a dog, however. Among

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THRILL

To say fabricated things, where freedom is forced
on young girls,
and give it your own sensual twist, pretending in their bodies'
natural curves lies a willingness like animals to lick and rub each other
in the soft afternoon light. To thrill yourself with the imagined scent
of bodies redolent with oil and mango-colored.
And if a child's face releases a shadow,
no longer able to quiet herself with herself (*what*, for you, is wrong?),
to force her on to an ever deeper bliss—a nude queen lying on a green carpet,
a servant picking yellow fruit, and two old men near a large tree
discussing The Tree of Knowledge, your favorite scene.

—CAROL FROST

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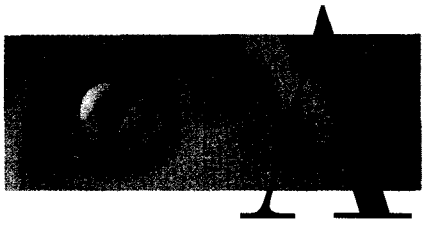

cat's vast repertoire of vocalizations and tail and body postures conveys an almost unlimited number of emotional impressions to other cats.

dogs the raised tail means higher rank, and thus when two dogs meet, Dog One raises his tail while Dog Two holds his tail low. When two cats meet, however, both may raise their tails, with Cat One raising his higher, perhaps because he feels more confidence. My cats usually go out into the fields with their tails low, and usually come home with their tails high—they are coming home to other cats, and to the dogs and human members of the family.

In a delightful encounter last year in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a certain cat who had been hunting birds in the bushes of Harvard Yard noticed me watching him, gave up his hunt, backed out of the bushes, and purposefully strode right toward me, lifting his tail to the sky and his gaze to mine as he drew near. As our eyes met, he meowed once and kept on going. *You have disturbed me, so I'm leaving this place*, his gesture said. *But since you are a human being, I'll greet you anyway. Hello.* Sometimes, though, the tail shows nothing. Two cats simply eye each other, and both know who is who.

If the social order of cats differs from ours, so does the social behavior. Here again, human beings are more like the dog family, whose social inclinations we have no trouble recognizing. To illustrate the difference I offer my own three dogs and three cats, who are unusually compatible by virtue of long acquaintance, and who each morning choose to follow me to my office in our detached garage. I don't ask them to come with me, and I don't feed them when I get there; they are free to come and go by way of many animal doors. In short, I offer no incentive other than my company. When I start for my office, the dogs crowd out the kitchen door with me, squeezing past my legs and almost upsetting me, never bothering with a nearby animal door, because in the morning they are feeling sociable and want to be close. Meanwhile, nothing is seen of the cats. However, by the time the dogs and I are halfway to my office, we notice that the cats are also outdoors and heading in the same direction. On we go, the dogs and I exchanging looks and touches, while the cats apparently ignore us and each other. But soon after the dogs and I are inside the office, the cats materialize there, too, just as interested in being together as the dogs are, but expressing themselves in a different way.

Cats, I surmise, seem unsocial to us only because we aren't good at recognizing the signals of other species. We interpret cat signals as telling us, for instance, that the cat doesn't care about us and doesn't miss us when we're gone. If people were giving off similar signals, our interpretation would probably be right. But they're not people, and we're wrong. When my husband and I take a trip, we leave the cats in the house with plenty of food and water. We take the dogs to a kennel, but the cats may not know that, since we drop the dogs off on the way to the airport. As far as the cats are concerned, we and the dogs depart together, leaving the cats at home. And evidently the cats mind this.

No wonder. The cats depend on us and the dogs, whether they show it plainly or not. When thunderstorms gather, for example, the cats come indoors to be with me or my husband. If neither of us is at home, the cats stay with the dogs, preferably with my husband's dog, Sundog, who is Dog One in our family. Even though Sundog doesn't like the cats, they look up to him, believing that when cosmic troubles threaten, he'll know what to do. Thus they feel truly abandoned when we go away, taking Sundog and the other dogs but leaving them alone in the house. As we leave, they retire to the upstairs rooms to lie on the beds, tails tucked and paws neatly folded, where they become unresponsive, a demeanor that resembles human pouting or sulking and may be an emotional withdrawal from an unpleasant situation. If called, they won't answer and won't come.

But when we return, they have heard the car and are waiting at the door, tails high, to curl themselves around our feet and lift themselves to brush lips with the dogs (but not always with Sundog, who keeps them at a distance by showing them the tip of an eyetooth and watching them out of the corner of his eye).

I once watched a group of four male cheetahs crossing an African plain, not one behind the other, in the way of most land mammals, but scattered like crows about fifty feet apart, each finding his own way. These cheetahs had formed an alliance to own a tract of land, and therefore I felt—enclosed as I am in primate sensibility—that they ought to glance at one another every once in a while. In a similar situation we primates would glance at one another, perhaps to see if our companions were in agreement as to where to go next, or perhaps merely to reaffirm our bonds. Dogs, too, would glance at one another. But cheetahs evidently don't feel the need. With their chins high and their half-shut eyes looking at the hills, the woods, the sky, the horizon—anywhere but at their companions—they slouched along in seeming bland oblivion. My first impression, stupid as it now seems, was that none of them realized that the others were there. When, as if by chance, they all reached the edge of the plain together, each chose his own path as they sauntered off among the trees.

As for Kipling's cat, being of the same cattish mind-set as the cheetahs, he probably never thought he was walking by himself. More likely he thought he was walking with Kipling and, waving his tail aloft as a beacon, was probably trying to lead the author out of the wet wild woods.

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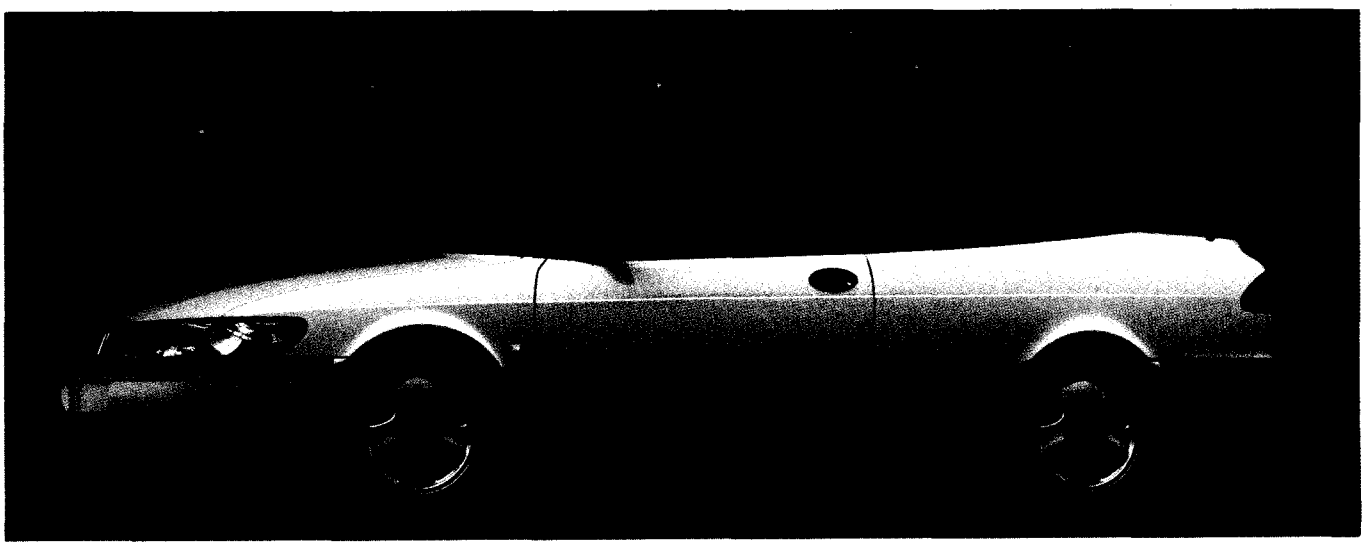

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The Roots of My Preoccupations

by CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN

In this, his second autobiographical essay, the author tells of his government career in Catholic Ireland near the end of the Second World War, of his discovery of the major themes of his intellectual life, and of the motives that impelled the Irish Prime Minister to pay a (universally condemned) condolence call on the German legation at the news of Hitler's death

IN 1944 I joined the Irish Department of External Affairs. I was transferred there, at my request, from the Department of Finance, where I had served for two undistinguished but instructive years.

Two questions arise: Why did I want to go there? And why did the department accept me?

Let me begin with the second question. Anyone who knew the department as it was in those days, and who knew me, would have thought it highly improbable that the department would accept me. Joseph P. Walshe, the secretary—that is, permanent head—of the department, was an exceptionally devout Catholic, even by the exacting standards of the Ireland of the first half of the twentieth century. He had served thirteen years of the novitiate for the Jesuit order before being rejected on grounds of ill health. Rome, for Walshe, was still the center of the civilized world. And not only papal Rome but also political Rome in the thirties and early forties. Mussolini had been his hero, both as anti-communist champion and as restorer of the glories of Rome. A memo of his, in June of 1940, reveals him as exhilarated by the victories of the Axis (as he saw it; they were of course really German) and implies that Irish neutrality should be revised in a pro-Axis sense. He hoped to see Ireland aligned, after the war, with Franco's Spain, Salazar's Portugal, and Mussolini's Italy, forming a stabilizing Catholic element within the New Order, which he expected would follow the victory of the Axis. By 1944, of course, this blissful vision was fading fast. But Walshe's outlook did not change. He was always an extreme-right-wing Catholic in his personal views. His official position was significantly different. I shall come to that.

COURTESY OF THE CRUISE O'BRIEN FAMILY

The author, debating, in his Trinity College days

To a person holding those views, my CV was necessarily repulsive. My secondary school, Sandford Park, in Dublin, was a nondenominational school for boys. The boys were the children of Protestants, liberal Jews, and dissident Catholics—roughly a third of each description. From Joe Walshe's point of view, this was the most disreputable and morally contagious collection and environment that one could find in Catholic Ireland, with one exception: Trinity College, Dublin, an Anglican foundation, then under ban by the Catholic Church. No Catholic could attend it without a dispensation without committing a mortal sin. From Sandford Park, I went to Trinity College, without asking for a dispensation: a second large black mark in Walshe's book.

Others followed. In 1938, as a delegate from Trinity College to the annual conference of the Irish Labour Party, I made an anti-Franco speech, causing uproar among a section of the other delegates, and therefore hitting the front pages of the Dublin newspapers. This defined me as being on the far left of the Irish Labour Party in those days. From the point of view of the Catholic far right, an anti-Franco activist was just

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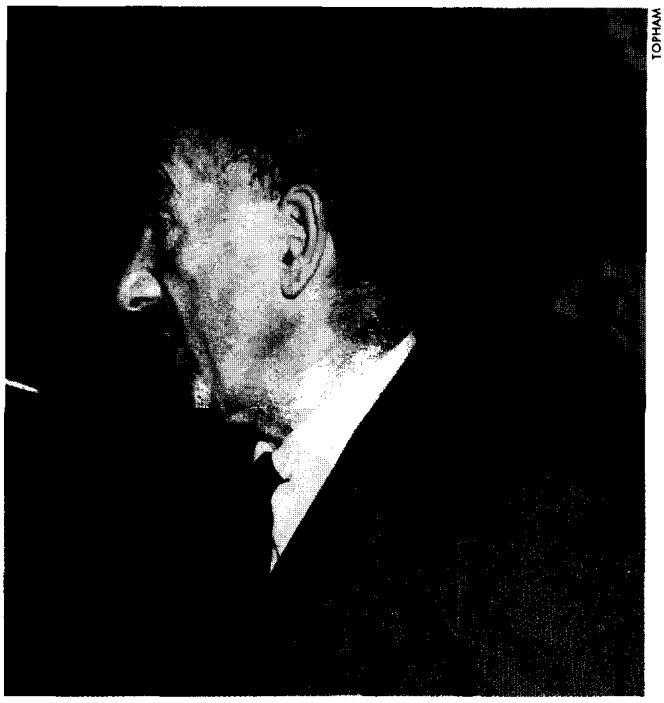

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Eamon de Valera (above left) during the 1932 election; Joseph P. Walshe

as bad as a Communist. The rumor spread that I actually *was* a Communist. Few people really believed this, but it clung to me vaguely, as an element in my reputation, and was revived occasionally during my official career. It didn't do me nearly as much harm as it would have done an American. I was to have quite a good official career, ending up with ambassadorial rank after seventeen years of service. Irish people didn't really care much about communism. They were against it when they thought about it, but they seldom thought about it. Catholicism, on the other hand, was something they did think quite a lot about, in one way or another, and it was my real relation to Catholicism, not my rumored one to communism, that was of most interest to people considering my case. That relation was an unusual one. There was nothing unusual even then about not believing in Catholicism. What was unusual then was to acknowledge publicly that you did not believe in Catholicism. There would be nothing unusual about that in the Ireland of the 1990s. It is common form. But fifty years ago it was very rare indeed. About the only people around who were behaving in that way in those days were my cousin Owen Sheehy-Skeffington and me. It is interesting that this did absolutely no harm to my public career around the mid-century—a time when the authority of a triumphant Catholic Church appeared to be overwhelmingly strong, in the media and in public life. But I think many educated people—including many in the public service—already resented that authority and, while being discreet about this themselves, had some respect for a person who publicly rejected it altogether.

However that may be, Joseph P. Walshe, who was secretary of the Department of External Affairs in 1944 (and remained in that position until he became Ireland's ambassador to the Holy See, in 1946) had no respect whatever for such a person. So the question is, How did I get past Joe Walshe? This is not easy to account for. In 1939 I had filled up the cup of my iniquities, in Joe's eyes, by my marriage. My first wife, Christine Foster, belonged to a Belfast Presbyterian family. The marriage was in a registry office and was therefore no marriage in the eyes of the Catholic Church. So from Joe's point of view, I was up to my neck in mortal sin, and even living in the stuff. I was also politically unsound, to a high and heinous degree, owing to my public attack on Franco—clearly no fit person to be a member of Catholic Ireland's Department of External Affairs. Yet I was duly appointed to the department, which therefore was not Catholic Ireland's (only) or Joe Walshe's, as much as Joe would have liked it to be. Why?

My "Dev" Connection

THE reason, I think, is that the decision was taken at a higher level. Under God there was only one higher level. This consisted of Eamon de Valera, then Minister for External Affairs as well as Taoiseach (Prime Minister). You may perhaps think it unlikely that so exalted a person should interest himself in a junior appointment: I entered his department, after all, as a third secretary, the lowest form of diplomatic life. But Ireland is a small country, the Department of External Affairs was then a very small department, and Dev would certainly have been consulted about any proposed diplomatic appointment, even at entry level.

Although Joe and Dev were both believing and practicing Catholics, they were very different in their political and social outlooks. The matters that damned me in Joe's eyes would not have hurt me at all in Dev's. Dev would have regarded my religion as my own private affair, and no business

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of his. He had himself defied the authority of the Church in the matter of the acceptance of the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1921, and so incurred excommunication during the Irish Civil War (1922–1923). Nor would that anti-Franco speech have worried him. Catholic dictators left him cold. At the League of Nations he had supported sanctions against Joe's hero, Benito Mussolini, after the Italian invasion of Abyssinia, and his opponents had then played the "Catholic Italy" (betraying of) card against him. They later denounced him for failing to support the paladin of the Catholic faith, General Francisco Franco, in the Spanish Civil War. When Joe discussed me with Dev, he would have known better than to raise any such objections against me. After twelve years of serving under Dev, Joe knew his Taoiseach too well for that.

As it happened, Joe Walshe had special reasons for minding his *p*s and *q*s where Dev was concerned. If my own past activities were worse than suspect in Joe's eyes, so were Joe's in Dev's. In 1932, the year in which De Valera's Fianna Fáil came into power for the first time, the Department of External Affairs, with Joe Walshe at its head, had been in charge during the general election of a subtle "anti-communist" smear campaign directed against De Valera. This could happen owing to circumstances surrounding the recent foundation of the state. Only a decade before, the state had been founded in civil war. After the war had been won, the winning side naturally had a monopoly on public office at every level. Its opponents, after all, were the enemies of the new state itself. There was no "loyal opposition" around (except for the small Labour Party), at least in the first five years. In 1927 the situation changed significantly when De Valera entered the Dáil (Parliament), thus recognizing the legitimacy of the new state, which he had formerly denied, in 1922 lending his prestige to the challenge of its armed enemies. But there were those who refused to credit Dev's apparent acceptance of the state. The intellectual head of this school of thought was Joseph P. Walshe.

AT TRINITY COLLEGE, OWEN SAT DOWN FOR "GOD SAVE THE KING" AND THE LOYAL TOAST. THE FAMILY PENCHANT FOR SITTING DOWN AT THE WRONG TIMES HAD BEEN ESTABLISHED.

What I Learned From Joe Walshe

THE general election of 1932 was an exceptionally dramatic and exciting affair, pitting as it did the adversaries in the civil war of a decade before against each other once more, this time in a purely democratic contest. That the contest was in general fairly conducted was demonstrated by the result, in that the governing party lost. But there are always some dirty tricks in any election campaign, and in this case the Department of External Affairs was the Department of Dirty Tricks. Under Walshe's personal supervision, the department fed to the press (in suitably laundered form) a number of anti-Dev reports and articles. These did not depict Dev as a Communist (which would have been silly, as nobody would have believed it). They depicted him as "a Kerensky"—a person whose arrival in office would be a stage on the road to communism, because he would be incapable of countering its wiles or of resisting its rise.

This use of a government department for party-political purposes was obviously highly improper, but Joe Walshe didn't think he had to worry about that. He and his friends were quite confident that "the long fellow," as they called him in those days, would lose. But they were wrong. The long fellow won.

I was fifteen in the year of that election, and I remember experiencing a certain sense of liberation at the result, ending as it did the rule of what I felt to be an oppressively clerical government. Joe Walshe's feelings about the same event must have been very different. Joe knew that Dev knew what he had been up to in the campaign, so Joe also knew that Dev was about to sack him unless he, Joe, could come up with something clever. And what Joe came up with, in those stimulating circumstances, was quite brilliant.

As the reader will have gathered, I am not in a general way an admirer of the late Joseph P. Walshe. But I find it impossible to withhold a certain kind of admiration for the man's response to what was certainly the greatest challenge of his official career. He fended off the challenge with an eye for an opening and an uninhibited ruthlessness in exploiting it which would have earned full marks from the author of *The Prince*.

"The Story of How Joe Walshe Saved the Department" was told to me shortly after I joined that department. My informant was Michael Rynne, the legal adviser, and a close associate of Walshe's. He had been one of the team who pumped out the "Kerensky" stuff, on departmental time and with government money, during the 1932 elections. This team of civil-service politicians made up "the Department" that Joe Walshe saved, and save them he certainly did, along with his own skin. The political context was this: The Irish Free State (as what is now the Republic of Ireland was then officially called) was at this time still part of the British Empire, then evolving into the British Commonwealth. Its status was effectively that of a dominion, and like the other dominions, it had a governor-general. That governor-general in 1932 was James McNeill, who had been appointed on the recommendation of the previous government. McNeill was therefore on the same side, politically, as Joe Walshe. Or rather, he was on the side that Joe Walshe had been on until he studied the election returns of 1932.

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For the government of a dominion to downgrade a governor-general was technically and legally impossible. The governor-general was appointed by the Crown, and an attempt to downgrade him without his consent would cause a crisis in Anglo-Irish relations and a constitutional crisis, alarming to Irish public opinion. De Valera wished to avoid this. This is where Joe Walshe saw his opportunity. He went to De Valera immediately after Dev's installation as Taoiseach and asked permission to call on the governor-general and advise him to resign. Permission was accorded, and Joe Walshe duly obtained McNeill's resignation. De Valera was thus enabled to recommend a self-effacing successor, who effectively downgraded the office for him without any trouble, thus fulfilling a campaign promise that had been looking a bit dodgy.

Joe Walshe in this way succeeded in conveying two messages to his new Taoiseach. The first was that Joe could furnish valuable service with remarkable efficiency. The second was that he was prepared to sacrifice his former associates in the service of his new master. Successful politicians value servants of that type, even though they may not particularly esteem them. So Joe stayed on, as secretary of the department he had so deftly saved. He was to spend the next sixteen years in the faithful service of the disastrous "Kerensky" whose emergence he had fought so hard to avert.

In 1944—which is where I came in—Walshe was still secretary, and still a force to be reckoned with. But his star was on the wane; the rising star was his deputy, Frederick Henry Boland, of whom more anon. This was because Joe was known to be pro-Axis—not the flavor of the year in 1944. It was to Freddie Boland, and not to Joe, that the ambassadors who counted in that year—the American and the British—would talk freely. It followed that it was Freddie, rather than Joe, who had De Valera's ear. This had a bearing on my own acceptance by the Department of External Affairs. I shall come to that. But first it is necessary to give a brief account of De Valera and Irish neutrality.

Hitler: Dev's Condolence

DEV was not a neutralist in principle. He had valued the League of Nations, provisionally. Ireland was a member of the League. The League's Covenant, if observed, offered protection to small countries. Dev therefore thought strict observance of the Covenant to be in Ireland's interests. For that reason he supported sanctions against Italy after Mussolini's invasion of Abyssinia. This was a courageous policy for an Irish leader: the opposition in the Dáil denounced Dev for "stabbing Catholic Italy in the back." If sanctions had been seriously applied—specifically, if Britain had closed the Suez Canal to Italian shipping—war might well have resulted. Ireland, having supported the sanctions, would have been part of that League war. The same would have been true if war had broken out in 1938 as a result of France's adherence to its commitment to defend Czechoslovakia. That would have been a League war too. But after Munich the League and its repeatedly violated Covenant no longer counted. Apart from the actual course of events, the *document* that started the Second World War was a unilateral British guarantee to Poland. To bring Ireland into war over a unilateral British guarantee to another country was never a possible option for De Valera. If he had tried to move in that direction, he would have had his own party against him, along with most of the rest of the country. So Ireland was neutral, by force in part of its history and in part of the circumstances in which the war broke out. We couldn't just follow Britain into war.

De Valera took care, however, to maintain relations with Britain as good as were possible in the circumstances. He assured the British that he would never allow Ireland to be used as a base for attack on Britain. This meant clamping down on the IRA, which Dev did with a will, interning most of its members and hanging some. The IRA, in its efforts to help Nazis and get them "to help Ireland," was acting on Wolfe Tone's dictum "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity." Tone was the father of Irish Republicanism, the ideology common to Dev and the IRA. But in governing Ireland, Dev ignored ideology and paid heed to circumstances and interests. This was a sound Burkean position, though Dev was not consciously a Burkean. Much later, after having had some experience of how Dev's mind worked, I once asked him whether he had been influenced by Burke. He looked shocked and said, "Of course not. Burke was *not a Republican*." In spite of that non sequitur, his mind was more like Burke's than Tone's. This, of course, meant that I liked Dev.

Dev was never in danger of acting on Walshe's (implicit) advice and getting on the Axis bandwagon in the summer of 1940. Indeed, in May he publicly condemned the German invasion of the neutral Low Countries, which was about as far from that bandwagon as a fellow neutral could get. After Pearl Harbor, Dev interpreted neutrality in a consistently pro-Allied sense. For example, Allied airmen who crashed on Irish territory were allowed to return to their base, whereas German airmen were interned. The slant Dev gave to Irish neutrality after Pearl Harbor attracted no public attention, which is how he wanted it. But a gesture of Dev's right at the end of the European war, in May of 1945, attracted worldwide attention. Among the victorious Allies it excited universal execration. Dev had called on a bewildered German minister plenipotentiary in Dublin to convey, through him, his condolences to the German people on the death of their late head of state, Adolf Hitler. That was some bandwagon to be getting on at the end of the Second World War!

The usual explanation for this surrealist gesture is that Dev felt bound by pedantic adherence to diplomatic protocol. This doesn't fit. Dev could be pedantic, certainly, but only when it suited him. Why did it suit him in this peculiar instance? I believe that Dev was acting out of political calculation. With the war over, it was time to be thinking about a pending election. There was a presidential election due in the following month,

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and although the Irish presidency is mainly a ceremonial office, it was important to Dev at this point that his candidate, Seán T. Ó Ceallaigh, should defeat his challengers. The triumph of Dev's candidate would be seen as setting a seal of popular approval on Dev's conduct of neutrality throughout the war years. Dev knew that that gesture would generate a great volume of abuse from the British against himself and neutrality, and that this could only do him good with the Irish electorate. It worked like a charm. Churchill himself rose to the bait. He delivered a scornful, scalding attack on De Valera and on Irish neutrality. Dev replied, over Irish radio, in a dignified, sweetly reasonable speech, with a gentle, almost subliminal, evocation of Ireland's past sufferings at the hands of the English, combined with an appreciative acknowledgment of Britain's respect for Irish neutrality in the Second World War. He was the Christian statesman to his crafty fingertips, and his speech was hugely successful with the Irish public. With Churchill's help in May, Dev's candidate had no difficulty in winning the presidential election in June.

My Uncle "the Land League Priest"

I SPOKE earlier of Dev's having no objection to those aspects of my life and education which were obnoxious to Joe Walshe. But there was a more positive side. Eamon de Valera had reason to be deeply grateful to a member of my family: my maternal great-uncle Father Eugene Sheehy had been his parish priest in Bruree, County Limerick, when Dev was a boy. Years later, in 1961, near the end of my career in External Affairs, Dev himself reminded me of this link. I was then about to leave Ireland, having been seconded by my department to the United Nations, for service as Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld's personal representative in the mineral-rich province of Katanga, then in unrecognized secession from the Republic of the Congo (now Zaire). Dev had by now retired from active politics and was installed as President of Ireland. He sent for me to wish me well on my mission, which he knew to be difficult and perhaps dangerous. He spoke to me of his debt to Father Eugene. On a later occasion, after my Congo mission was over, Dev asked my second wife, Maire, and me to bring our adopted son Patrick, then aged three months, to see him. As he welcomed the three of us, Dev spoke again of Father Eugene, and this time he had a present for me: a nineteenth-century daguerreotype of my great-uncle, with the inscription, in Dev's handwriting, "*Eisean a mhúin an tírghrá dhom*": "He taught me patriotism."

Later that afternoon, walking down a Dublin street, I met a friend, Alexis Fitz Gerald, a senator and a member of the anti-Dev party, Fine Gael. Proudly I showed Alexis that inscribed picture. Alexis commented, "If your great-uncle taught *that man* what *he* calls patriotism, then your great-uncle has a lot to answer for!" (This sounds bitter, but was not so intended or taken. Alexis had a sense of humor and occasionally liked to parody the style of his more obtuse political associates.)

Father Eugene was indeed a militant patriot. In the great agrarian upheaval of the Land League (1878–1881), which overthrew the power of the Irish landlords, Father Eugene was known as "the Land League priest." I used to think this was because he was the only such priest, but he wasn't. He was the outstanding figure among a

"He taught me patriotism": Father Eugene Sheehy, Tipperary, 1909

COURTESY OF THE CRUISE O'BRIEN FAMILY

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few such priests. Irish bishops had condemned the Land League, and Father Eugene was the most prominent of those who defied the ban. He led the Land League delegation to America in 1881, following upon the delegation headed by the Irish leader Charles Stewart Parnell in the previous year. Six years later Father Eugene went one better than defying the Irish bishops: he defied the Pope. The Pope had been induced to condemn the renewed agrarian movement, now known as "the Plan of Campaign." The Pope at this time was in self-imposed seclusion following the unification of Italy and was known to his admirers as "the Prisoner of the Vatican." Father Eugene preached a famous sermon on this topic. My mother told me about it. She enjoyed it. So did I, and so did Owen, my fellow great-nephew. The occasion was the annual collection known as Peter's Pence, a papal benefit. Father Eugene's sermon, in 1887, ran like this:

> Dearly beloved brethren:
>
> You will have heard our Holy Father described as "the Prisoner of the Vatican." I am afraid that must conjure up a fearful picture to you. Many of you have friends or relations who are prisoners at this moment for having taken part in the Plan of Campaign, a morally lawful movement which the British misled the Pope into condemning. You know how those prisoners are treated. I visited my own brother in Tullamore Jail last week [this was David Sheehy, M. P., my grandfather]. He was naked in his cell, in this freezing weather, because he rightly refuses to wear the prison clothes, being no criminal. You may have pictured our Holy Father as enduring some such conditions. Let me relieve your anxieties. I visited the Pope in Rome last year. He lives in a splendid and spacious Palace in which he is free to move around. He has whatever he likes to eat and drink. He has many servants. In no way does the Vatican resemble Tullamore Jail.
>
> You are not wealthy people. But you are to contribute whatever you feel you can afford to the support of the Prisoner of the Vatican.

Not one penny reached the Vatican that year from the Parish of Bruree.

Toward the end of his life Father Eugene visited the General Post Office, Dublin, then the headquarters of the Easter Rising, and gave Holy Communion to the besieged garrison.

There is no doubt that Father Eugene did teach patriotism to the young De Valera. But he must also have been important to him in other ways, which the mature Dev would never talk about. Eamon de Valera must have been a very lonely boy in Bruree. He was born in 1882 in New York, of a Cuban father and an Irish mother. His father died during Eamon's infancy. When he was two or three years old, his mother sent him to Bruree to live with his uncle, Patrick Coll. Young Eamon must have felt rejected, and his foreign name can't have helped. In the circumstances, the friendly interest of his parish priest must have been a godsend. In rural Ireland in the nineteenth century (and, indeed, during most of the twentieth century) the local parish priest was a greatly respected and powerful figure. His friendly interest conferred a degree of status and protection. So Eamon de Valera had more than one reason to feel warm toward Father Eugene Sheehy.

Father Eugene, I believe, had something to do with my acceptance by External Affairs. But the immediate instrument of my acceptance was the interest of F. H. Boland, whom I mentioned earlier. Freddie Boland knew me, and thought I would be useful to the department. The bad-Catholic bit didn't worry him. He was the type the French call *Catholique, mais pas enragé*. I believe that Joe Walshe, who was about as *enragé* as you can get, had blocked my assignment to External Affairs in 1942—when I entered the Irish Civil Service—without reference to De Valera. But when the matter was formally raised by Boland, now the rising star and with easy access to Dev, Joe knew the game was up in the matter of keeping this godless character out of his department. Both Joe and Freddie knew about the Father Eugene factor. Both were of Tipperary origin, and the Sheehys—my mother's family—were a prominent Tipperary family. My grandfather and Father Eugene were especially well known: almost everyone in Tipperary seemed to know about that "Prisoner of the Vatican" sermon. Maire heard about it as a child from her Tipperary-born mother. Having made it their business to know about Dev, Freddie and Joe would know about the Dev-Sheehy connection, and thus that Dev would not be in favor of turning down Father Eugene's properly qualified grandnephew—certainly not on the grounds that mattered to Joe. So I was accepted.

SINCE 1971 I HAVE BEEN COMBATING AN IRISH CATHOLIC IMPERIALIST ENTERPRISE: THE EFFORT TO FORCE THE PROTESTANTS OF NORTHERN IRELAND INTO A UNION THEY DON'T WANT.

My Nationalist Lung

LET me now turn to the other question: Why did I want to get into External Affairs in the first place? At the time, I never put that question to myself. I just knew that I wanted to get in. But as I consider the matter in retrospect, as part of this autobiographical exercise, I believe the answer is to be found in my education, and my cousin Owen's education, and the tensions and demands arising from these.

Owen and I, both children of Catholic families, were educated outside the Church. In a country where religion and nationality have gone together since the sixteenth century, being educated among Protestants raised questions about one's relation to the Irish nation. The places we were both

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Factory Trawlers Waste Up TO HALF Their Catch And Ruin North Pacific Fishing Grounds

THEY MIGHT AS WELL USE DYNAMITE

THE END OF FISHING IN AMERICA?

New England is fished out. The Gulf Coast is dying. That leaves Alaska, one of the last great fishing grounds in the world. Are we conserving it? Or killing it? The evidence is in. Waste is rampant. Time is running out.

FACTORY TRAWLERS: LOOTING THE SEA

Fishing has become just another shortsighted, ruthless corporate game. Forty-eight factory trawlers now "vacuum" the North Pacific seas, trapping fish indiscriminately.

The entire ecosystem suffers. Seabirds, sea lions and other animals that live on fish have been devastated by fish shortages.

Marine biologists are certain that commercial fish stocks are themselves in peril. Who's responsible for this wanton waste? Factory trawlers that wreak havoc on the last great American fishing ground.

These bulldozers of the sea drag their heavy nets over the seafloor. They destroy marine habitat and kill everything in their path. Keeping only high-profit species, factory trawlers dump *hundreds of millions* of pounds of dead or dying fish overboard each year.

And it's all legal!

The Magnuson Act orders the Secretary of Commerce to balance short-term profit with long-term conservation.

But Commerce and its National Marine Fisheries Service have continually "managed" individual fish stocks to increase industry profits while ignoring the destruction of fisheries and the ecosystem as a whole.

REWARDING THOSE WHO WASTE MOST

Factory trawlers leave less and less behind for local communities. They're destroying what belongs to all of us. Yet the Commerce Department's National Marine Fisheries Service is pushing the North Pacific Fishery Management Council to give even the worst abusers their own private quotas (called individual transferable quotas or ITQs) — a license for corporate trawlers to wipe out the last responsible, local fishers.

Factory trawlers don't harvest. They slaughter. Their threat to the marine environment and to our coastal way of life must end.

To save America's last great fishery, we must:

(1) stop factory trawlers from being rewarded for waste with ITQs, and

(2) keep profiteers from destroying the oceans.

Please call 800-282-3444 to send urgent Western Union messages ($8.75 will be charged to your phone) to Congressman Gerry Studds, Chairman of the House Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee, Senator Ernest Hollings, Chairman of the Commerce, Science, Transportation Committee, and to Commerce Secretary Ron Brown urging them to stop the waste and mismanagement destroying our fisheries.

Photo: Charlie Archambault, top photo: Robert Visser. Prepared by Public Media Center

The sea is big, but not infinite: Factory trawlers haul up tens of thousands of fish in one pull, keeping the most profitable ones and dumping the rest, dead or dying, back into the ocean. The U.S. North Pacific fleet dumps more fish than New Englanders catch.

FISH FOREVER
Bill Coffer, President
1111 Third Ave., #2507
Seattle, WA 98101

[ ] Yes. I agree we must stop the wanton waste and destruction off our coasts. I've sent the urgent messages.

[ ] Please keep me posted on your efforts.

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AT 7/94

FISH FOREVER

Fish Forever is a new nonprofit organization uniting commercial fishers, conservationists and others concerned about the mismanagement of America's fragile marine environment and fisheries, and the communities that depend on them.

CALL 800-282-3444

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educated—Sandford Park School and Trinity College—were places of unionist tradition, antagonistic to Irish nationalism. Protestant and unionist were generally synonymous in Ireland, as were Catholic and nationalist.

My aunt Hanna Sheehy-Skeffington was a passionate nationalist, so why did she send her son to be educated among unionists? She did so precisely *because* she was a passionate nationalist, a Republican. The Catholic bishops had excommunicated the Republican side in the civil war, so Owen would go to no Catholic school. The only alternatives were Protestant schools.

It is not surprising that my first two books grapple with Catholicism and Irish nationalism. The first, *Maria Cross* (1952), was an exploration of the Catholic imagination in literature. The second, *Parnell and His Party (1880–1890)* (1957), was a study of a phase of Irish nationalist history.

So when Owen and I went to those Protestant schools, were we then turning into unionists? Certainly not! was Owen's determined answer, fervently echoed by me. Perish the thought! Somewhere in there, at the levels of the psyche I am trying to explore, was the notion that religion and nationality were like lungs. One lung was gone; it might aptly be described as past praying for. If you lost the other one, you would be finished.

Fortunately for us, perhaps, there were rituals available through which we could bear witness to our continuing faith in the nation. Ireland (that is, the twenty-six-county state) was still technically a dominion of the Crown, complete with a governor-general, under the Anglo-Irish Treaty. Of course no proper nationalist would sing "God Save the King" or drink the loyal toast. But unionists (alias Protestants) were free to do so, and did. At Trinity College, Owen sat down for "God Save the King" and the loyal toast. In due course I followed suit. The dons were less disapproving than I expected. Owen had broken the ice. The family penchant for sitting down at the wrong times had been established. Also we were in Protestant eyes Catholics by inheritance if not by theology, and therefore knew no better.

Owen was my first cousin, nine years older, and a stronger character. He was my role model. Some things he conveyed to me by both precept and example. Of nationalism he never spoke, but conveyed the force of his commitment to it (at that time) by those symbolic acts. Nationalism must have been a most uncomfortable subject for him. Intellectually he resisted his mother's fanatical, mystical nationalism, but emotionally he could not escape from being powerfully affected by it. That was the force that kept him glued to his seat on those symbolic occasions. And then it glued me, in my turn.

It was as if the ghosts of Patrick Pearse and James Connolly, the martyred heroes of the 1916 Easter Rising against British power, were reaching out to both of us through the magnetic medium of Owen's mother, my aunt Hanna.

That's a creepy thought, but creepy thoughts abound while I ponder my early motivations. Ghosts were beckoning. They were beckoning me quite specifically in the direction of the Department of External Affairs. I needed to represent Ireland, proving that one could reject Catholicism and still be accepted by Ireland. And I just made it past Joe Walshe. The year before I was born, 1916, was important, but so was the year after I was born, 1918. In that year my grandfather ceased to represent Ireland at Westminster, and our family came down in the world. By representing Ireland internationally I would be reversing that misfortune, and staging a family comeback.

Having discerned that pattern in my early life, I find it recurring in my middle years. After I resigned from External Affairs, in 1961—in order to be free to write a book about the Katanga experience—I came to be, from 1965 on (after a spell as the head of the University of Ghana), the holder of a cushy, congenial, and tenured job as Albert Schweitzer Professor of the Humanities at New York University. I resigned that chair in 1969, in order to run—successfully—for election to the Dáil for Dublin Northeast. This meant a considerable drop in income. But the pull of Ireland—and specifically of *representing* Ireland—was more than I could resist.

It is a bit disconcerting for me now to see how strong the pull of Irish nationalism has been throughout my life. Since 1971—the beginning of the Provisional IRA offensive—I have been known in Ireland, where I now live, as top *anti*-nationalist. I have addressed the Friends of the Union—the union, that is, of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. You can hardly get further away from Irish nationalism than that.

Yet I claim an underlying consistency and continuity. I was brought up to detest imperialism, epitomized in the manic and haunting figure of Captain Bowen-Colthurst, who murdered my uncle Frank Sheehy-Skeffington during the Easter Rising. As a servant of the United Nations, I combated a British imperialist enterprise in Central Africa in 1961—the covert effort to sustain secession in Katanga in order to bolster the masked white supremacy of the then Central African Federation. From 1965 to 1969, in America, I took part in the protest movement against an American imperialist enterprise: the war in Vietnam. And from 1971 until now I have been combating an Irish Catholic imperialist enterprise: the effort to force the Protestants of Northern Ireland, by a combination of paramilitary terror and political pressure, into a United Ireland that they don't want. I addressed the Friends of the Union to show solidarity with that beleaguered community against the forces working against them within my own community. And I suppose my Protestant education has something to do with that solidarity.

Perhaps neither Hanna nor Eugene would accept that continuity. But Owen would. He died in 1969, before the Provisional IRA offensive began. But he had made known his uncompromising hostility to earlier IRA efforts in the same direction. So when I first spoke out against the Provisional IRA and its accomplices, in the year the Provisional offensive began, two years after Owen's death, I had the inner certainty that we were at one on this. And that certainty still sustains me.

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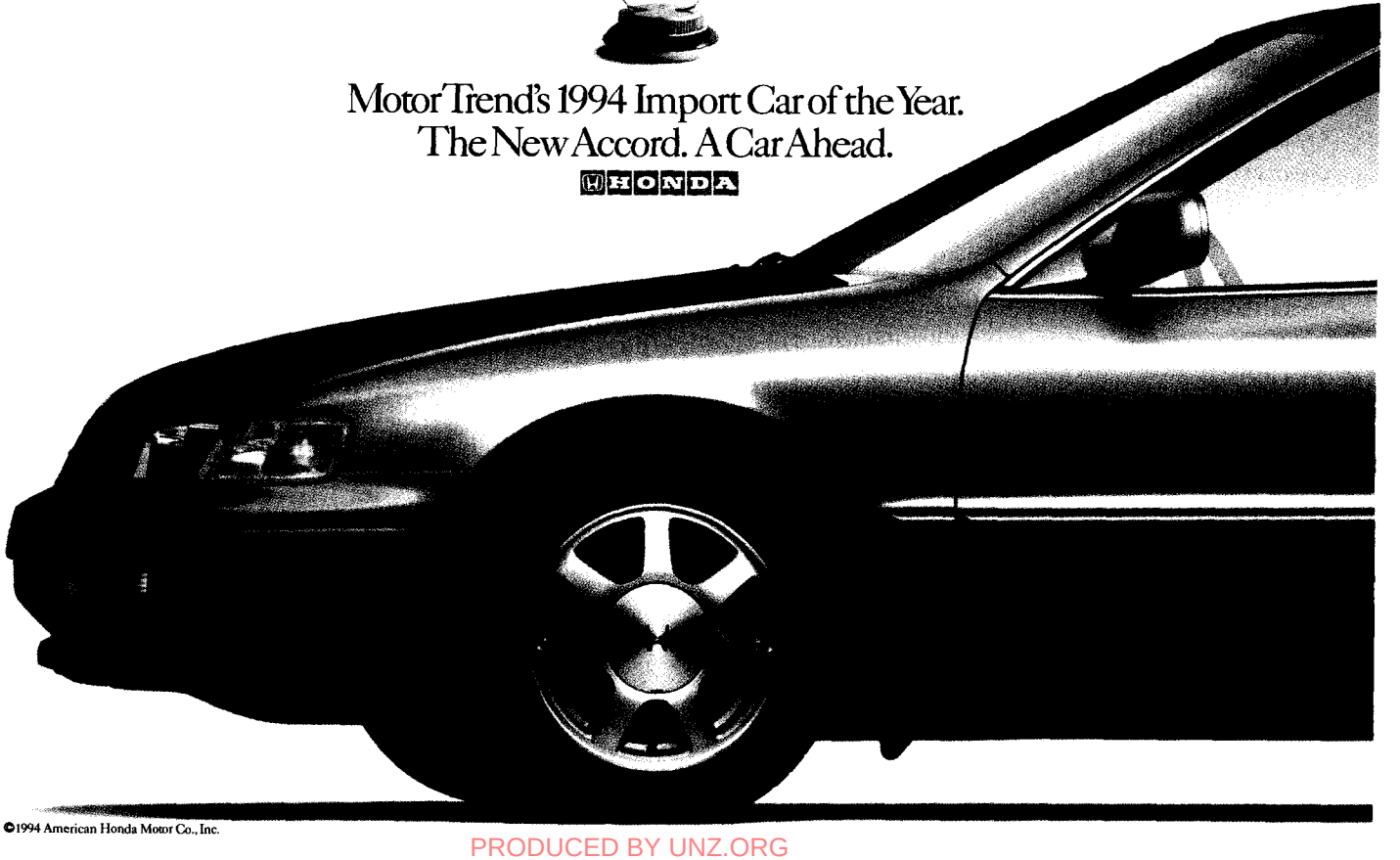

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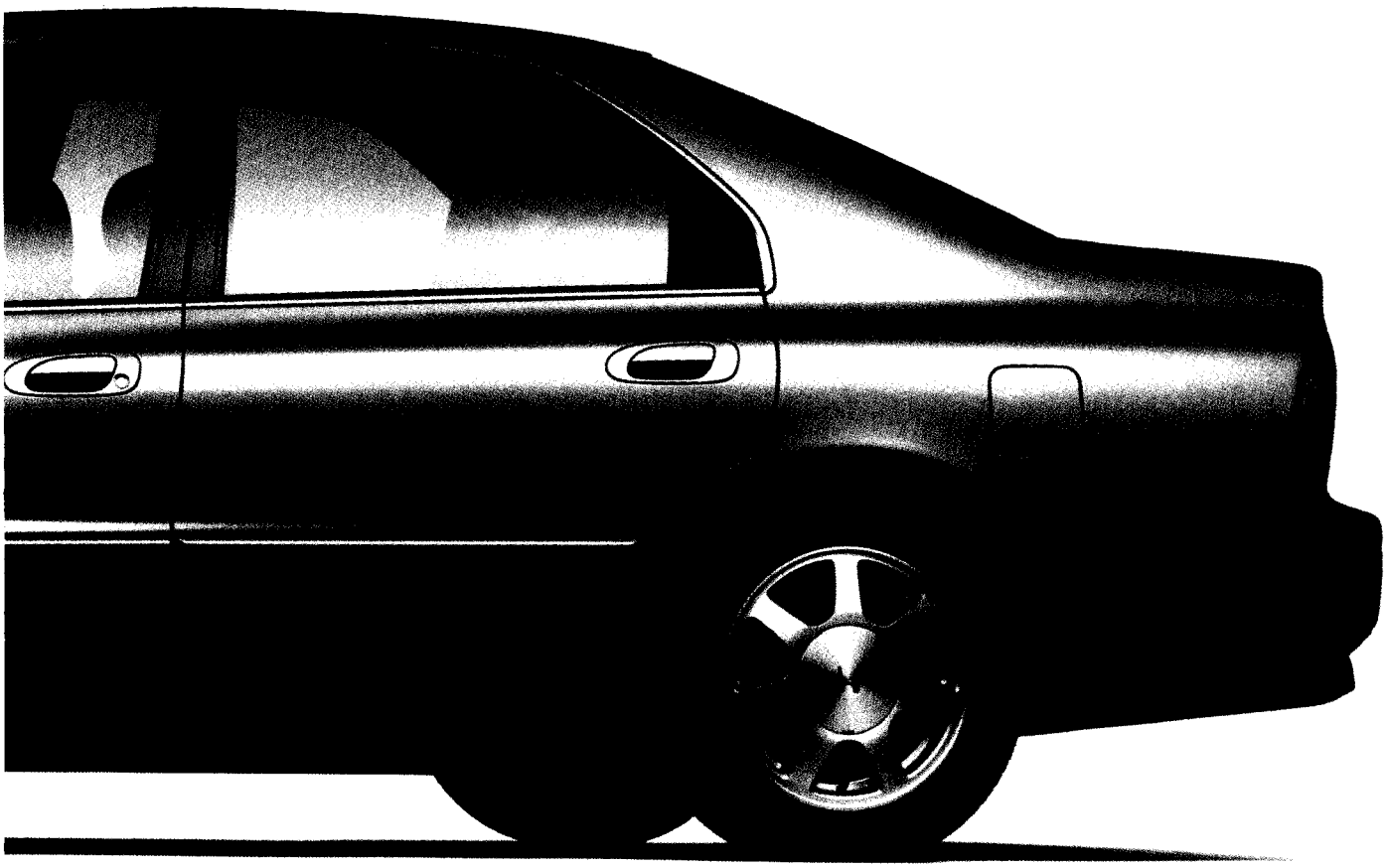

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The Stucco House

by ELLEN GILCHRIST

That was how things happened, Teddy decided. That was how God ran his game. He sat up there and thought of mean things to do and then changed his mind

TEDDY was asleep in his second-floor bedroom. It was a square, high-ceilinged room with cobalt-blue walls and a bright yellow rug. The closet doors were painted red. The private bath had striped wallpaper and a ceiling fan from which hung mobiles from the Museum of Modern Art. In the shuttered window hung a mobile of small silver airplanes. A poet had given it to Teddy when he came to visit. Then the poet had gone home and killed himself. Teddy was not supposed to know about that, but of course he did. Teddy could read really well. Teddy could read like a house afire. The reason he could read so well was that when his mother had married Eric and moved to New Orleans from across the lake in Mandeville, he had been behind and had had to be tutored. He was tutored every afternoon for a whole summer, and when second grade started, he could read really well. He was still the youngest child in the second grade at Newman School, but at least he could read.

He was sleeping with four stuffed toys lined up between him and the wall and four more on the other side. They were there to keep his big brothers from beating him up. They were there to keep ghosts from getting him. They were there to keep vampires out. This night they were working. If Teddy dreamed at all that night, the dreams were like Technicolor clouds. On the floor beside the bed were Coke bottles and potato-chip containers and a half-eaten pizza from the evening before. Teddy's mother had gone off at suppertime and not come back, so Eric had let him do anything he liked before he went to bed. He had played around in Eric's darkroom for a while. Then he had let the springer spaniels in the house, and then he had ordered a pizza and Eric had paid for it. Eric was reading a book about a man who climbed a mountain in the snow. He couldn't put it down. He didn't care what Teddy did as long as he was quiet.

Eric was really nice to Teddy. Teddy was always glad when he and Eric were alone in the house. If his big brothers were gone and his mother was off with her friends, the stucco house was nice. This month was the best month of all. Both his brothers were away at Camp Carolina. They wouldn't be back until August.

Teddy slept happily in his bed, his stuffed animals all around him, his brothers gone, his dreams as soft as dawn.

Outside his house the heat of July pressed down upon New Orleans. It pressed people's souls together until they grated like chalk on brick. It pressed people's brains against their skulls. Only sugar and whiskey made people feel better. Sugar and coffee and whiskey. Beignets and café au lait and taffy and Cokes and snowballs made with shaved ice and sugar and colored flavors. Gin and wine and vodka, whiskey and beer. It was too hot, too humid. The blood wouldn't move without some sugar.

Teddy had been asleep since eleven-thirty the night before. Eric came into his room just before dawn and woke

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him up. "I need you to help me," he said. "We have to find your mother." Teddy got sleepily out of bed, and Eric helped him put on his shorts and shirt and sandals. Then Eric led him down the hall and out the front door and down the concrete steps, and opened the car door and helped him into the car. "I want a Coke," Teddy said. "I'm thirsty."

"Okay," Eric answered. "I'll get you one." Eric went back into the house and reappeared carrying a frosty bottle of Coke with the top off. The Coke was so cool it was smoking in the soft, humid air.

Light was showing from the direction of the lake. In New Orleans in summer the sun rises from the lake and sets behind the river. It was rising now. Faint pink shadows were beginning to penetrate the mist.

Eric drove down Nashville Avenue to Chestnut Street and turned and went two blocks and came to a stop before a duplex shrouded by tall green shrubs. "Come on," he said. "I think she's here." He led Teddy by the hand around the side of the house to a set of wooden stairs leading to an apartment. Halfway up the stairs Teddy's mother was lying on a landing. She had on a pair of pantyhose and that was all. Over her naked body someone had thrown a seersucker jacket. It was completely still on the stairs, in the yard.

"Come on," Eric said. "Help me wake her up. She fell down and we have to get her home. Come on, Teddy, help me as much as you can."

"Why doesn't she have any clothes on? What happened to her clothes?"

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"I don't know. She called and told me to come and get her. That's all I know." Eric was half carrying and half dragging Teddy's mother down the stairs. Teddy watched while Eric managed to get her down the stairs and across the yard. "Open the car door," he said. "Hold it open."

Together they got his mother into the car. Then Teddy got in the back seat and they drove to the stucco house and got her out and dragged her around to the side door and took her into the downstairs hall and into Malcolm's room and laid her down on Malcolm's waterbed. "You watch her," Eric said. "I'm going to call the doctor."

Teddy sat down on the floor beside the waterbed and began to look at Malcolm's books. *Playing to Win*, *The Hobbit*, *The Big Green Book*. Teddy took down *The Big Green Book* and started reading it. It was about a little boy whose parents died and he had to go and live with his aunt and uncle. They weren't very nice to him, but he liked it there. One day he went up to the attic and found a big green book of magic spells. He learned all the spells. Then he could change himself into animals. He could make himself invisible. He could do anything he wanted to do.

Teddy leaned back against the edge of the waterbed. His mother had not moved. Her legs were lying side by side. Her mouth was open. Her breasts fell away to either side of her chest. Her pearl necklace was falling on one breast. Teddy got up and looked down at her. She isn't dead, he decided. She's just sick or something. I guess she fell down those stairs. She shouldn't have been outside at night with no clothes on. She'd kill me if I did that.

He went around to the other side of the waterbed and climbed up on it. Malcolm never let him get on the waterbed. He never even let Teddy come into the room. Well, he was in here now. He opened *The Big Green Book* and found his place and went on reading. Outside in the hall Eric was talking to people on the phone. Eric was nice. He was so good to them. He had already taken Teddy snorkeling and skiing, and next year he was going to take him to New York to see the dinosaurs in the museum. He was a swell guy. He was the best person his mother had ever married. Living with Eric was great. It was better than anyplace Teddy had ever been. Better than living with his real daddy, who wasn't any fun, and lots better than being at his grandfather's house. His grandfather yelled at them and made them make their beds and ride the stupid horses and hitch up the pony cart, and if they didn't do what he said, he hit them with a belt. Teddy hated being there, even if he did have ten cousins near him in Mandeville and they came over all the time. They liked to be there even if their grandfather did make them mind. There was a fort in the woods and secret paths for riding the ponies, and the help cooked for them morning, noon, and night.

Teddy laid *The Big Green Book* down on his lap and reached over and patted his mother's shoulder. "You'll be okay," he said out loud. "Maybe you're just hung over."

Eric came in and sat beside him on the waterbed. "The doctor's coming. He'll see about her. You know, Doctor Paine, who comes to dinner. She'll be all right. She just fell down."

"Maybe she's hung over." Teddy leaned over his mother and touched her face. She moaned. "See, she isn't dead."

"Teddy, maybe you better go up to your room and play until the doctor leaves. Geneva will be here in a minute. Get her to make you some pancakes or something."

"Then what will we do?"

"Like what?"

"I mean all day. You want to go to the lake or something?"

"I don't know, Ted. We'll have to wait and see." Eric took his mother's hand and held it. He looked so worried. He looked terrible. She was always driving him crazy, but he never got mad at her. He just thought up some more things to do.

"I'll go see if Geneva's here. Can I have a Coke?"

"May I have a Coke." Eric smiled and reached over and patted his arm. "Say it."

"May I have a Coke, please?"

"Yes, you may." They smiled. Teddy got up and left the room.

THE worst thing of all happened the next day. Eric decided to send him across the lake for a few days. To his grandmother and grandfather's house. "They boss me around all the time," Teddy said. "I won't be in the way. I'll be good. All I'm going to do is stay here and read books and work on my stamp collection." He looked pleadingly up at his stepfather. Usually reading a book could get him anything he wanted with Eric, but today it wasn't working.

"We have to keep your mother quiet. She'll worry about you if you're here. It won't be for long. Just a day or so. Until Monday. I'll come get you Monday afternoon."

"How will I get over there?"

"I'll get Big George to take you." Big George was the gardener. He had a blue pickup truck. Teddy had ridden with him before. Getting to go with Big George was a plus, even if his grandfather might hit him with a belt if he didn't make his bed.

"Can I see Momma now?"

"May."

"May I see Momma now?"

"Yeah. Go on in, but she's pretty dopey. They gave her some pills."

His mother was in her own bed now, lying flat down without any pillows. She was barely awake. "Teddy," she said. "Oh, baby, oh, my precious baby. Eric tried to kill me. He pushed me down the stairs."

"No, he didn't." Teddy withdrew from her side. She was going to start acting crazy. He didn't put up with that. "He didn't do anything to you. I went with him. Why didn't you have any clothes on?"

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"Because I was asleep when he came and made me leave. He pushed me and I fell down the stairs."

"You probably had a hangover. I'm going to Mandeville. Well, I'll see you later." He started backing away from the bed. Backing toward the door. He was good at backing. Sometimes he backed home from school as soon as he was out of sight of the other kids.

"Teddy, come here to me. You have to do something for me. Tell Granddaddy and Uncle Ingersol that Eric is trying to kill me. Tell them, will you, my darling? Tell them for me." She was getting sleepy again. Her voice was sounding funny. She reached out a hand to him and he went back to the bed and held out his arm and she stroked it. "Be sure and tell them. Tell them to call the President." She stopped touching him. Her eyes were closed. Her mouth fell open. She still looked pretty. Even when she was drunk, she looked really pretty. Now that she was asleep, he moved nearer and looked at her. She looked okay. She sure wasn't bleeding. She had a cover on the bed that was decorated all over with little Austrian flowers. They were sewn on like little real flowers. You could hardly tell they were made of thread. He looked at one for a minute. Then he picked up her purse and took a twenty-dollar bill out of her billfold and put it in his pocket. He needed to buy some film. She didn't care. She gave him anything he asked for.

"What are you doing?" It was Eric at the door. "You better be getting ready, Teddy. Big George will be here in a minute."

"I got some money out of her purse. I need to get some film to take with me."

"What camera are you going to take? I've got some film for the Olympus in the darkroom. You want a roll of black-and-white? Go get the camera and I'll fill it for you."

"She said you tried to kill her." Teddy took Eric's hand and they started down the hall to the darkroom. "Why does she say stuff like that, Eric? I wish she wouldn't say stuff like that when she gets mad."

"It's a fantasy, Teddy. She never had anyone do anything bad to her in her life, and when she wants some excitement, she just makes it up. It's okay. I'm sorry she fell down the stairs. I was trying to help her. You know that, don't you?"

"Yes. Listen, can I buy Big George some lunch before we cross the Causeway? I took twenty dollars. Will that be enough to get us lunch?"

"Sure. That would be great, Teddy. I bet he'd like that. He likes you so much. Everybody likes you. You're such a swell little boy. Come on, let's arm that camera. Where is it?"

Teddy ran back to his room and got the camera. He was a scrawny, towheaded little boy who would grow up to be a magnificent man. But for now he was seven and a half years old and liked to take photographs of people in the park and of dogs. He liked to read books and pretend he lived in Narnia. He liked to get down on his knees at the Episcopal church and ask God not to let his momma divorce Eric. If God didn't answer, then he would pretend he was his grandfather and threaten God. Okay, you son of a bitch, he would say, his little head down on his chest, kneeling like a saint at the prayer rail. If she divorces Eric, I won't leave anyway. I'll stay here with him and we can be bachelors. She can just go anywhere she likes. I'm not leaving. I'm going right on living here by the park in my room. I'm not going back to Mandeville and ride those damned old horses.

BIG George came in the front door and stood, filling up the hall. He was six feet five inches tall and wide and strong. His family had worked for Eric's family for fifty years. He had six sons and one daughter who was a singer. He liked Eric, and he liked the scrawny little kid that Eric's wife had brought along with the big mean other ones. "Hey, Teddy," Big George said, "where's your bag?"

"You want to go to lunch?" Teddy said. "I got twenty dollars. We can stop at the Camellia Grill before we cross the bridge. You want to do that?"

"Sure thing. Twenty dollars. What you do to get twenty dollars, Teddy?"

"Nothing. I was going to buy some film, but Eric gave me some so I don't have to. Come on, let's go." He hauled his small leather suitcase across the parquet floor and Big George leaned down and took it from him. Eric came into the hall and talked to Big George a minute, and they both looked real serious and Big George shook his head, and then Eric kissed Teddy on the cheek and Big George and Teddy went on out and got into the truck and drove off.

ERIC stood watching them until the truck turned onto Saint Charles Avenue. Then he went back into the house and into his wife's workroom and looked around at the half-finished watercolors, which were her latest obsession, and the mess and the clothes on the floor and the unemptied wastebaskets, and he sat down at her desk and opened the daybook she left out for him, to see if there were any new men since the last time she made a scene.

> June 29, Willis will be here from Colorado. Show him the new poems. HERE IS WHAT WE MUST ADMIT. Here is what we know. What happened then is what happens now. Over and over again. How to break the pattern. Perhaps all I can do is avoid or understand the pattern. The pattern holds for all we do. I discovered in a dream that I am not in love with R. Only with what he can do for my career. How sad that is. The importance of dreams is that they may contain feelings we are not aware of. FEELINGS WE ARE NOT AWARE OF. The idea of counterphobia fascinates me. That you could climb mountains because you are afraid of heights. Seek out dangers because the danger holds such fear for you. What if I seek out men because I want to fight with them. Hate and fear them and want to have a fight. To replay my life with my brothers. Love to fight. My masculine persona.
>
> Well, I'll see Willis tonight and show him the watercol-

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ors too, maybe. I'll never be a painter. Who am I fooling? All I am is a mother and a wife. That's that. Two unruly teenagers and a little morbid kid who likes Eric better than he likes me. I think it's stunting his growth to stay in that darkroom all the time. . .

Eric sighed and closed the daybook. He picked up a watercolor of a spray of lilies. She was good. She was talented. He hadn't been wrong about that. He laid it carefully down on the portfolio and went into her bedroom and watched her sleep. He could think of nothing to do. He could not be either in or out; he could not make either good or bad decisions. He was locked into this terrible marriage and into its terrible rage and fear and sadness. No one was mean to me, he decided. Why am I here? Why am I living here? For Teddy, he decided, seeing the little boy's skinny arms splashing photographs in and out of trays, grooming the dogs, swimming in the river, paddling a canoe. I love that little boy, Eric decided. He's just like I was at that age. I have to keep the marriage together if I can. I can't stand for him to be taken from me.

Eric began to cry, deep within his heart at first, then right there in the sunlight, at twelve o'clock on a Saturday morning, into his own hands, his own deep, salty, endless, heartfelt tears.

BIG George had stopped at the Camellia Grill, and he and Teddy were seated on stools at the counter eating sliced-turkey sandwiches and drinking chocolate freezes. "So, what's wrong with your momma?" Big George asked.

"She fell down some stairs. We had to go and get her and bring her home. She got drunk, I guess."

"Don't worry about it. Grown folks do stuff like that. You got to overlook it."

"I just don't want to go to Mandeville. Granddaddy will make me ride the damned old horses. I hate horses."

"Horses are nice."

"I hate them. I have better things to do. He thinks I want to show them, but I don't. Malcolm and Jimmy like to do it. I wish they were home from camp. Then he'd have them."

"Don't worry about it. Eat your sandwich." Big George bit into his. The boy imitated him, opened his mouth as wide as Big George's, heartily ate his food, smilingly let the world go by. It took an hour to get to Mandeville. He wasn't there yet. He looked up above the cash register to where the Camellia Grill sweatshirts were displayed—white, with a huge pink camellia in the center. He might get one for Big George for Christmas or he might not wait that long. He had sixty-five dollars in the bank account Eric made for him. He could take some of it out and buy the sweatshirt now. "I like that sweatshirt," he said out loud. "I think it looks real good, don't you?"

"Looks hot," Big George said, "but I guess you'd like it in the winter."

TEDDY slept all the way across the Causeway, soothed by the motion of the truck and Big George beside him, driving and humming some song he was making up as he drove. Eric's a fool for that woman, George was thinking. Well, he's never had a woman before, just his momma and his sisters. Guess he's got to put up with it 'cause he likes the little boy so much. He's the sweetest little kid I ever did see. I like him too. Paying for my lunch with a

---

THE NIGHT WE KNEW FOR SURE

The night we knew for sure,
I sat with three or four men in a bar,
Men who need a drink before they'll speak,
Whose voices shrink to mutterings
If they touch the cusp of feeling.

Then in walked my dead father,
All compressed hilarity and need—
Stooped hands-in-pockets shuffle,
Unbuttoned lamb's wool cardigan,
Its country club insignia two putters
Crossed against the *C* above his heart.

I knew he'd sit across from me
Reluctantly, and not look up.
Then he'd stand and amble to the bar,
Flipping quarters into the till
To charm the waitresses.

I knew no one makes the old man see
What he doesn't want to see, especially
When he's drunk and full of feeling.
Then, from a room across the bar,
Where I knew you lay in labor,
I heard our firstborn cry.

—STEVEN CRAMER

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twenty-dollar bill. Did anybody ever see the like? He won't be scrawny long. Not with them big mean brothers he's got. The daddy was a big man too, I heard them say. No, he won't stay little. They never do, do they?

Teddy slept and snored. His allergies had started acting up, but he didn't pay any attention to them. If he was caught blowing his nose, he'd be taken to the doctor, so he only blew it when he was in the bathroom. The rest of the time he ignored it. Now he snored away on the seat beside Big George, and the big blue truck moved along at a steady sixty miles an hour, cruising along across the lake.

AT his grandparents' house in Mandeville his grandmother and grandfather were getting ready for Teddy. His grandmother was making a caramel cake and pimento cheese and carrot sticks and Jell-O. His grandfather was in the barn dusting off the saddles and straightening the tackle. Maybe Teddy would want to ride down along the bayou with him. Maybe they'd just go fishing. Sweet little old boy. They had thought Rhoda was finished having children and then she gave them one last little boy. Well, he was a tender little chicken, but he'd toughen. He'd make a man. Couldn't help it. Had a man for a father even if he was a chickenshit. He'd turn into a man even if he did live in New Orleans and spend his life riding on the streetcar.

Teddy's grandfather finished up in the barn and walked back to the house to get a glass of tea and sit out on the porch and wait for the boy. "I might set him up an archery target in the pasture," he told his wife. "Where'd you put the bows the big boys used to use?"

"They're in the storage bin. Don't go getting that stuff out, Dudley. He doesn't need to be out in the pasture in this heat."

"You feed him. I'll find him things to do."

"Leave him alone. You don't have to make them learn things every minute. It's summer. Let him be a child."

"What's wrong with her? Why's she sick again?"

"She fell down. I don't want to talk about it. Get some tea and sit down and cool off, Dudley. Don't go getting out archery things until you ask him if he wants to. I mean that. You leave that child alone. You just plague him following him around. He doesn't even like to come over here anymore. You drive people crazy, Dudley. You really do." She poured tea into a glass and handed it to him. They looked each other in the eye. They had been married thirty-eight years. Everything in the world had happened to them and kept on happening. They didn't care. They liked it that way.

TEDDY'S uncle Ingersol was five years younger than Teddy's mother. He was a lighthearted man, tall and rangy and spoiled. Teddy's grandmother had spoiled him because he looked like her side of the family. Her daddy had died one year and Ingersol had been born the next. Reincarnation. Ingersol looked like a Texan and dressed like an English lord. He was a cross between a Texan and an English lord. His full name was Alfred Theodore Ingersol Manning. Teddy was named for him but his real father had forbidden his mother to call him Ingersol. "I want him to be a man," his father had said, "not a spoiled-rotten socialite like your brothers."

"My brothers are not socialites," Teddy's mother had answered, "just because they like to dance and have some fun occasionally, which is more than I can say for you." Teddy always believed he had heard that conversation. He had heard his mother tell it so many times that he thought he could remember it. In this naming story he saw himself sitting on the stairs watching them as they argued over him. "He's my son," his mother was saying. "I'm the one who risked my life having him. I'll call him anything I damn well please."

Teddy's vision of grown people was very astute. He envisioned them as large, very high-strung children who never sat still or finished what they started. Let me finish this first, they were always saying. I'll be done in a minute. Except for Eric. Many times Eric just smiled when he came in and put down whatever he was doing and took Teddy to get a snowball or to walk the springer spaniels or just sit and play cards or Global Pursuit or talk about things. Eric was the best grown person Teddy had ever known, although he also liked his uncle Ingersol and was always glad when he showed up.

All his mother's brothers were full of surprises when they showed up, but only Uncle Ingersol liked to go out to the amusement park and ride the Big Zephyr.

INGERSOL showed up this day almost as soon as Big George and Teddy arrived in the truck. Big George was still sitting on the porch drinking iced tea and talking to Teddy's grandfather about fishing when Ingersol came driving up in his Porsche and got out and joined them. "I heard you were coming over, namesake. How you been? What's been going on?"

"Momma fell down some stairs and me and Eric had to bring her home."

"Eric and I."

"I forgot."

"How'd she do that?"

"She said Eric tried to kill her. She always says things like that when she's hung over. She said to tell you Eric tried to kill her." There, he had done it. He had done what she told him to do. "If she divorces Eric, I'm going to live with him. I'm staying right there. Eric said I could."

His grandfather pulled his lips in. It looked like his grandfather was hardly breathing. Big George looked down at the ground. Ingersol sat in his porch chair and began to rub his chin with his hand. "You better go see about her, Son," his grandfather said. "Go on over there. I'll go with you."

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"No, I'll go alone. Where is she now, Teddy?"

"She's in bed. The doctor came to see her. He gave her some pills. She's asleep."

"Okay. Big George, you know about this?"

"Just said to bring the boy over here to his granddaddy. That's all they told me. Eric wouldn't hurt a flea. I've known him since he was born. He'll cry if his dog dies."

"Go on, Son. Call when you get there." His grandfather had unpursed his mouth. His uncle Ingersol bent down and patted Teddy's head. Then he got back into his Porsche and drove away.

"I'm going to stay with Eric," Teddy said. "I don't care what she does. He said I could stay with him forever."

INGERSOL drove across the Causeway toward New Orleans thinking about his sister. She could mess up anything. Anytime they got her settled down, she started messing up again. Well, she was theirs and they had to take care of her. I wish he *had* thrown her down the stairs, Ingersol decided. It's about time somebody did something with her.

TEDDY'S mother was crying. She was lying in her bed and crying bitterly because her head hurt and her poems had not been accepted by *White Buffalo* and she would never be anything but a wife and a mother. And all she was mother to was three wild children who barely passed at school and weren't motivated and didn't even love her. She had failed on every front.

She got out of bed and went into the bathroom and looked at how horrible she looked. She combed her hair and put on makeup and changed into a different negligee and went to look for Eric. He was in the den reading a book. "I'm sorry," she said. "I got drunk and fell asleep. I didn't mean to. It just happened. *White Buffalo* turned my poems down again. The bastards. Why do I let that egomaniac judge my work? Tell me that."

"Are you feeling better?"

"I feel fine. I think I'll get dressed. You want to go out to dinner?"

"In a while. You ought to read this book. It's awfully good." He held it out. It was *The Snow Leopard*, by Peter Matthiessen.

"Has the mail come?"

"It's on the table. There are some cards from the boys. Malcolm won a swimming match."

"I wasn't sleeping with him, Eric. I went over there to meet a poet from Lafayette. It got out of hand."

Eric closed the book and laid it on the table by the chair. "I'm immobilized," he said at last. "All this is beyond me. I took Teddy with me to bring you home. For an alibi if you said I pushed you down the stairs. I can't think about anything else. I took that seven-year-old boy to see his mother passed out on the stairs in her pantyhose. I don't care what you did, Rhoda. It doesn't matter to me. All I care about is what I did. What I was driven to. I feel like I'm in quicksand. This is pulling me in. Then I sent him to Mandeville to your parents. He didn't want to go. You don't know how scared he is—of us, of you, of everything. I think I'll go get him now." Eric got up and walked out of the room. He got his car keys off the dining-room table and walked out into the lovely hot afternoon and left her there. He got into his car and drove off to get his stepson. I'll take him somewhere, he decided. Maybe I'll take him to Disney World.

TEDDY was sitting on an unused tractor watching his grandfather cut the grass along the edge of the pond. His grandfather was astride a small red tractor pulling a bush hog back and forth across a dirt embankment on the low side. His grandfather nearly always ran the bush hog into the water. Then the men had to come haul it out and his grandfather would joke about it and be in a good mood for hours trying to make up for being stupid.

Teddy put his feet up on the steering wheel and watched intently as his grandfather ran the bush hog nearer and nearer to the water's edge. If his grandfather managed to get it in the water, they wouldn't have time to ride the horses before supper. That's what Teddy was counting on. Just a little closer, just a little bit more. One time his grandfather had turned the tractor over in the water and had to swim out. It would be nice if that could happen again, but getting it stuck in the mud would do. The day was turning out all right. His uncle Ingersol had gone over to New Orleans to get drunk with his mother, and his cousins would be coming over later, and maybe Eric and his mother wouldn't get a divorce, and if they did, it might not be too bad. He and Eric could go to Disney World like they'd been wanting to without his mother saying it was tacky.

His grandfather took the tractor back across the dam on a seventy-degree angle. It was about to happen. At any minute the tractor would be upside down in the water and the day would be saved.

THAT was how things happened, Teddy decided. That was how God ran his game. He sat up there and thought of mean things to do and then changed his mind. You had to wait. You had to go on and do what they told you, and pretty soon life got better.

Teddy turned toward the road that led to the highway. The Kentucky Gate swung open, and Eric's car came driving through. He came to get me, Teddy thought, and his heart swung open too. Swung as wide as the gate. He got down off the tractor and went running to meet the car. Eric got out of the car and walked to meet him. Crazy little boy, he was thinking. Little friend of mine.

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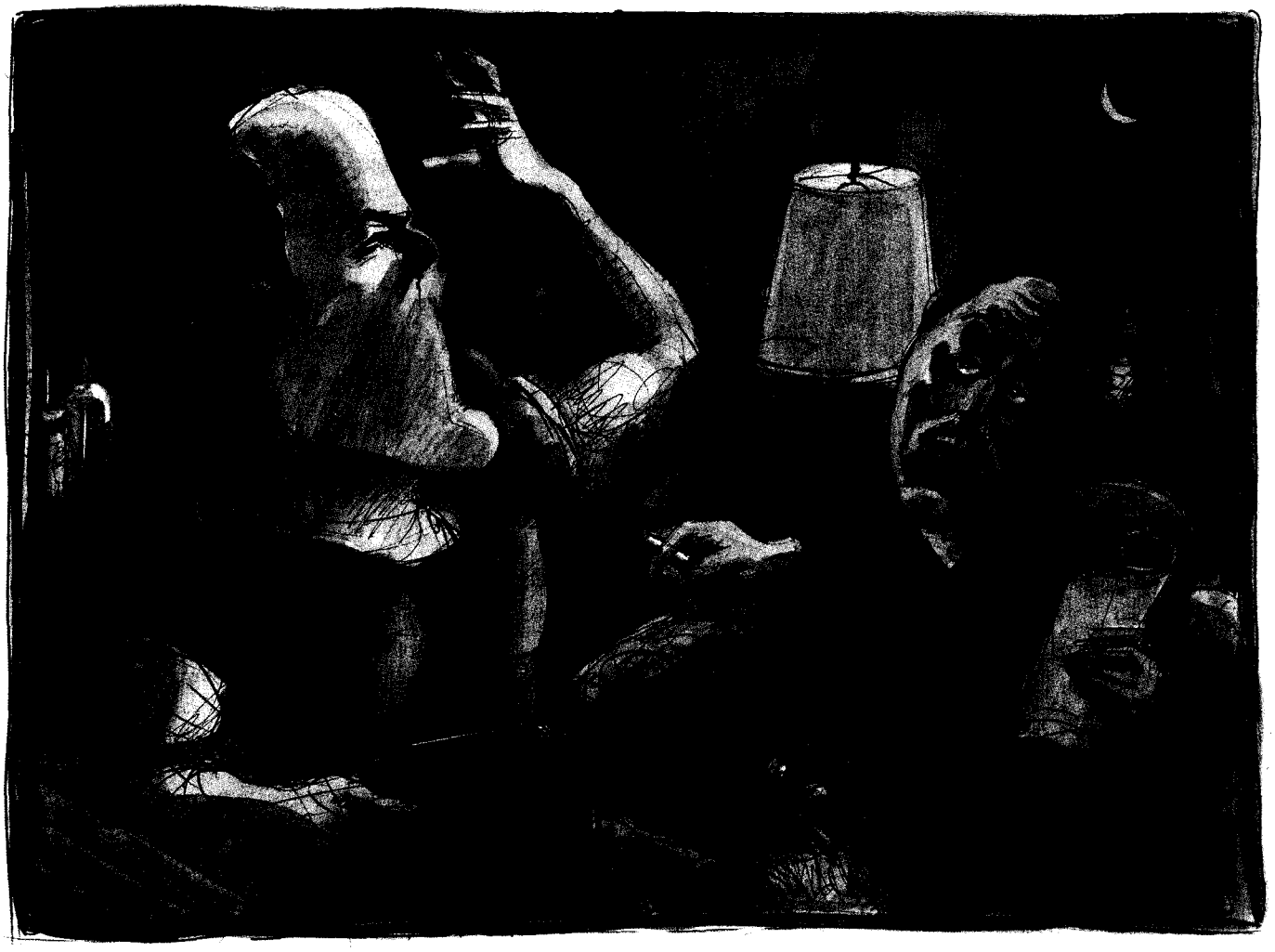

Marlon Brando and Tennessee Williams

by NANCY CALDWELL SOREL

WITH *The Glass Menagerie* in rehearsal, Thomas Lanier "Tennessee" Williams turned his attention to a new play he called first *Blanche's Chair in the Moon*, then *The Poker Night*, and finally *A Streetcar Named Desire*. In the spring of 1947 Irene Selznick agreed to produce it and Elia Kazan to direct it, and Williams went off to Cape Cod for a rest.

He was sharing a cabin on the water with three friends. Both electricity and plumbing had ceased to function, and the occupants were resorting to candles and the bushes when Williams was notified that a young actor by the name of Marlon Brando was being sent up from New York to read the part of Stanley Kowalski for his approval. Two or three days passed. Williams had given up on Brando, when suddenly there he was, with a beautiful young woman in tow. Right away he wanted to know why the lights weren't on. Williams explained, and after Brando had solved that problem with a penny, he was told about the toilet. He fixed that, too. Then he sat down with the script, and with Williams giving him the cues, he read the part of Stanley. His performance there was as stellar as it had been with the electricity and the plumbing.

After dinner that night Williams read aloud some poetry—probably not his own, which was not very good. There were no extra beds, so Brando and his friend curled up on some blankets in the middle of the floor. In the morning the actor asked the playwright to walk along the beach with him, which they did—up the beach in silence, and back down the same.

Streetcar opened in New Haven to puzzled reviews, but there were few empty seats during the run, or in Boston either. By Philadelphia it was a clear hit. It was also clear whom people were flocking to see. Brando did not like the brutal, mindless hunk of male sexuality that was Kowalski—in fact, he found him disgusting—but he could play him to perfection.

One night in Philly the actor invited the playwright to dinner at a Greek restaurant. Williams found the food inedible. He tried conversation, but just as Brando took a walk in order to walk, so too he ate in order to eat. The meal passed in silence.

Illustration by Edward Sorel

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Hell's Capital

The ghosts of the Third Reich still haunt Berlin, and create unique barriers—physical, moral, historical—for architects redesigning the city

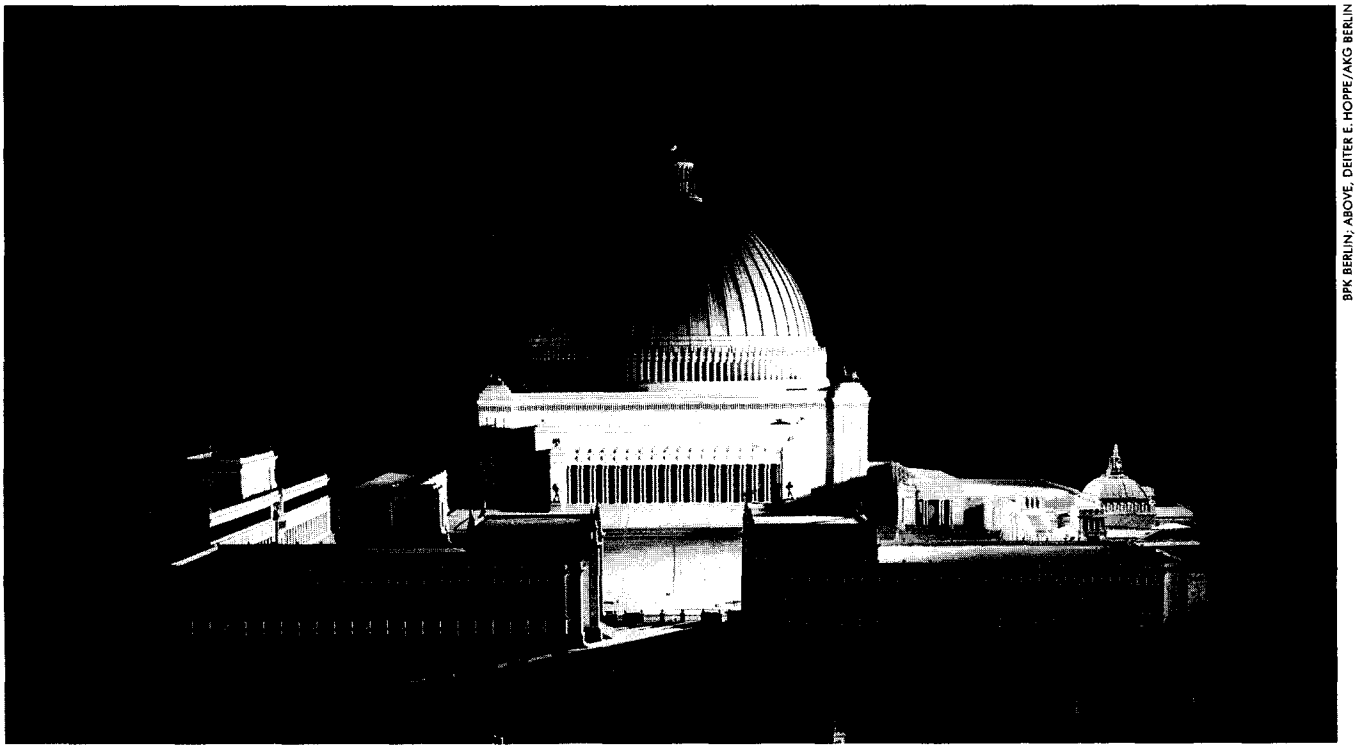
by Ellen Posner

THE most extensive rebuilding of a Western city to occur in the late twentieth century is about to take place in Berlin. Now that the Berlin Wall has vanished, the geography of the city is turned inside out. The derelict spaces, buildings horribly damaged in the Second World War, painful remnants of history, and open wounds that had for decades been relegated to the edge or hidden in the shadow of the Wall suddenly are located in the very heart of Berlin. After the decision by the Bundestag (the German parliament), on June 20, 1991, to move the core of the federal government from Bonn to Berlin, real-estate values began to climb wildly, and even the most forlorn fields of mud became enticing to investors from all over the world. As discussion proceeds about where and how the government will be housed and about what imagery will be appropriate for it, questions about Germany's idea of itself, its relationship to its history, and its role in the world take on new urgency. Issues that haven't been seriously addressed since the end of the Second World War present themselves as this partly wrecked and potently symbolic city struggles to find a place for itself in the landscape of the twenty-first century.

Like other cities on the edge of the new century, Berlin has to cast itself ahead into the unknown. It has to prepare for a global environment in which geography is no longer destiny, in which cities will compete against one another to be included in the global economic network, and will have to make themselves alluring—in part through the use of architectural imagery—in order to do so successfully.

To the questions of how and when

The Reichstag as it looks today (above), and (below, at far right, with dome and spire) next to the Great Hall in Hitler's grandiose scheme for Berlin



BPK BERLIN; ABOVE, DEITER E. HOPPE/AKG BERLIN

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Berlin will be turned back into the capital of a united Germany, the question of whether was soon added. That matter was supposed to have been settled in 1991. But even then the decision was not overwhelmingly popular. Only 337 of the Bundestag's 662 members voted in favor of the move to Berlin. And, in an antic development, the Bundesrat, a body of representatives of the sixteen federal states, which votes on many federal laws in cooperation with the Bundestag, decided that, at least for the foreseeable future, it wasn't going anywhere.

The struggle went on from there, with the Bonn and Berlin factions becoming increasingly adamant and vocal. And other factors came into play. Early last year, for example, as the president of the Bundestag, the mayor of Berlin, and others were assuring the press and public that more of the federal government would be in Berlin than in Bonn by 1998, Germany was sliding into its worst recession since the war—complicated by the staggering and largely unanticipated cost of reunification. Taxes were being raised and social programs cut, and Germans were becoming less and less eager to proceed right away with the expensive process of relocating the government. In the spring some members of parliament introduced a proposal in favor of tabling all plans to move the government to Berlin until the next century.

Nothing came of that attempt, but it took place at a delicate time: just weeks after the federal government in Bonn and the local government in Berlin had announced the winners of an open international architecture competition that they had held cooperatively. This had called for planning concepts for an elaborate new government center to be built on the site known as Spreebogen, after a bend in the Spree River, on which the looming Neo-Baroque German parliament building, the Reichstag, built by the Prussians and torched (according to most accounts) by the Nazis, still stands. Just north of Berlin's oldest and largest park, the 500-acre Tiergarten, and slightly west of Berlin's single most enduring icon, the eighteenth-century neoclassical Brandenburg Gate, Spreebogen is, eerily, almost empty. A person walking here is dwarfed, insignificant, against roughly 150 acres of open field, untended grounds, rubble, old railway trestles, and clusters of spindly trees.

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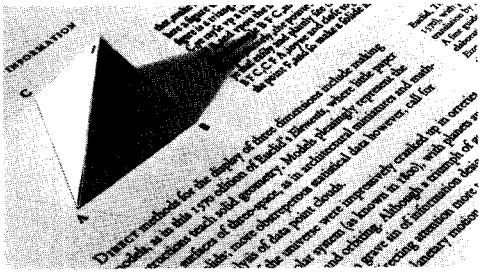

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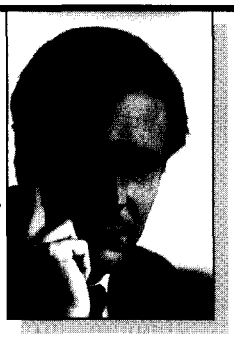

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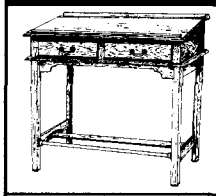

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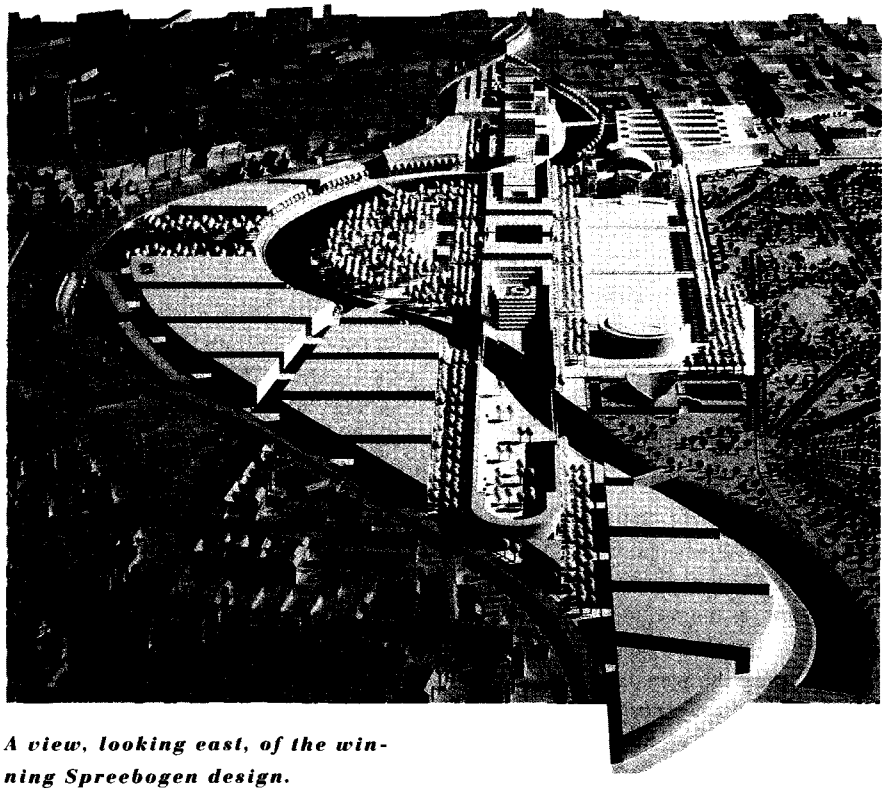

UWE RAU

A view, looking east, of the winning Spreebogen design. Jurors liked the way the central band of government buildings united east and west.

The Spreebogen International Competition for Urban Design Ideas drew 835 entries, from localities as distant as São Paulo and Kuala Lumpur. A very large share of foreign participants were, for some reason (they probably didn't have much else to do), American. A twenty-three-member jury, made up of architects from seven foreign countries and six German cities, along with officials of the federal and local governments, convened twice in Berlin for four days at a time. About $4 million was spent. And after an epic struggle on the part of the jury—not least of which was having to examine 835 sets of drawings for the same site, which were reproduced for their convenience at small size and printed in two thick books, much like telephone books—it was not at all clear that the German government was any closer to a real solution than it had been when they started.

The way the competition was conducted, though, did illustrate how immensely difficult it will be for Berlin to move into the future until it has resolved its past.

ADOLF Hitler had this site almost entirely cleared in preparation for one of his major goals in life: building the most glorious city in the world, to be known as Germania. That architect manqué, who used his own architectural drawings from the 1920s as a basis for the design of the fabulous Berlin of the future, was eager to be finished with the business of war so that he could move on to more important matters. "I wish to be a builder," he said. "A day will come when battles will be forgotten. But the monuments we shall have built will defy the challenge of time. . . . Berlin will one day be the capital of the world."

Hitler chose the modestly talented but very ambitious young architect Albert Speer as his chief collaborator. Together Hitler and Speer devised a gargantuan domed building that would stand at the head of the Spreebogen site and would have a huge courtyard in front of it. It was to be the largest building in the world, with a dome roughly sixteen times the size of the dome on Saint Peter's, in Rome. "Saint Peter's and its square will seem like toys in comparison!," Hitler promised.

From that building and square a long, straight avenue punctuated by a precise pattern of plazas and public buildings would rip south through the city, terminating at an immense triumphal arch. This powerful design strategy became known—and famous—as Speer's North-South Axis. And, as the Spreebogen competition guidelines pointed out (in a casual mention of this episode in architectural history), its product would have

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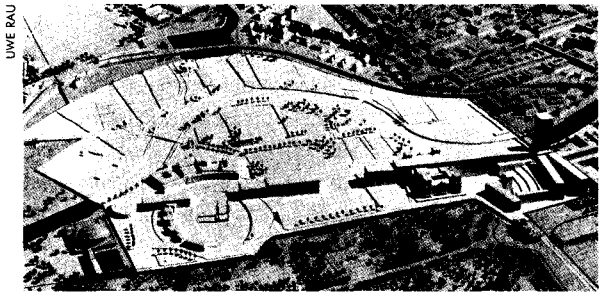
been a tightly controlled and theatrical setting for "the highly staged cultic celebrations of the Nazi system."

More than half a century later architects preparing designs for the Spreebogen competition were left to grapple in their own ways with the unpleasant reason that such a large, prominent site just happened to be empty and available, and with the barren visual legacy of Speer and Hitler's design. They were offered no guidance, no hint about what the German government or the German people might want to express in this important place at this important moment.

The Reichstag building presented a problem too. Sitting alone now, awkwardly, at the southeastern edge of the Spreebogen site, it was left there only because Hitler was attached to it and wanted it included in the North-South Axis, against Speer's wishes. Its presence tends to make the other configurations that architects can think of strangely forced or lopsided. Besides which, not all members of the Bundestag agree that it would be appropriate to reassemble in that building. Some, who stress that Germany is now a federation, object to its very name, which translates as "Imperial Diet." But at least on this matter the competition guidelines were clear. The Reichstag had to stay. It was going to house the German parliament in the twenty-first century.

In January and February of last year, aided by an army of assistants and deputies, the jurors plodded through the hundreds of suggestions for a new government center at Spreebogen: grids, semicircles, skyscrapers, groups of small low buildings, polite classically inspired schemes, arrangements of oddly angled shards, a few nihilistic and apocalyptic entries, several anthropomorphic designs, and one that looked like a serving of eggs and vegetables.



UWE RAU

Slicing the Reichstag: Colapietro, Olivo, and Mascia, architects

No one had known what to do with the Reichstag. Some architects had pretended it wasn't there. There were others who attacked it aggressively—covering it with a web, a concealing roof, a thick outer structure, or an enclosing wall, slicing through it with another structure, or, in one case, wrapping and tying it like a package. A few architects even disobeyed the rules and eliminated the Reichstag from their designs—leaving an empty rectangle of land in its place.

Out of all the drawings and models that had taken months to prepare and cost architecture firms around the world enormous sums, there was nothing inspiring, no brilliant or distinctive proposal that would provide an image for the new Germany or the city of Berlin. Some of the architects on the jury were especially worried about this. They fretted about the dismal showing by their colleagues and the state of the profession in their respective countries. There was talk about awarding no prize at all.

The politicians on the jury had other agendas. Those who were likely to be relocating to the new complex were, naturally, interested in having nice offices with charming views amid bucolic landscaping (in a relentlessly hard, gray city). They were also on the lookout for any designs that could possibly make them "look like Nazis." In this regard large buildings were suspect.

Architects and politicians found themselves at odds with each other. The architects, for example, began to suspect the hardball-playing politicians from Bonn of philistinism and of not wanting to move to Berlin at all, and started referring to them, in private and in public, as "Bonbons" and "the rednecks of the Rhine."

A decision was reached, albeit with some dissension. First prize was awarded to a scheme by Axel Schultes, a forty-nine-year-old Berlin architect well known in that city. He proposed a simple, slightly chilling arrangement in which a narrow east-west bar cuts through the site like an incision. Government buildings are to be arranged within it in one long row. Just below this row of buildings a

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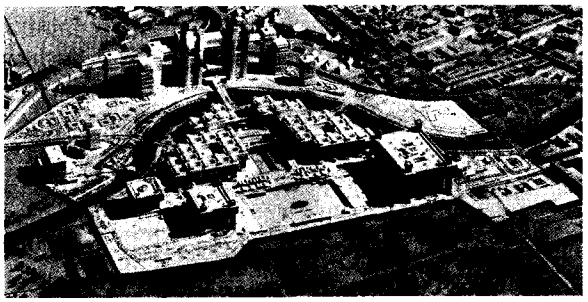
building for the Bundesrat, in case it ever decides to move to Berlin, appears directly across from the Reichstag, for symmetry. Other architects, from various countries, also employed a strong east-west approach. But Schultes's design was the cleanest and clearest. Although submissions were anonymous, there is at least some chance that government officials recognized his work. And, in fact, there was great rejoicing when it turned out that a Berlin architect had won. During the press conference in the Reichstag following the jury's decision, Eberhard Diepgen, Berlin's mayor, expressed delight at this development. "This must have occurred through coincidence," he said, "or else through guidance from above."


UWE RAU

Concealing the Reichstag: Nadezda-Nada Velimirovic, architect

BUT that was not the end of the story. Three months later Chancellor Helmut Kohl's nod of approval was still nervously awaited, and members of the Bundestag were continuing to squabble. There were those who still argued that their favorite scheme, which had been awarded fourth prize, deserved to have won. And in May a letter went out to the entire international jury, asking the members to return to Berlin in June so that Schultes could revise and defend his design—which he already had defended, at length, before the Bundestag in Bonn.

It was obvious that some of this to-ing and fro-ing over the Spreebogen competition was a delaying tactic on the part of those who opposed the move to Berlin. The idea seemed to be that if the move could be stalled and postponed a sufficient number of times over a sufficiently long period, it might never happen. At the same time, the amazing and thorough lack of impressive entries for an important architecture competition and the subsequent dithering over minuscule design issues underscored the difficulty of dealing with the city of Berlin as a symbolic presence.

This problem is not new, but it has been dormant for a long time. In 1946 Konrad Adenauer, a German politician who was to become West Germany's first Chancellor, said in an interview with the newspaper *Die Welt*, "If . . . Berlin becomes the capital once again, distrust of Germany abroad will become ineradicable. Whoever makes Berlin the new capital will be creating a new spiritual Prussia." With the sudden rise in nationalism and right-wing extremism in Germany since reunification, his warning is all the more troubling.

Not that the government has been demonstrating any particular haste to move. By October of last year, as real-estate developers, international corporations, and foreign governments saw no sign of movement, became wary, and began to put building plans on hold, a "showdown" took place in Bonn. A vote was taken by the cabinet to move the executive branch from Bonn to Berlin by the year 2001. But no one in Berlin could be elated by that distant (and reversible) deadline.

Berlin doesn't really seem equipped to be the capital of anything right now—let alone of Europe's most economically powerful country. It can be a little startling, for instance, to be reminded that West Berlin was in part left out of the famous German "economic miracle." It was subsidized and it had a reputation as a flashy consumer paradise, which was meant as a deliberate rebuke to the East, but it wasn't a place that very many West Germans, or anyone else with options, particularly wanted to be.

During the Cold War years, in fact, West Berlin's real estate was of such low value that property owners were not especially motivated to keep up appearances or to make repairs. Thus even West Berliners with good jobs could sometimes be found living in rundown buildings with peeling paint, in apartments heated by coal stoves, some with shared bathroom facilities.

The long, wide Kurfürstendamm, West Berlin's major shopping street (over which the illuminated three-spoke Daim-

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ler-Benz logo revolves constantly, at sufficient height to be seen in the East), has been used in the postwar years as a symbol of commercialism and even luxury. But up close it is disappointing. It may be crowded with shops and restaurants, but a fair number of those are fast-food places and trinket shops, and they're housed in the dismal replacement buildings that went up after the war. Those buildings seem strangely lost in time. With large, colorful metal or neon signs that read MINOLTA, SAMSUNG, PIONEER, BERLINER MORGENPOST, DER TAGESSPIEGEL riding over the tops of their metal-and-glass façades or running across strips of their metal cladding, they resemble drawings made by architects in the 1920s and 1930s, or 1960s versions of 1930s Berlin. The street seems almost poignant in its isolation.

Politicians who want to move to the city from Bonn, or think they might have to, speak not only of the comfortable offices they expect to have but also of the amenities that would be appropriate for important foreign visitors. But these are in short supply in Berlin. The elegant hotels for which the city was known until the Second World War—the Adlon, the Eden, the Bristol, and others—are gone, replaced by characterless slabs. Many of Berlin's famous cafés are gone too. Its most vaunted restaurants resemble nice restaurants in a college town. And although communism may have fallen, the proletariat has triumphed on the sartorial front, as Berliners head out to restaurants and gallery openings wearing pretty much what one would wear in New York to do the laundry. Without the Wall to give it tension and meaning, Berlin is, by late-twentieth-century standards, a provincial city.

Axel Schultes's urban-design scheme for Spreebogen doesn't quite propel Berlin into the future either. It suggests a configuration, a pattern that government buildings might take. That's all. Schultes's east-west bar is, as one juror pointed out, "just two lines."

A whole new set of competitions is being held in order to select specific designs or at least architects for the individual buildings. The British architect Norman Foster won the competition to redesign the Reichstag, which was held concurrently with the Spreebogen competition. Appropriate architectural imagery is still an open question. And it can be a harrowing one in this city.

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ARGUMENTS have arisen over the years about what to do with buildings that were built by the Prussians or the Nazis or are in some way resonant of their agendas. The impulse to tear down reminders is powerful—after the war there was a long debate about tearing down the Reichstag—but some see that as repression. Making memorials out of such structures, or what is left of them, is a delicate matter, because the visual message may turn out to be ambiguous, or may seem to glorify the perpetrators and trivialize the sufferings of their victims. Occasions for considering these issues can be found up and down the streets of Berlin.

One particularly desolate piece of land, just a few blocks south of East Berlin's formal boulevard, Unter den Linden, has a small improvised sign planted in it: TOPOGRAPHIE DES TERRORS. An eighteenth-century palace stood here, along Wilhelmstrasse, the north-south street that once housed government ministries and may again in the next century. In the 1930s that area was taken over by the Gestapo. And after the war the struggle over what to do with the site began.

In 1949 the palace was demolished in a purposeful act of repudiation. Before long a makeshift structure housing a school to help people get driver's licenses appeared on the site—which didn't seem to make much sense. By 1985, after considerable debate (including discussions of whether to rebuild the original palace) and an ambitious competition for a memorial, which collapsed under the controversy surrounding the winning entry, a group of citizens organized a symbolic "excavation" of the site. To their astonishment, they hit the basement of Gestapo headquarters. A decision was made to reclaim the site, expose the prisoners' holding cells there, and, as one Berlin architect put it, "reveal the shame rather than hiding it."

Now a small shed stands over the basement cells. Inside, on the ground floor, which was built for this purpose, is a brief, matter-of-fact photographic history of the site and its role in German history. Visitors can peer over the railings and see the rooms below, or they can climb down a rickety metal staircase and walk through the brick-lined cells—one of which is believed to have been a kitchen, where members of the Gestapo calmly cooked their lunch.

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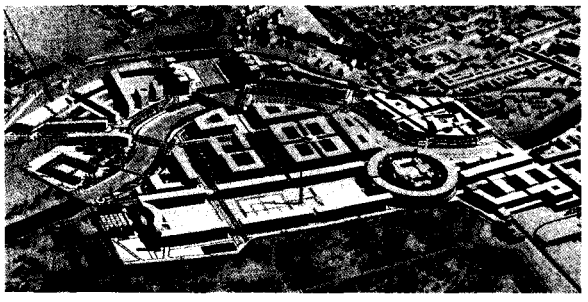
Documents and photographs cover the cell walls. They're an odd assortment: a line of men in coats and hats on Meinekestrasse attempting to emigrate, for example, and a photograph of the luxurious building on the Kurfürstenstrasse in which Adolf Eichmann had his office.

Some Berliners believe that a more elaborate and more permanent memorial should be built here. Another recent architecture competition sought designs for a full-scale visitors' center to be built over the chambers. Those who were unhappy with the current Topographie des Terrors did not respond well to the requirements for this competition. Axel Schultes, who was born in Dresden in 1943, entered the competition, but he did so with a defiant proposition: that no museum, no building at all, should be built. Explaining why it would be inappropriate, he said, "This is not a site for grief but for severe feelings that cannot be expressed in architecture: hate, and shame."

Schultes also suggested that the shed be demolished and the exhibition removed. The site should, he said, "be exposed naked and bare." He proposed that a large, severe wall be built along Wilhelmstrasse to mark the place and that no other intervention be made. The chambers would be exposed to time and weather and would gradually be eroded. "These ruins must therefore pass on, like our entire wrecked civilization," he said. And he warned against the perversity of "the heated toilet, the cloakroom for all too cosy winter coats at *this* place." Schultes did not win this competition; a design for a visitors' center was chosen instead. Schultes imagines visitors combing their hair, applying lipstick, relaxing, maybe having a cup of coffee. But since money is in short supply in Berlin right now, he thinks it is possible that this affront to history won't get built.



UWE RAU

Enclosing the Reichstag: Pierre P. M. Blandin, architect

Just up the street from Topographie des Terrors a thick stone building of imposing dimensions, strict geometry, and lean, unornamented surfaces occupies a full city block. Designed in the mid-1930s by Ernst Sagabiel, a Nazi favorite, it was built under the direction of Hermann Göring to serve as the Air Ministry for the Third Reich and the headquarters for the Luftwaffe. It survived Allied bombing structurally intact. Still protected by thick metal window guards and tall metal gates, it now houses the Treuhandanstalt, the federal agency that is charged with aggressively (some say brutally) selling off or closing down the unprofitable "people's enterprises" and combines in what used to be East Germany.

There are other ambiguous visual messages on the streets of Berlin. If, for instance, you were to walk along the Kurfürstendamm heading east from KaDeWe, Berlin's biggest and best-known department store, quite soon you would see a small neoclassical stone building that serves as a terminal for the U-Bahn, or subway, at Wittenbergplatz. Just in front of that building is a sign that looks like the sort of railway timetable you might find in any big city—Euston Station, the Gare du Nord, Grand Central. If you felt curious about where trains go from here and looked up to read the sign, you would see the name Auschwitz. Reading on, you would see Buchenwald, Dachau, Sachsenhausen, Theresienstadt, Treblinka, and so on. A few words in German appear above the schedule: "*Orte des Schreckens die wir niemals vergessen dürfen*" ("Places of horror we must never forget"). This is not, after all, a timetable; it is a memorial plaque. But the first time you see it, just for a moment it suggests that the next train from this station might be heading for Auschwitz.

The sight of important public buildings riddled with Second World War bullet holes and mortar damage; and the postcards sold on racks along the Kurfürstendamm showing Berlin in flames, Berlin in ruins, and stunned citizens wandering in the streets; and Topographie des Terrors; and the Wittenbergplatz memorial can make this city seem to be located somewhere between kitsch and madness. ❦

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The FBI and Leo Tolstoy

James Carroll's themes: the pull of violence and the moral necessity of nonviolence

by Martin Green

THE CITY BELOW

by James Carroll.
Houghton Mifflin, 422 pages,
$22.95.

As a novelist-historian of our times, James Carroll, the author of the best-selling *Mortal Friends*, might be compared to the British novelist Doris Lessing—his work has her range and intensity. *The City Below*, his current novel, might be put next to Lessing's *The Four-Gated City*, and his novels from the 1970s and 1980s next to her five-volume *Children of Violence*. Lessing's work, though, is not only more feminist in theme but also more modernist in form. One striking difference between the two writers is that Carroll fictionalizes historical figures as the old historical novels used to do. In *The City Below* the Kennedys and Boston's Richard Cardinal Cushing are boldly assigned words and acts and motives. They move as characters in the elaborate plot, which is highly symmetrical and highly dramatized, or melodramatized, passing from one coup de theatre to another. Carroll's plots are almost Dickensian, whereas one might say that in that sense of "plot" Lessing has none. What she has instead, as an ordering principle, is "autobiography"—she persuades the reader that the fiction is a transparent device permitting the author to reconsider her own experience of both public and private issues. Carroll of course writes about his own experience, but not transparently. We align Lessing not with Dickens but with the modernist Dorothy Richardson; and contemporary critics probably find the two women easier to come to terms with than the man.

The Dickensian form was widely practiced in the nineteenth century, often under the generic title "Mysteries"—*The Mysteries of Paris*, or London, or another city. Such a novel presented a whole metropolis with all its social levels, including the criminal, and the hidden links between those levels were revealed by the plot. Very often the principal motive in such novels is vengeance: perhaps the most famous of all is *The Count of Monte Cristo*, which begins with a great act of treachery, one that is paid for on the largest scale through the rest of the book. The same is true of *The City Below*. Of course, Carroll follows the conventions of this century, not the nineteenth, in his explicit sex and violence. But essentially he has written a *Mysteries of Boston* (and of Washington with, say, *Memorial Bridge* [1991], and of New York with, say, *The Prince of Peace* [1984]).

In *The City Below*, James Carroll re-

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turns to the topic of Boston's history in the second half of this century, in some sense picking up where he left off in *Mortal Friends* (1978). The action again features violent and criminal conflict between the Irish and the Italians in Charlestown, a Boston working-class neighborhood.

Mortal Friends has by now sold a million copies, and Carroll has become one of the writers who shape our sense of ourselves. As we read his pages, we re-experience the events of recent history, which are often presented, as they are in this case, with the excitement usually accorded a great sports spectacle.

The City Below is divided into four sections with annalistic labels: 1960, 1968, 1975, 1984. Each section revolves either around a historical scene (in 1975 Senator Edward Kennedy's intervention in the Boston busing crisis, when he faced a dangerous mob) or around a plot event with close ties to history.

The plot follows the lives of two brothers, Terry and Nick Doyle, born in Charlestown. Terry, the elder, is destined for the priesthood, but he goes to Boston College in the 1960s and there hears the call of the Kennedy campaign instead—choosing "the jaunty American masculinity of which Kennedy himself was the beau ideal." Then an attack of sexual guilt sends Terry into the seminary; but the papal encyclical *Humanae Vitae*, forbidding artificial birth control, makes him refuse ordination at the last minute. He works for Senator Kennedy in Boston until the busing crisis erupts, and then goes into real estate, in its largest sense—that of urban renewal.

Nick stays in Charlestown and ostensibly just runs the family flower business, but secretly he works for a dynasty of Italian waterfront bosses—whom, all the time, he is plotting to ruin. The two brothers' lives do not merely run side by side, contrasting the spoiled priest with the mobster. They intertwine in convulsions of rivalrous love and hate. A great complexity of history and fiction is stitched together in literary patterns by, for instance, the series of flowers that runs through the book and the brothers' nicknames, Squire and Charlie. Their grandfather dubbed the younger his squire at a Knights of Columbus function, and in his violent and sinister way Nick remains chivalrously devoted to his family. As an afterthought the old man called the other grandson his chaplain. But even this ambivalent honor was undercut, because "chaplain" was heard as "Chaplin," and Terry is called Charlie in "affectionate" mockery.

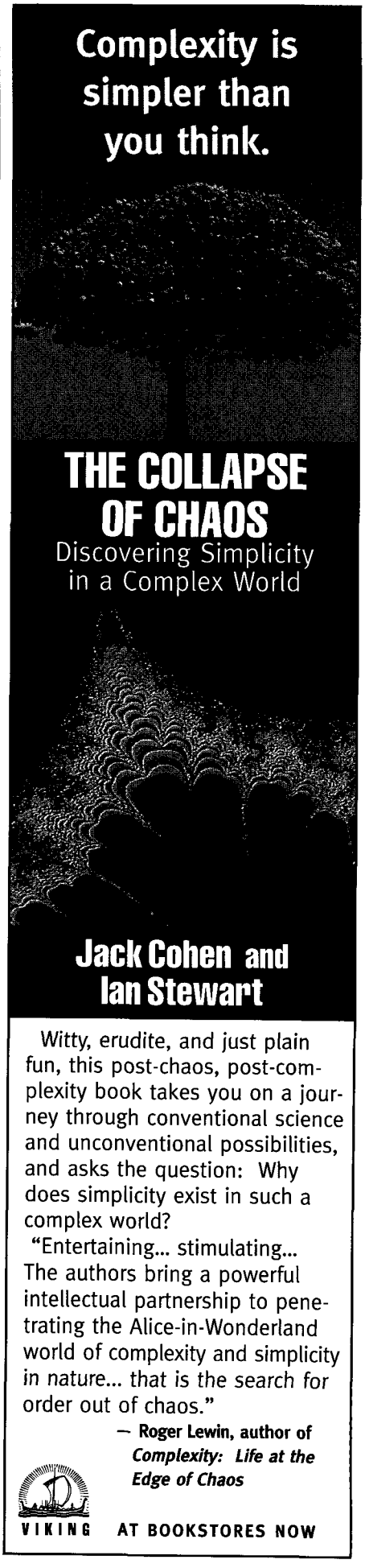
A historical equivalent of those fictional motifs is the image of the Kennedy family, represented primarily by the three Kennedy brothers, and though Carroll does not hint at rivalries among them like those between the Doyle brothers, fraternity is of course the dominant theme of the novel. All the meanings of this very crowded canvas are organized by the exploration of what men feel for other men close to them, and how they express those feelings.

Both brothers marry, but each wife betrays her husband with his brother, and the marital experience is entered into the bookkeeping of the fraternal rivalry. There are many ways in which Carroll reminds us of that sequence of American novelists—and those sequences of American history—in which masculinity is the dominant theme.

He reminds us of, among others, the Norman Mailer of *An American Dream* and *Why Are We in Vietnam?* We see this in the book's language: the dialogue is full of obscenities, and the narrative's central vocabulary is of the streets. We see it in the violently realistic but also symbolic action—though Carroll surpasses Mailer in narrative suspense and plot ingenuity. Above all we see it in the feeling the brothers have for each other—a blind, groping ambivalence that seems to come from a transgressive proximity.

CARROLL has become widely known in his adopted home town, Boston, as a writer on peace topics since, two years ago, he began a weekly column on the op-ed page of *The Boston Globe*. Before that he was best known as a writer of war stories—one who fictionalized contemporary history, focusing on scenes of violence. On the acknowledgments pages of his novels he addresses those who have helped him as "Friends" or "Dear Friends," using the language of the peace movement; but as readers move into a story, they find themselves identifying with heroes who use the language of brute force, and who may be firing a gun or driving a jeep straight into a crowd of panic-stricken refugees.

It is a world of bombs and shrieks and



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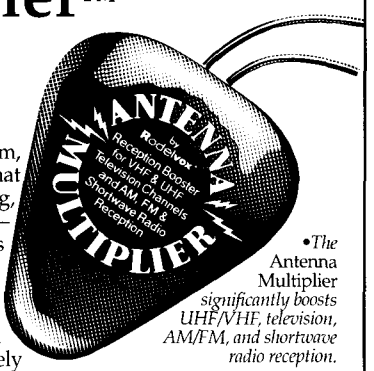

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sheets of flame that Carroll builds up around his readers. This is, of course, traversed by gleams of spiritual power and peace—notably in *The Prince of Peace*. But the principal virtue practiced in most of the stories is physical courage, and peace-lovers who pick up the books looking for some escape from the world's violence will find that they have to breathe air full of the dust of explosions, the smells of cordite and blood.

The facts of Carroll's life, as given on his dust jackets, develop this contradiction. He is the son of an Air Force general, and spent his undergraduate summers working as a cryptoanalyst's aide at the FBI. But he entered the Paulist Order in 1963, was ordained a priest in 1969, and played a part in the peace movement. He left his order in 1975 and published his first novel, *Madonna Red*, a thriller about Irish terrorists in America, the following year.

As a writer, therefore, he is concerned with both war and peace, violence and nonviolence, and with each in turn more directly than most of his fellow writers. In his newspaper column he speaks as the conscience of his readers, attacking complacency about the situation in Bosnia or Haiti and about injustice in America. His liberal readers easily recognize an ally in him. But in his novels—in this instance in *Firebird*—they are startled to find his heroes reciting the FBI slogan "Fidelity, Bravery, and Integrity," telling each other that "virtue" has the same root as "virile," believing in the *manly* virtues. "In the army you tend to feel ashamed of virtue, but in the Bureau, well, we don't." There can be no doubt about Carroll's commitment to peace, but there may be some bewilderment about how he reconciles that commitment with other parts of his imaginative life. But that is because we have fatally limited ideas about peace.

Of the two great teachers of nonviolence, Gandhi and Tolstoy, it would seem to be the second to whom we should compare Carroll. To say this is not to measure him against Tolstoy *aesthetically*; to juxtapose a contemporary novelist with Tolstoy is as awkward as to juxtapose a contemporary playwright with Shakespeare. But Tolstoy was a peace prophet who wrote novels, and some of his novels were about war—first the Crimean War, and then Russia's 1812 war against Napoleon.

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Making this connection helps us to understand Carroll's preoccupation, which, like Tolstoy's, is simultaneously with war and peace, violence and nonviolence. There was a split in Tolstoy's life, around 1881, after which he turned away from much of Russian society, including the army. But he, like Carroll, was deeply troubled by war even as he wrote about its heroes.

The conflict was partly a matter of heredity, in Tolstoy as in Carroll. Tolstoy described his family as belonging to Russia's military caste; his father and his older brother were army officers, and he himself when young volunteered to fight in the war in the Caucasus and the Crimean War.

Gandhi did not belong to India's military caste and, unlike Carroll and Tolstoy, never used the language of crude power, with its ugly tributaries of scatology, blasphemy, and pornography. He did, however, volunteer in the Boer War and the Zulu rebellion in South Africa, and in the Great War, for which he recruited soldiers in India. Moreover, throughout his career Gandhi addressed his message to soldiers, and urged his followers (most of whom were simply anti-military) to acquire the soldier's virtues, notably physical courage. Thus if we look at any wide survey of pacifists, Gandhi stands next to Tolstoy and Carroll, and apart from most others.

All three are concerned with soldiers and the military virtues as well as with the peaceable ones, and with a range of themes that connect violence with nonviolence—themes that include force and suffering, courage and fear, domination and subservience. In Carroll's novels, as in Tolstoy's, these themes are dramatized repeatedly in the relations between men in great institutions—such as the Roman Catholic Church, the FBI, and the Pentagon—and ones in their criminal counterparts. They are embodied in men rather than women, and in the servants of institutions rather than in New Agers. (This last group plays an important part in Carroll's peace stories—as do the equivalent social types in Tolstoy's—but the figures with whom the reader is asked to identify are *rooted in masculine social orthodoxies.*)

The thematic polarity I just sketched in is very inclusive, but it nevertheless leaves out the moral and psychological material dominant in the great novels of love and marriage—those written by Jane Austen, George Eliot, Thomas Hardy,

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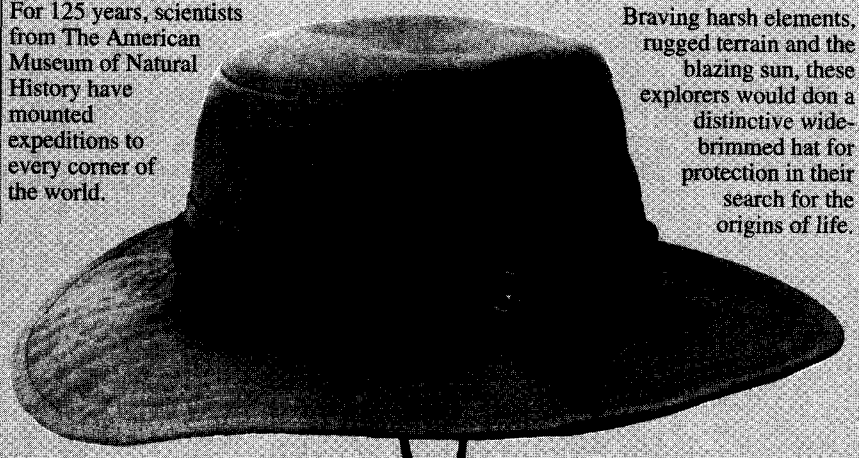

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D. H. Lawrence. This other polarity ranges from love to hate, exploring personal relations, family affection, childbirth, the love of birds, beasts, and flowers, erotic beauty, sexual obsession, and so on. These are almost prescriptive topics for the novelist, as for other practitioners of art, and in fact art is itself another of the themes we sometimes find in that range.

We certainly find those themes in both Tolstoy and Carroll. In *War and Peace* the second term refers primarily to the themes of love, and Tolstoy is generally acknowledged as one of the great love-novelists. But what is important for our purposes here is that he is also one of the great war novelists.

Serious-minded, or literary, novelists, I am implying, tend to turn away from war and violence as a subject. But neat generalizations about writers are hard to make, and it would be better to sum up the serious readers that way, the serious critics and teachers—who, of course, constitute "literature" by their activities, just as much as writers do by theirs. The critics' interpretations and commentaries tend to focus on the love and peace themes in novels—which seem the natural subject matter for people of culture. And there are indeed many ways in which literature, and the other arts, are peaceful activities. But Tolstoy and Carroll are peace-lovers of another kind.

My university library has one copy of one of Carroll's novels, whereas my town library has all his novels, and multiple copies of some of them. His novels regularly get enthusiastically reviewed in newspapers but not in the literary quarterlies. (Neglect does a writer much more damage than outright attack.) One can of course read this state of affairs as the expression of a literary judgment made against the quality of his work; but it is not very likely that the editors who send books out for review have actually read him. Their judgment goes against the sort of fiction he writes.

What sort is that? Besides what I have suggested, we can learn something from his titles: *Supply of Heroes* (1986), *Prince of Peace*, *Mortal Friends*, *Family Trade* (1982). Again, these are stories of men relating to one another as heroes and comrades and sons and fathers, involved in action plots of war, murder, espionage,

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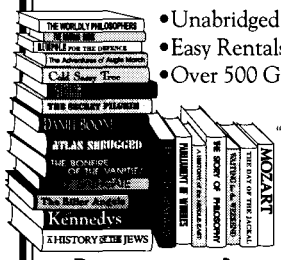

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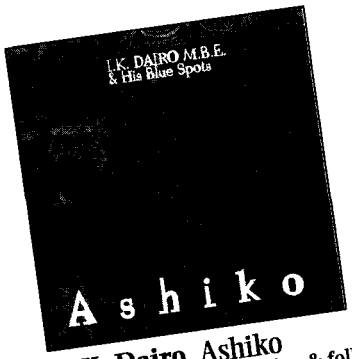

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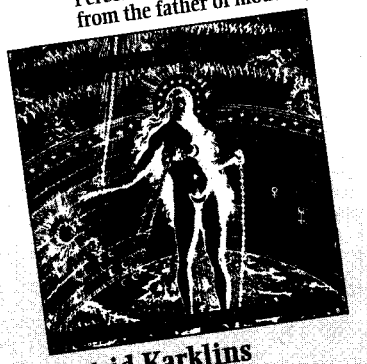
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riots, treachery, and command. Moreover, though Carroll uses many kinds of language, probably the dominant one is the rhetoric of judgment or advocacy. These are not the stories or the rhetoric men and women of letters favor today.

Tolstoy, of course, *is* to be found in my university library; but in his time he, too, was scorned by his country's intelligentsia. He was their ideological enemy ("politically incorrect" would have been just their sort of term), and *War and Peace* was condemned as a reactionary novel, celebrating patriotic war and the mindless Russian squirearchy. Moreover, Tolstoy, like Carroll, wrote about actual battles and put speeches into the mouths of actual generals, and ministers.

At their best, Carroll's novels are extremely powerful and moving. *The Prince of Peace,* the most remarkable of all of them, is about the Vietnam War aspect of the 1960s. Michael Maguire, the war-hero of *The Prince of Peace*, is a priest like the Berrigan brothers, and his principal antagonist is Cardinal Spellman. Directing Maguire's vocation is his conscience: "that cauldron into which he poured his considerable knowledge of killing and torture and despair and loneliness." *Memorial Bridge* is again about the 1960s. The two main figures are a father, who first worked in the stockyards of Chicago and then was hired by the FBI, and his son, who became an anti-war protester.

Such novels are hard for members of the intelligentsia nowadays to take seriously—which shows us the split between different reading publics. Contemporary taste, at the level of the intelligentsia, focuses on the marginalized groups in modern America—Native Americans and African-Americans, gays and lesbians, and feminists. This is an aesthetic that honors the experience of those marginalized groups—honors it preferably by the writers' identifying themselves with that experience, but at least by the depiction of it. There are such figures, and stories of sexual love, in all of Carroll's novels; but he writes most of the time, and best, about male bonding between heterosexuals who are all men of pride and force.

His central characters are men not primarily of the East Coast elite or the Ivy League colleges but Irish Catholics of the Kennedy generation, clearly ready to inherit the privileges and powers of their elders. The growing strength of that

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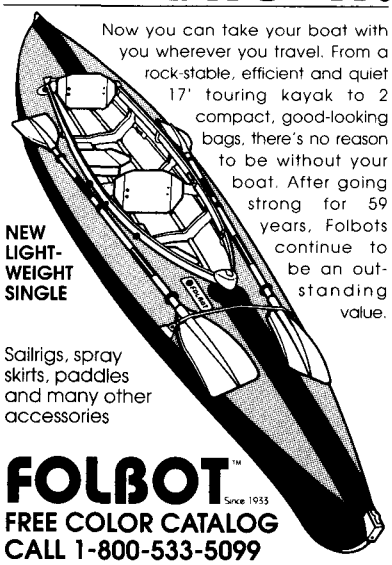

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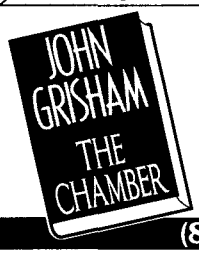

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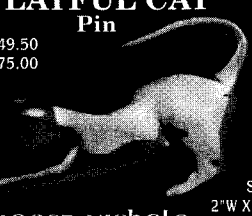

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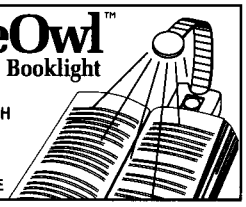

group within America is or was analogous to the power of America on the world scene. In the minds of serious readers, Carroll's choice of such heroes seems to betray (this is quite unjust, but feelings of this kind seem to be inevitable) a lack of interest in or sympathy with the other groups. Carroll's imagination speaks a language too close to front-page images of power to be acceptable so far to members of the intelligentsia.

The intelligentsia will continue to serve the cause of peace in their own, quite different ways, some of which will probably seem more logical and harmonious than Carroll's. But literary history suggests that the paradoxical split in Carroll is more than a personal paradox or self-contradiction. It is one of the recurrent forms in which our sense of the way things are, and our hope that they can be made different, lock together.

BRIEF REVIEWS

F Was a Fanciful Frog

by Edmund Dulac.
Abbeville/Library of Congress,
28 pages, $8.95.

Dulac (1882–1953) was an artist and designer who flourished in the days of beautifully illustrated books. He also wrote. This facsimile of his alphabet in limericks contains delightfully witty drawings and items such as "L was a Lorn little lass / With a grief that no grief could surpass. / John had left for the field / With his sword, lance, and shield, / And his luncheon inside his cuirass." It must be admitted that Dulac was not a master of the limerick, but John's weeping damsel and disapproving horse compensate for all textual deficiencies.

Like Hidden Fire: The Plot to Bring Down the British Empire

by Peter Hopkirk.
Kodansha, 384 pages,
$25.00.

Having chronicled the Anglo-Russian contest for influence in central Asia in *The Great Game*, Mr. Hopkirk has turned his attention to the turn-of-the-century German attempt to gain control of the same region, which became little short of bizarre. Wilhelm II envisioned what one of his supporters described as an empire stretching "from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf, absorbing Holland, Switzerland, the entire Danube basin, the Balkans and Turkey," not to mention the Russian Caucasus and, ultimately, India. The Kaiser had India very much in mind, and hoped to arm a Muslim-Hindu rising there. This led to a comic-opera gun-running plot that got nowhere, and to the Berlin-to-Baghdad railway and an alliance with Turkey, which alarmed both Russia and Britain. When the Kaiser provoked, perhaps unintentionally, the First World War, German operations in the East were curtailed and a number of brave and clever agents were left floundering. Their British opposite numbers, who had not been idle, were little better off. Mr. Hopkirk's history starts rather slowly, because he must explain the diplomatic background in Europe from 1890 to 1914, but when he gets to on-the-spot action, the tale is absorbing and well populated with odd characters. There are the two wily Germans who made it to Afghanistan through dreadful country and the Allied cordon designed to stop them, there to encounter the equally wily, graciously hospitable, permanently evasive Emir. There is Enver, the de facto ruler of Turkey, officially a German cat's-paw but harboring his own imperial ambitions. There are acknowledged British agents, disguised spies, and military commanders, all of whom dodged about, losing here and win-

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ning there. By the war's end the area harbored Germans, English, Turks, White Russians, and Bolsheviks, while the indigenous inhabitants included pro- and anti-German groups, pro- and anti-British groups, pro- and anti-Russian groups, anti-everybody Persians, rival Muslim sects, unaligned tribesmen, and simple bandits. There were train chases, gold thefts, a siege, captures and escapes, flights by night, and chaotic communications. Mr. Hopkirk has done a splendid job of sorting out the whole wild affair. He believes that he has even discovered what became of the gaudiest of the British intelligence officers, Reginald Teague-Jones, who disappeared from all records at the end of the war. One hopes that his supposition is correct. It is, by the way, advisable to have a map at hand when reading this fine book, for the geography involved is a formidable expanse.

Blacker Than a Thousand Midnights

by Susan Straight. Hyperion, 384 pages, $21.95.

It is not necessary to have read Ms. Straight's previous novel to appreciate her new work, because the connections with *I Been in Sorrow's Kitchen and Licked Out All the Pots* are based on cultural inheritance rather than previous events. The setting of the present book is a fringe suburb of Los Angeles, a poor, drug-and-gunfire-ridden neighborhood where blacks, Chicanos, and Asians compete for survival and honest householders of any group maintain themselves with difficulty. Ms. Straight's hero is Darnell, a bright young black man of part-Indian ancestry who loves high, wild country and fires. He has been happily fighting the latter in defense of the former, but when the State of California cuts funding despite a six-year drought, his job disappears. This does not surprise him. As a black, he was last hired and will be first fired. Meanwhile, he has acquired a wife and a baby daughter, and to be dependent on his wife's salary and his own help-out jobs with his testy father's tree-pruning business is a steadily depressing humiliation. He is caught between his desire to support his family as he believes a man should and a society in which jobs are scarce, the police offer no protection, the

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"Greater Israel"

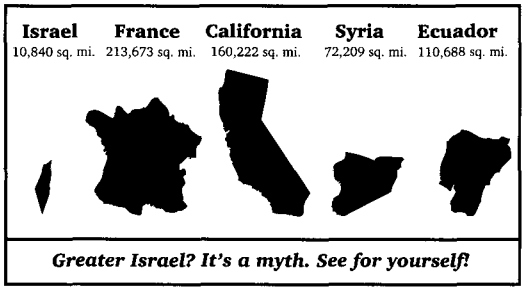
Does it have any relation to reality?

In May of 1989, James Baker, declared in an address to AIPAC (American Israel Public Affairs Committee) that the Jewish state should once and for all forget about "the dream of a greater Israel". It was the first time that this phrase had been heard from the lips of a Western statesman. What does it mean? Does it have any relation to reality?

What are the facts?

Stripes on the flag. Arab propaganda has it that the two stripes on the flag of Israel, above and below the star of David, represent the Nile and the Euphrates River, respectively, and signify Israel's expansionist desire to form an empire that would supposedly reach from Cairo to Baghdad. But that has no basis in fact, of course. Nowhere in any documents of the Jewish state, in any statement by even the most "radical" spokesman can any reference to anything like that be found.

Israel's Borders. "Palestine", part of the Ottoman Empire before World War I, came under British mandate after that war. The Golan Heights were part of Palestine. Israel's current borders are the result of the 1948 War of Independence, in which six Arab armies invaded the new-born state, but were utterly defeated, and the 1967 Six-Day War, in which those same armies once again invaded Israel. In that war, Israel conquered the Gaza Strip, the vast Sinai Peninsula, and the Golan Heights. And Israel also *repossessed* the provinces of Judea/Samaria, (the "West Bank"), and the eastern part of Jerusalem, which had been occupied by the Jordanians nineteen years earlier when they invaded the just new-born Jewish state. In order to achieve peace with Egypt, Israel returned to it all of the Sinai. Israel is and has always been prepared to grant full autonomy to the Arabs living in Judea/Samaria. It is clear to all knowledgeable in military matters that, for immutable strategic reasons, Israel cannot for any foreseeable future abandon or yield military control of Judea/Samaria and of the Golan Heights.



Greater Israel? It's a myth. See for yourself!

The Myth of Greater Israel. Israel is one of the smallest countries in the world. Most people don't realize how small it really is. One wonders whether former Secretary of State Baker was aware of it when he uttered his memorable phrase of "Greater Israel". A look at the map is revealing. Including the vaunted "West Bank", the Gaza Strip and the Golan Heights, the entire area of the country is barely over 10,000 square miles. France is twenty times as large as Israel, California fifteen times as large, Syria about seven times as large, and "tiny" Ecuador ten times as large. Israel is so small that its area is less than half the size of San Bernadino County, California; if it were dropped into Lake Michigan it would disappear from sight without a trace. The Arab countries in contrast are huge—they occupy twice the area of the United States.

It is clear that the concept of "Greater Israel", lacks any validity and has no basis in fact. To apply such a concept to a country as small as Israel would almost seem a mockery. Obviously, Israel has no territorial ambitions. All it wants is to live in peace within secure and defensible borders, just as any other country and as required under U.N. Resolution No. 242. But it seems that the *size* of Israel, whether "greater" or "lesser" is not at all the concern of Israel's implacable Arab enemies. The very *existence* of Israel, of a Jewish state in their midst of whatever size, is unacceptable to the Arabs. And unless that mindset changes, not until the Arab states have become democracies and have come to full acceptance of Israel, are willing to make *true* peace with it, and are prepared to establish normal and friendly relations with Israel can any possible territorial adjustment be considered. As it looks right now, that may still take some time.

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courts supply no justice, and clients for whom his father has done good work for years still lock their doors while the crew is on the premises. Ms. Straight makes Darnell's consciousness of constant danger and potential harassment vivid even in minor episodes: standing on a lawn, he automatically notes a hovering police helicopter and assumes that because the client is with him, he will not be suspected of burglary. Darnell's gravelly, skin-of-the-teeth world, with its network of family supports and resentments, becomes totally believable, as do his friends and relatives, the younger of whom gradually disappear into drugs or jail or death. Although the story is told entirely through Darnell's ideas and perceptions, the author quietly contrives to draw attention to the economic system and the ecological follies that burden citizens of all colors. The motif of fire runs throughout the book, an appropriate metaphor for a destructive and distorted world. Ms. Straight has written a novel that builds absorbing action and solid characterizations on a foundation of sound, disturbing thought.

Nineteenth Century Art

by Stephen F. Eisenman, with contributions by Thomas Crow, Brian Lukacher, Linda Nochlin, and Frances K. Pohl. Thames and Hudson, 376 pages, $45.00.

This handsomely illustrated volume is subtitled "A Critical History," a description that applies to the position of the artists it covers rather than that of the contributing authors. The basic proposition is that with the breakdown of the old system of patronage by Church and State, artists had the freedom (even the necessity, if they wished to attract exceptional notice) to create their own iconography through either subject matter or presentation, and that the best of such personal art was "critical," usually a protest against an increasingly industrialized society and the social displacements and readjustments that were entailed. The artists whose work and ideas are considered begin with David and conclude with Cézanne, and the interpretations of their work are thoughtful, well related to factual background, usually enlivened by anecdote, and seldom encumbered by aesthetic jargon. Only major illustrations are in color, but one cannot expect everything.

Seismosaurus the Earth Shaker

by David D. Gillette, with illustrations by Mark Hallett. Columbia, 224 pages, $39.95.

Seismosaurus was a very large animal even by dinosaur standards. Mr. Gillette, instrumental in excavating its so far unique skeleton, describes the problems of extracting huge bones from rock layers, speculates on the presence of gizzard grit (that the beast choked itself to death by trying to swallow an excessively large rock seems a bit farfetched—it should have had better sense), and discusses the process by which some bones become fossils. The writing is brisk and agreeable. Dinosaur enthusiasts should thoroughly enjoy the book, and the information on fossilization is worth the while of any reader interested in the remote past.

The Myths of August

by Stewart L. Udall. Pantheon/Cornelia & Michael Bessie, 416 pages, $25.00.

There have been other reports on the damage done to American civilians by atomic-weapons tests, but none more thorough and ultimately infuriating than Mr. Udall's analysis of the irresponsible arrogance and calculated deceit practiced by the Atomic Energy Commission and the military during what he calls "Our Tragic Cold War Affair With the Atom." The deaths and illnesses—some of which could have been prevented by the dissemination of correct information—emerge as the practical aspect of what amounted to an abandonment of civilized ethics, a deliberate betrayal of citizens by the authorities assigned to protect them. The text is dense and sometimes rambles, but it should, however painfully, be read.

A Better Place to Live: Reshaping the American Suburb

by Philip Langdon. University of Massachusetts, 288 pages, $29.95.

This book evolved from *The Atlantic*'s cover story for March, 1988.

—by Phoebe-Lou Adams

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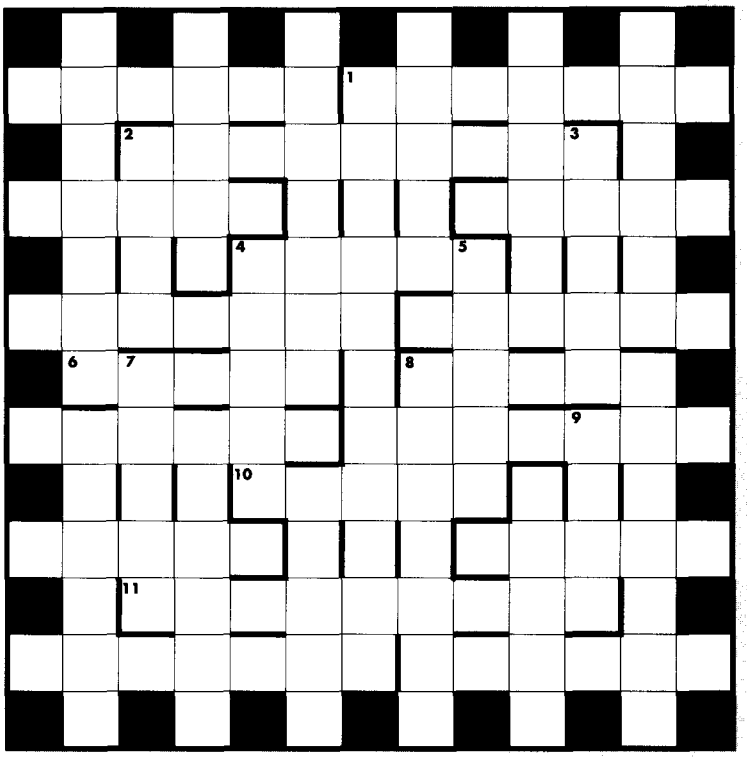
THE PUZZLER

by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon

Marginal Thinking

Words that project into the diagram's periphery are clued in random order. Their proper placement can be made with the help of answers to normally numbered clues. When the grid is completed, the marginal letters, reading clockwise from the upper left, will form a phrase related to 1 Down, which is unclued. Answers include eight proper nouns.



See page 97 for Puzzler contest details. The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 98.

Across

2. Strangely nervous about start of puzzle, just before a huge explosion (9)
4. Old Italian manor in ruins (5)
6. Look around the capital of Utah for sheer material (5)
8. Finished a starchy dish (5)
10. Greek island's cry for help gripping American (5)
11. Desires income after the Fourth of July (9)

Down

2. Soprano is swallowing soft drinks (4)
3. Key to each apartment (5) (*two words*)
4. To be heard, increases levels (5)
5. Approaches patron of the arts with extreme requests (5)
7. Like, for instance, analysis (5)
9. Unknown quantity is following a line on a graph (4)

Marginal

a. Loving a big name in Hollywood (5)
b. Echo effect always found in R & B (6)
c. Maurice's filling is made of gold (5)
d. Quote about draft animal returning from far away (6)
e. Scold help after crude burp (7)
f. Secures animals in marine shows (5)
g. Returning veteran sneakily skirts trap (7)
h. See bad bananas drop in value (6)
i. Something ugly indeed in back of the rocky deposit (7)
j. Short, synthetic fiber (5)
k. Bathroom floor covering gains a following (7)
l. Throw mixed drink (5)
m. Leave satisfied after backing clear in a way (5)
n. Architect's role is changing (6)
o. Strange reversing of rule (7)
p. Technical talk lacking the primary element (5)
q. See in Paar senior talk-show host (7)
r. Syrian city very quietly circled by a lion (6)
s. Make a mistake in card game with candidate in 1984 (7)
t. Arab statesman in China's service (6)
u. A long, long time going into desserts and flowers (7)
v. Big bathrooms behind the first northern houses (6)
w. Hamburg and after, the better part of hot dog (5)
x. Piquant radish originally planted in a region of France (6)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped long envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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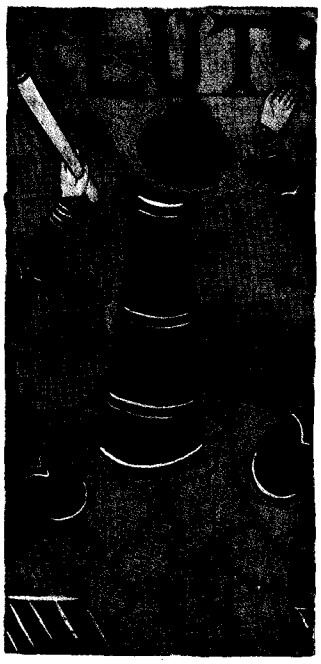
WORD HISTORIES

by Craig M. Carver

clout

Last January three national labor unions battled for the right to organize and represent the 7,687 fleet-service employees of USAir. The president of the Teamsters, Ron Carey, confident of winning the labor election, said, "We've got the resources and the *clout* to offer these workers the kind of contract protections they need."



The ancient source of *clout* (political influence or power) is the Indo-European root **gel-*, "to form into a ball," which led to the proto-Germanic **klut-*, "a lump, mass, piece of stuff," becoming in Old English *clūt*, "a small piece of cloth, metal, or other material; a patch." To *clout* meant "to patch" something, and more specifically "to patch clumsily, to botch" ("So, by what right or wrong soeare, Spaine *clouteth* Crownes together"—William Warner, *Albions England*, 1602). Because to patch something clumsily is to slap or smack it together, *clout* came to mean "to beat or strike heavily" ("The late Queen of Spain took off one of her chapines, and *clowted* Olivarez about the noddle with it"—James Howell, *Familiar Letters Domestic and Forren*, c. 1645), and the noun came to mean "a heavy blow or cuff." The modern meaning of *clout* originated in the Chicago political scene of the late 1930s, where "a heavy blow" took on the sense of power or influence ("No one...gets anywhere in politics or business on his merits. He has to have the '*clout*' from behind"—Harold Gosnell, *Machine Politics*, 1937).

salvo

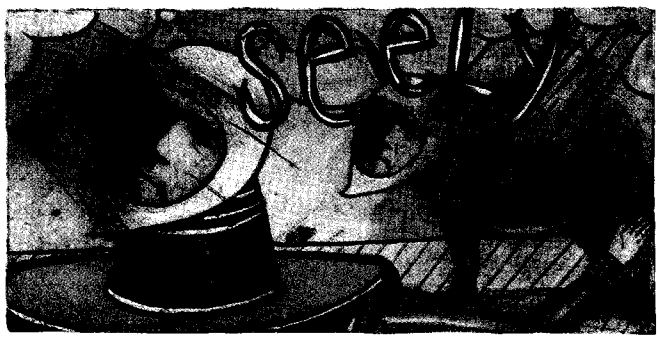
Journalists and editorialists had a field day last January covering the matriculation of a woman at The Citadel, one of the last all-male bastions of southern military schooling. "As male cadets looked on with stony displeasure," Peter Applebome wrote in *The New York Times*, "a young South Carolinian today became the first woman to take classes . . . at The Citadel, breaking a 151-year-old tradition . . . and firing a resounding *salvo* in the nation's battle of the sexes." *Salvo* (a discharge of artillery or firearms) has its origin in the Indo-European root **solo-* or **sal-*, meaning "whole," which became in Latin *salvus*, "whole, uninjured, healthy," and the derivative verb *salvere*, "to be in good health." The Romans used the imperative form of the verb, *salvē*, as a greeting meaning "Be in good health!" or simply "Hail!" The Latin salute led to the French *salve*, meaning "a salute by simultaneously discharging firearms," which Italian borrowed as *salva*. English, in turn, borrowed the Italian, changing the *-a* to *-o* ("Display the Standard, let the News be shown, With *Salvos* raise the

Genius of the Town"—Thomas D'Urfey, *Wit and Mirth*, 1719). The Italian word also had the extended sense "a volley against an enemy," which English adopted too ("Our Leader ordered the two Wings to. . .give [the enemy] a *Salvo* on each Wing with their Shot"—Daniel Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe*, 1719) and has further extended to mean "a forceful verbal or written assault."

silly

When Picabo Street won the Olympic silver medal in the women's downhill skiing event last winter, her name attracted amused interest. It seems that Street went three years without a name, though her mother began calling her Peekaboo after a game that the toddler loved. When it came time to make her name official, Street's mother told *The New York Times*, "the spelling for Peekaboo seemed *silly*, but since that's what we were calling her and she was third-generation Idahoan, we decided to name her after the town" of Picabo, Idaho.

Silly (foolish, ridiculous, inane) is from the Old English *gesāelig* (happy), which by Chaucer's time had become *seely* or *sely*, meaning "happy, fortunate" ("For *sely* is that deeth, . . .That, ofte ycleped, cometh and endeth peyne" —Chaucer, *Troilus and Criseyde*, c. 1374). By the fifteenth century *seely* began to be spelled *silly*, reflecting a change in the middle vowel sound. The metamorphosis of the word's original meaning into its contemporary one was long and gradual: from "happy" to "blessed" to "pious, holy" to "innocent, harmless" to "deserving pity, pitiable" ("With these or the like exclaimes, this *silly* aged King . . . lay still a while"—William Caxton, *Blanchardyn and Eglantine*, 1489) to "insignificant, weak, feeble" to "unsophisticated, rustic, ignorant" ("To make the *sillie* people believe that the contrarie is maintained by the Bishops"—Richard Hooker, *Of the Lawes of Ecclesiasticall Politie*, 1597). This last meaning developed into "lacking common sense, foolish" ("Her soul is *silly*, but her body's wise"—Edward Young, *Love of Fame*, 1728).



Illustrations by Christian Northeast

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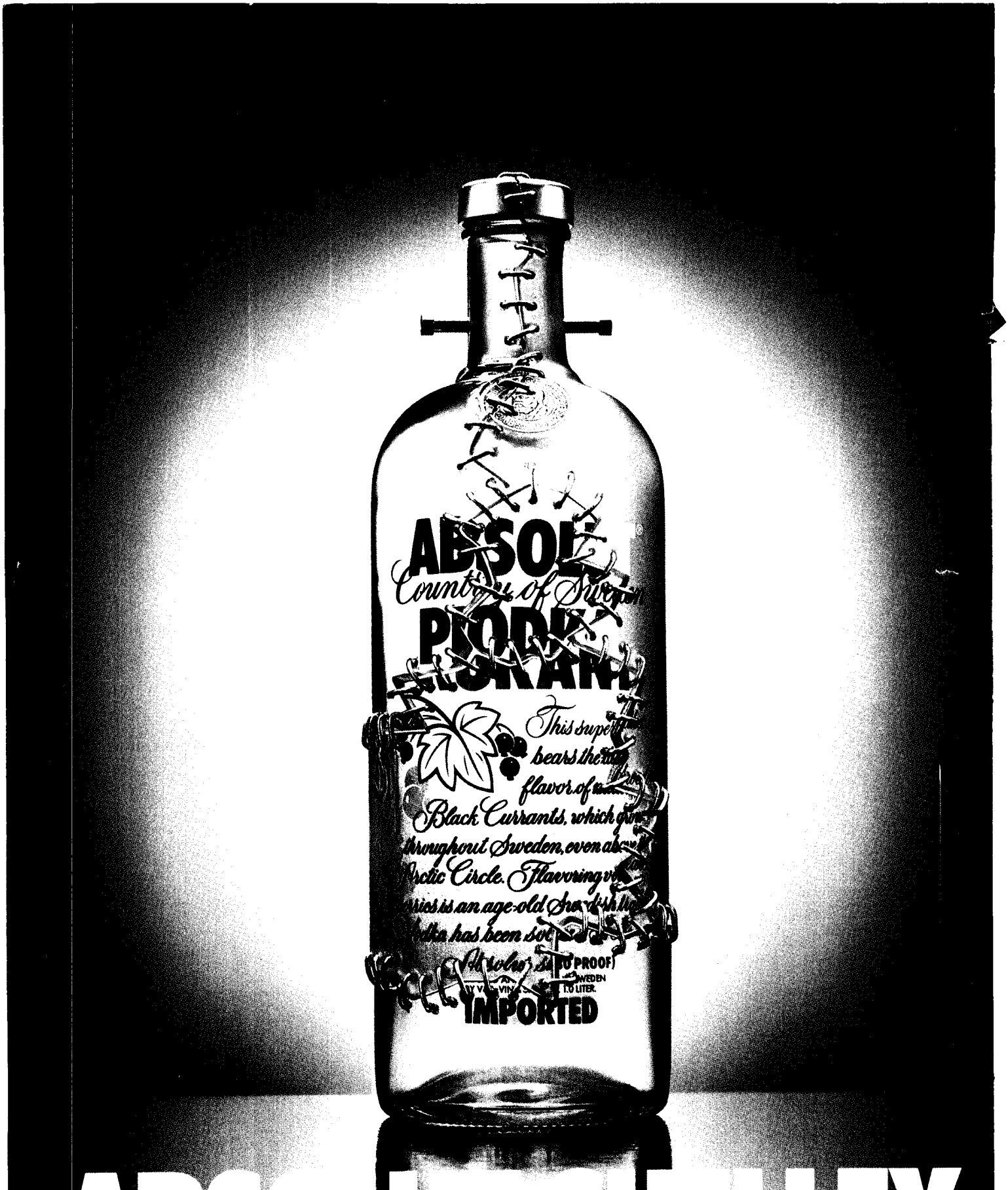

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